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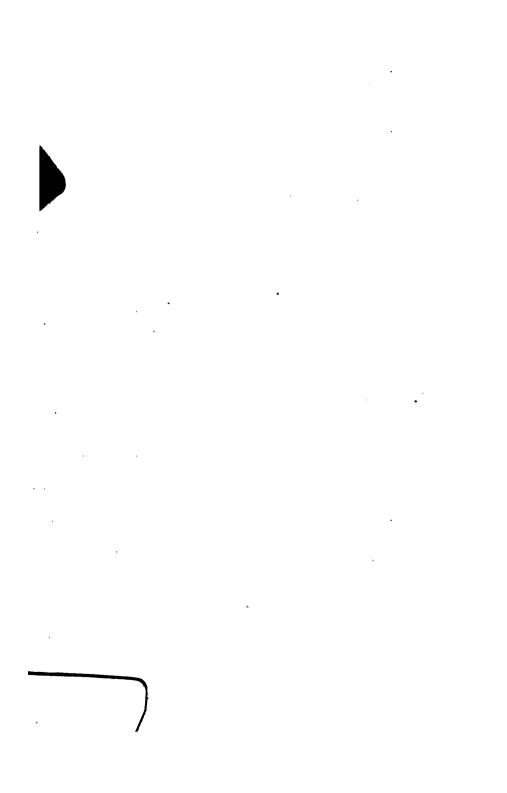
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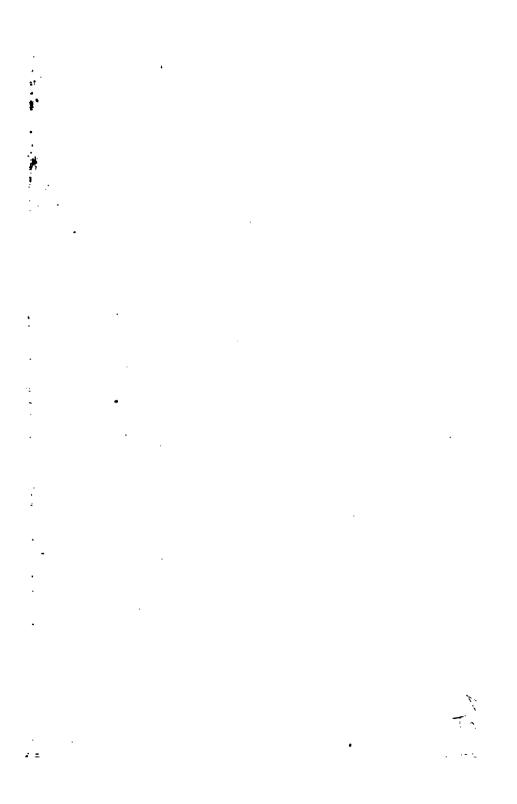
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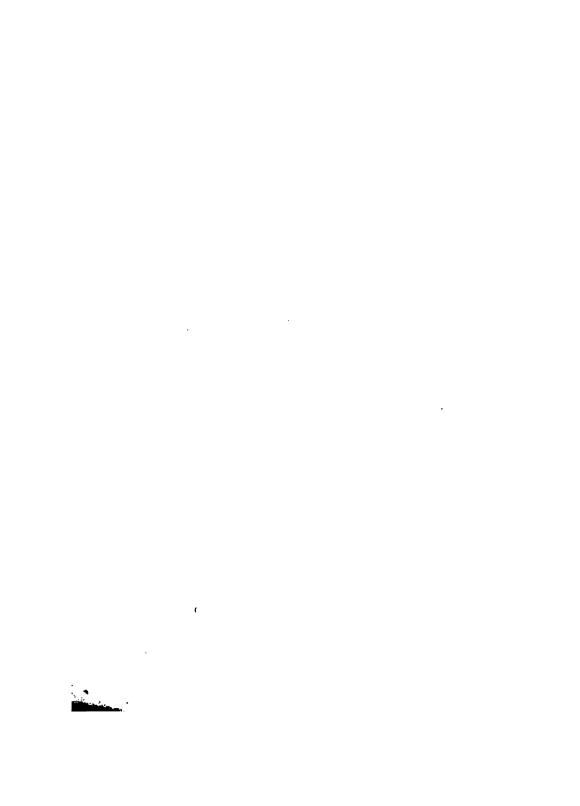
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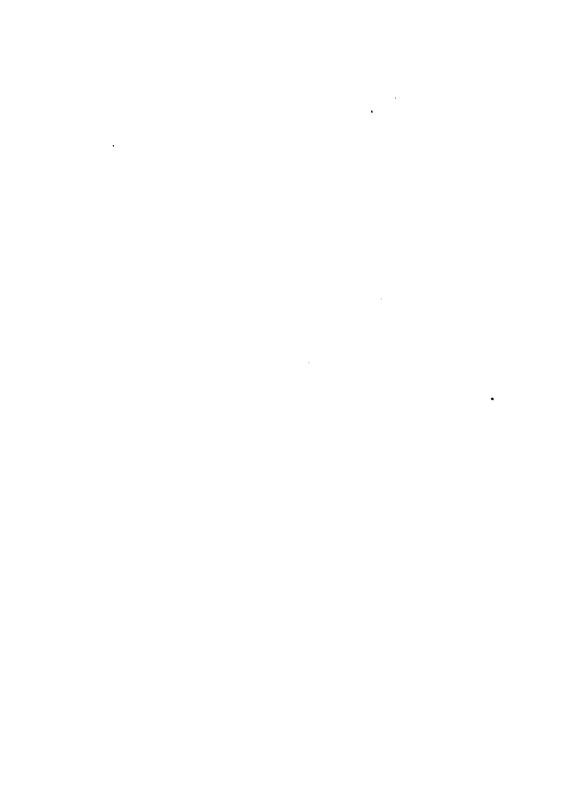
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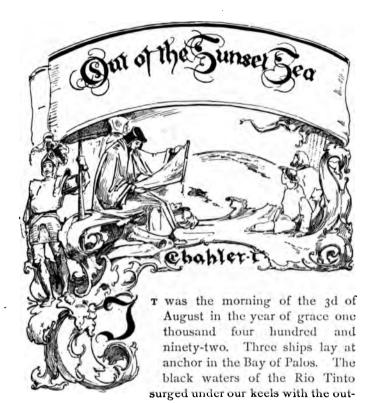
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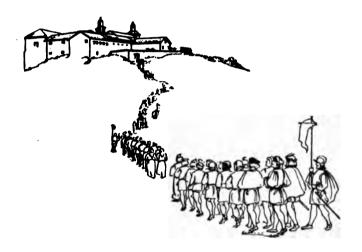


going tide. Over the sandy cape to the north-westward came the roar of breakers. We had dropped down from the port of Palos, two leagues away, the evening before, under the pretense of being ready for the ebb-tide and the land-breeze. These were good reasons—to prevent the crews from deserting was a still better one. They were little ships and old. The largest, decked over, with two masts and a high free-board, was well enough if she had been new, while the others were little caravels, decked fore and aft, but open amidship. They were fairly

stanch, save that the caulking had been badly done, but most navigators, even then, would have counted them by far too light for such service as they were destined to encounter; though, indeed, no one knew at that time what the service was; and now that I have made the voyage in a craft not larger than the smallest, I can truly say that seaworthiness depends not so much upon the size of the ship as on the soundness of her timbers and the stoutness of the hearts by which she is manned. Given food and water, with strong arms to work her sails, I think such a craft might sail around the world as Messer Capitano Magellan is reported lately to have done, though I am not yet quite able to conceive it true. Yet, after what I have approved, it would seem that I ought not to doubt anything, however wonderful it may be. And this, I believe, all will agree when they shall have read my story.

I doubt if ever more earnest prayers were said than when, the day before, under guard of a company of soldiers to prevent escape, with two Familiars of the Holy Office to catch any who might slip through the soldiers' fingers, we went, two and two, up the steep sandy slope to the chapel of the convent of La Rabida, to hear mass said by the good padre, Juan Perez. As for myself, I had not nearly so much fear of the voyage we were about to undertake, as of the black figures who stole noiselessly about looking into every man's face as if in search of one fleeing from the "misericordia et justitia" of the Holy I was not much given to prayers in those days, but there was not one who counted his beads more rapidly, or said his aves more faithfully than I, as I knelt there. the sweat streaming down my face while I prayed and wondered whether I would be allowed to take the voyage the others were so dreading to embark upon. It was only when we were again on board, the anchor lifted, and we were drifting down to our berth in mid-channel, that, as I saw the black gowns of the Familiars growing more and

more indistinct, I heaved a sigh of relief, and when the night fell, curled up contentedly under the bulwarks and slept through all the turmoil, only waking now and then to listen to the babel of prayers and curses, and dreaming of the bright waves that tossed outside the low sandy head to the north-westward, stretching away up the Channel, to the Severn River, the Avon, smoky Bristol and Golden Valley beyond. Never had the green fields, bare hills and sweet rivers of Gloster seemed so dear to me as now when I



was going yet farther away from them, and that, perhaps, forever. For, much as I believed in the Admiral's theories, I somehow could not believe in him; and if I had, no faith could have made me believe that the rotten ship I was in could make such a voyage and return, as, sure enough, she did not. However, knowing the horrors I had escaped, I did not so much fear the unknown ones that lay before.

So I was ready to spring up when my watch was called at eight bells in the morning. My post was on the larboard quarter. The tide had begun to run out, and the old tub strained at her anchors as if anxious to seek the doom that awaited her upon an unknown strand. The dawn was just showing beyond the eastern hills. The seabreeze was fast dying away, and one of those "woolly's," which always has a wind behind it on this coast, was stealing down the black river and shutting out the shore.

Everything was at once astir. Food was served, prayers were read by the Admiral, who was as glib and ready at the business as if he had been trained for the Church rather than the quarter-deck, as, indeed, some said he was, and became apostate through unholy dealings with the Evil One. The watches were conned; the sails were loosed; the windlass cleared to raise the anchor, when out of the fog, just opposite my post, there came a hail, which, before I thought, I had answered with a challenge as if I were a sentinel on post rather than a sailor on duty under his officer's eye. In much confusion I turned to report the hail to the Master, Juan de la Cosa, who had charge of the watch and who stood near, overlooking the work of getting under way.

"Well done, my son," he said, with a smile. "It beseems us well to know who comes, since if we do not none can tell who may go."

As he spoke, a boat shot from under the veil of mist which the morning sun lighted into silver, and in the stern sat one with a black gown and hood. My heart sank within me as I thought of the Holy Office, and for an instant I saw myself dressed in a sanbenito in the open market-place.

I did not repeat the hail, but the Master took it up by virtue of his office.

"Who comes?"

Then the man in black stood up and threw back the hood which covered his face:

"I am the friar Juan Perez, Superior of the Convent of

La Rabida, and I seek the Lord High Admiral of the Ocean Seas, Cristofero Colon, with a letter from our Sovereign Lady of Castile, by the grace of God, Isabella, Queen also of Aragon and Leon."

As he spoke he held the missive above his head that all might see its glistening seals and fluttering ribbons.

As soon as he heard these words, the Admiral hastened down from his station on the poop where he stood wearing his gorgeous silken cloak over a suit of burnished armor, and baring his head, he knelt down by the bulwark to receive the Queen's missive from the worthy Padre's hand. Having kissed the seals, he broke it open, and when he had taken from it one enclosed, which he hid in the breast of his doublet as soon as he had glanced at the superscription, he read it aloud as glibly as any clerk might do it to all his company.

"Now, by God and Saint Jago," he said, rising when he had done, "we needed only the Queen's wishes to give us favoring winds and quick return. My thanks to our sweet Lady for her too great kindness. Your blessing, Father, and farewell!"

"Farewell, your Excellency; may the mercy of God and Mary Mother keep you from all harm by sea or land."

All the ship's company crowded clamorously to the side, eager to send some last message to their friends. Among others I managed to put into the good Father's hand a letter which he promised to forward safely to its destination. It expressed my gratitude to the excellent lady by whose favor I had escaped from mine enemies.

Then the crew fell on their knees, the Admiral and his officers stood with bowed heads, and the boat with the holy Father standing in the stern, his hands raised in benediction and tears streaming down his face, backed away into the mist. The anchor was raised, the sails hoisted, a culverin fired to leeward as we passed out of the narrow channel, and the course was set for the Fort-

unate Isles. When we had outridden the mist the hills of Spain had sunk from view.

This was fifty odd years ago. That is a long time to look back over, especially in days such as I have seen when miracles are being wrought by sea and land which make one afraid to laugh at any strange proponing lest it come true upon the morrow. Yet I remember all I thought and felt as I stood there beside the bulwark and looked out to sea, while the old ship lurched and creaked as, with all sails set and a fair wind on the starboard quarter, she pushed her blunt nose through the sparkling waves that raced by her as if in derision.

We know now that it was no such great thing we had set out to do, for since that time some thousands of men and hundreds of ships, some of them even worse provided than those we had, have safely made the voyage to and fro, and proved that those things which we most did fear were only figments which a too warmly tempered fancy conjured up to give excuse for coward apprehension or serve as a veil for ignorance ashamed of its own imperfec-But we had no such knowledge to console us that August morning, when we lay in the treacherous offing waiting for the signal to depart—none knew whither, with leaky ships, unpracticed crews and an Admiral as to whom opinions were divided whether he were more fool All that we, who belonged to the crews of the doomed ships, as every one accounted them, knew of him was that by sailing westward he believed that he could reach the Ind, which every one knew to lie to the eastward instead. His reason for this was that the world was round; at least, he so conceived it as well as many other wise men, which, if true, there would seem to be no reason why one might not as easily go around it one way as the other, save that it never had been done, which indeed was no mean argument against its being possible that any one should do it.

There were more things than the roundness of the earth to be considered, too, though even of that there were few who did not doubt, and of our crews not many who believed. Learned men had argued stoutly for it, and some conceived it had been proved, but none of these geographers had any stomach for such a voyage as we set out upon, except the stout Biscayan pilot, Juan de la Cosa, who, having sailed with the Admiral before, whether as merchant or pirate I never could find out, swore, by God and Saint Jago, he would ship with him to go to the world's edge, if it was flat, or across its under side, if it was round; for of all the navigators who had sailed salt water in his day, he said Cristofero Colon was chief and best.

But even if the earth was round, was it small enough so that one might sail from Europe to Ind, and carry food and water for the voyage? And if one might sail down the western slope to the under-world of Ind, was there any assurance or probability that he could sail back again?

The Admiral vowed that he could, because he said, "to whatsoever point a wind bloweth, another bloweth from it," which seemed reasonable enough, and I doubt not it be true, though how he knew it or why he should believe it, I trow not to this day. He said, too, that though Ind lieth beneath us, and its people stand head downwards all their lives, like flies clinging to the ceiling, yet they fall not off nor suffer any inconvenience, thereby, which, indeed, I had heard before, and myself do know now to be true, but why it is true I know not even yet.

Of these things it was reported among the people that he had convinced the Pinzons and the other pilots by strange arts, just as he had bewitched the good Queen Isabella to believe in his ability to accomplish the wonderful things he proposed. It was said he had an evil eye which compelled people to his will or brought misfortune if they stood in his way, and it was because of this that, though he had been a rover, and in many fights by sea and land, he had never yet received scratch or hurt, and had never lost a ship that he did not speedily find another patron to make good his loss by furnishing him a better. It was because he had been warned of the power of this necromancer it was said, that good King Ferdinand, while refusing to favor his wild schemes or to risk so much as a single maravedi therein, yet escaped the peril of his displeasure by permitting the Queen to make the venture and receive the profit, should any result, while he shrewdly held the string by which power and control were vested in their joint majesties, whenever they might choose to assume the same.

It was a wide charter, as I have seen with mine own eyes, which, with three rotten ships and six score men whom any kingdom might well spare, their majesties of Castile and Aragon gave to this white-haired wizard, with which to sail down the glowing steep of the westward sea and over the edge into the deep abyss whereinto falls the setting sun; but it was full of vague words and conditions, whereon the substance might be made to hang to his undoing who should put faith therein. "Blessed is he whose contract is not with a king," whose word is ever too strong for another's fulfillment or too weak to hold him back when interest tempts him to forget. Cristofero Colon was far from being a perfect man, as I came very well to know afterwards, but he made a fair bargain with their Spanish majesties, staking his life against their dole of crazy ships and mutinous men, only to find that a bargain 'twixt the weak and strong is made worse for the weak by unexpected good fortune of the strong. has but to note how great the realm of Spain has grown in these fifty years last past, to see on which side the vantage lay and how shamefully he was wronged through whom it came. If he had found but the one island of Española, it had repaid their majesties ten thousand times

for their outlay and have left him, if the contract as I have heard it read had been fulfilled, viceroy of no mean province, founder of a lordly family, and his heir "Admiral of the Ocean," as he had good right to insist that he should be called.

It seems a strange thing at this time, when all the world is afire with adventure, and ships are coming and going to and from the Spanish Main, laden with gold and silver and all sorts of precious stones, until the people of Spain have grown so brave that a swineherd's mistress outvies in jewels and gewgaws the proudest dame at our good King Henry's court, that men should have been so chary of risking their lives upon that first voyage. Though the Admiral painted marvelous pictures of the wealth of the land he was going to conquer and possess —I heard him often afterwards tell of the glory of Zipangu and the Grand Khan, and of the heathen to whom he was to bring the knowledge of the word of God and salvation through the Holy Church,-neither priest nor courtier could be induced to risk his precious carcass on one of those rotten hulks bound for the Sunset Sea. were too great, the sea too rough, and the chances of a safe return too slender to meet the views of the curled darlings of the court; and as for the brothers of the black robe, what was the use of their going in search of souls where there might be none to save and a fair chance of losing their own? So the only padre whom we had on board was an unfrocked monk whom we mockingly called Fray Mentiroso, who, to tell the truth, pulled a rope not less stoutly in a storm, that his lips were busy with "Ave" and "Credo," and our only sprigs of nobility were some who thought it better to risk any fate rather than await the certain downfall of their pride through poverty The end of the war against the Moors had and shame. left the kingdom full of roystering swashbucklers, who, though well enough in the camp, were of little value to a

country in time of peace. Many of these were without patrons and naturally fell into debt, and some of them into crime; while others, like myself, being of too quick a temper, had made powerful enemies, or fallen under suspicion of the black-robed Familiars of the Holy Office. Some of them were brave enough, and, indeed, showed themselves afterwards to be very devils at fighting, but nothing could be more worthless on shipboard than a Spanish soldier, unless it be a Spanish grandee.

This motley crew were not cowards, though the prayers and moanings which echoed all night long from our decks would have made one think, who did not know the truth, that there was not a man among them all. Most of them would have gone into battle willingly enough, but hardly one in twenty had ever been on board ship before, and everybody knows how the smell of bilge-water and the knowledge that only three inches of oak are between him and all the salt sea's water, tames the bravest of lands-Where we lay there was just enough swell to give an easy motion that should have rocked a babe to sleep, but, what with fear and apprehension of perils known and unknown. I have never seen so ill a crowd as the crew of the Santa Maria that night. That was what the Admiral called her; but she had always been a luckless craft and had borne as many names as a Scotch widow before she To sail on such a ship, on was given this pious style. such a voyage, and to begin it on a Friday, was a combination of omens bad enough to daunt braver men and wiser than the lubbers who manned the little fleet.

In addition to these natural terrors, and a thousand times more potent, were the mysteries that hung about the venture itself. Most people had no faith whatever in the idea that the earth was round like a ball or an apple, and that one might sail up and down the sides, or up one side and down the other, at will. The most learned writers of the Church declared it flatly opposed to the word of God,

and an especially presumptuous and wicked thing for any man to undertake. I have often wondered that the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition did not lay the Admiral by the heels as a heretic long before he got his title. that the relentless Torquemada would have made short work of Cristofero's visions and theories had it not been for the Queen's infatuation with "the crazy mariner," as some called him, and the fact that he was too lean in purse for the arch-Inquisitor to care to grill. said that he threatened to summon him before the Council at the very last, if her majesty did not sign the decree against the Jews, which she finally did three days before the grant to Columbus. Content with this rich plunder, he could afford to let the harmless navigator escape—the more so as he thought the Admiral was going to certain doom, and would as surely disappear as if he exhaled in smoke from the Quemadero.

The Inquisitor-General had no more faith in Cristofero's plans than the vagabond monks who denounced him in every market-place as in league with the devil and bound to ride alive into the torments sure to await him when dead. He believed, as did all but a few of the wisest or more reckless of my younger days, that the world was flat, and whoever sailed too close to the edge would be whirled over into the steaming depth that lay below. Even those who admitted that it might be round said, with great show of truth, that, though one might sail down its side, it must naturally be impossible to turn back and sail up the overhanging edge. So that most of those who shipped with the great Admiral thought they were going not merely to an earthly but an eternal doom.

I was not much above twenty years of age at that time, but the world seemed all behind me, and I looked forward without hope, willing to flee into the darkness of the Sunset Sea, in order to escape the woe and hopelessness that lay behind. Yet I had approved myself a

stout soldier, winning even the approval of Ferdinand of Aragon, who, cold and cruel and treacherous as he was, knew a soldier, and was, save one, perhaps, the ablest captain of his day. I had the swart of Moorish campaigns upon my face, and had won my spurs, if not in fact, at least by right, in the long struggle that gave Granada to their Majesties of Aragon and Castile. had known the joys of love, the sorrows of bereavement, and now was fleeing, with hate in my heart against those I had served, into the impenetrable gloom that hung over the wild adventure of the "Crazy Admiral." It was hardly strange that I should feel no fear, and, being young, I naturally desired to live. So while I watched the waves race by and felt the cool breeze on my brow, I forgot the woes that were behind and fell to dreaming on what the fortunes of the little fleet might be, what wonders we would find and what adventures meet in the regions to which we were bound.



"TALLERTE DE LAJES! Tallerte de Lajes!" The cry came from the ship's poop.

I started from my dream in surprise and glanced backward before answering,—

"Here!"

The cabin boy, Diego de Salcedo, stood on the ladder looking for some response to his call. A dozen hands pointed him to me and all eyes were turned upon me as he approached.

"The Admiral commands your presence," he said, turning on his heel and signing me to follow.

I went with him to the cabin of our Captain-General, whom we called, by anticipation, "the Admiral."

- "Know you the Doña Juana de la Torre?" he asked, when I had made my salutation and the boy had retired.
 - "I have that honor."
- "She that is the guardian of our young lord, the son of our Sovereign Lady of Castile?" he asked sharply.
 - "The same, your Excellency."
- "A most prudent and learned lady," he continued, "and most wisely chosen to teach one that is to be a king."

I could but smile within myself at this eulogy of one

by whom it was, in truth, well deserved, but of whom the story ran that it was far other than her intellectual endowments that induced her selection. She being then a lusty young widow whose only child hardly survived its birth, herability to minister to the physical wants of the babyprince was more highly prized than any power she might have to teach him what it was needful that he should learn. So well had she performed her duty and such signal capacity had she displayed in controlling her young charge that she remained as governess of the prince she had nourished, and because of her prudence and attainments was no inconsiderable person at the court. She was still young and very fair, and there had been rumors that she had become infatuated with this strange man to whose attractions men and women alike yielded, and that no little of his success with their Majesties of Castile and Aragon was due to her prudent intercession on his behalf. not how this may have been, but it is certain that her position gave her especial opportunity to gain the ear of the Queen, and my own experience showed that she was not without influence when she chose to make use of this opportunity.

- "She has commended thee to my favor."
- "I count myself fortunate, your Excellency, in having so fair an advocate," I answered, with a bow.
 - "Thou thinkest the Doña Juana fair?"
- "Your Excellency would not have me speak ungallantly of my benefactress?"
 - "Thou knewest, then, of her intercession?"
- "I had reason to believe she would intercede in my behalf, knowing the esteem in which she is held by your Excellency."

He looked at me through his great white eyes, without a smile, though it seemed he must have understood the allusion. His snow-white hair gave a strange setting to his solemn, ruddy face. I learned afterward that he had

very little sense of humor. Few things moved him to a smile, and even when he did so unbend it did not seem to be from any appreciation of mirth, but as if he thought it were the proper thing to do at a particular time.

"She has not only commended thee, but repeateth her counsel in a letter just received inclosed in the Queen's missive."

He moved his right hand, which contained a small scroll thickly written over.

- "She says thou hast found favor with a certain noble lady?" he continued,
 - "The Doña Juana is more than kind."
- "She hints, also, that thou art in danger from the Holy Office."
- "The Black Brothers have been very attentive to me of late," I answered, carelessly.
 - "For what reason?"
- "I suppose I may have spoken more freely of certain things than was approved."
- "The tongue is an unruly member," he said, and, considering the offenses charged against his own, it cannot be doubted that the Admiral spoke with authority. "What may those things have been in regard to which thou hast transgressed?" he continued after a moment.
 - "Your Excellency's project was one of them."
- "Indeed, I did not think those who served our noble Sovereign against the Moors had time or inclination to discuss such questions."
- "Your Excellency forgets that no soldier who saw you at the siege of Baza can ever forget you, or regard your undertaking with indifference."

It was a fortunate reply. I had touched his self-love, the most sensitive spot in his nature.

"And thou wert there?" he asked, with some show of interest.

- "I fought beside your Excellency in the 'Battle of the Orchards."
 - "Thou didst! It was a hard fight—a hard fight!"
- "I saw when you overcame the big Gomare in the path beside the fountain. His Majesty was looking on and did afterward much commend you, I was told."
- "It was not the first time I had used a sword," the Captain-General answered with a touch of pride, straightening his tall form and opening and shutting his right hand as he spoke. "I have been told that the king began first to believe in me when he saw that Paynim's head roll in the dust."
- "Faith, it was time," I replied, laughing. The Admiral did not smile, and, in a sort of desperation, I continued, "He commended me that day also, but it brought me no such luck as came to your Excellency therefrom."
- "And what didst thou say of my project that awakened the wrath of the Inquisition?" he asked, without paying further heed to what did not concern himself.
- "That if your Excellency really had no chance to get back from the Sea of Darkness, it were a pity you could not take a shipload of the black-robed gentry, whom the country could well enough spare along with you."
- "Truly, my son," he answered, solemnly, "that was a most indiscreet remark, though I see not why it should be deemed worthy of notice. My experience hath proved that priests be not infallible."
- "It was more than enough for the spies who kill faith with fear," I answered, with more boldness than prudence. But I was young then and sore with many wrongs. Besides, I think the sea loosens the tongue and strengthens the heart, making a man braver than he would ever be on land. Perhaps this is why sea fights are so terrible.
- "The Brothers of the Black Robe are zealous," he said, shaking his head; "and it cannot be denied that Holy Church needs jealous guardians; but it does seem that

they are at times too ready to suspect even the most devout. If I be not misinformed there hath been talk of denouncing me for having dealings with the Evil One, when God and the Maiden Mother know my chief purpose in undertaking this voyage is to find new lands and peoples to yield obedience to Mother Church—to carry to the heathen the knowledge of salvation."

He crossed himself and whispered a prayer. a very pious man and was never slow to let the fact be known. Though the Church held back entire approval of his design, he did not fail to claim to be its most faithful And, good sooth, the Admiral had small ground to question the favor of the Church, for though some of the more ignorant did ridicule and denounce his project, and the learned doctors of Salamanca did once reject it, vet of them who did most for his success, besides the Superior of La Rabida, were also others—the most eminent sons of the Church, the Confessor of our sovereign lady the Queen, the Treasurers of the realms of Castile and Aragon, his Grace of Toledo, and others the most noted of the priesthood of Spain-who urged his cause with unremitting vigor. Indeed, though I have small reason to speak well of them, and though the head of the Inquisition did for a time oppose his views, yet it is but just to say that the priests of Spain were not all Salamanca bigots, and without their advice the good Queen had never undertaken the venture, as without their aid she had been powerless to raise the money by which even this insignificant fleet was equipped. And if no priest sailed with us, there were those followed soon after, whose names will forever add to the glory of that holy cause for which they wrought and The Admiral's own experience, indeed, hath done much to teach the world that priests be human as well as other men, and that a doctor of divinity hath no charter to decide matters of geography and cosmography.

- "Your name upon the ship's register is Tallerte de Lajes; the Doña Juana says thou art English."
 - "My name is Arthur Lake."
 - "From what part of your country?"
 - " Near Bristol."
- "Bristol? I have been there. Thou knowest, perchance, the navigator Johan Caboto—a learned man and a good navigator, too. And Mr. Flemming, the soapmaker. I once sailed a ship, of which he was part owner, to the Hebrides and beyond. By God's faith I wish we had as good a bit of English oak under our feet to-day. But never mind; by God's grace she will live to see the end of the voyage—or of us," he added, with a shrug.
 - " More likely the latter," I replied.
- "Thou art a mariner?" he asked, eagerly. "But no, the Doña Juana said thou wert a soldier and withal a brave one, too."
 - "I am a gentleman."
- "A gentleman? We have a few on board, but by Saint Jago, they are poor freight on such a voyage where provisions may be scarce and work is sure to be abundant."
- "Your Excellency knows that an English gentleman never shirks his duty, even if he finds it at a rope's end. I would as soon think of letting you outdo me at the hill of Baza, as let one of your men excel me in my duties aboard. Besides, you know, we Britons are born sailors, and I have held the tiller in many a stiff blow in Bristol Bay under the best captains of the port."
- "Well, by Heaven, thou hadst good masters if thou sailed with them! Now, what shall I do for thee that will secure me favor with the good Doña Juana? Thou canst write?"
- "As passably as one may who has with difficulty escaped the service of the Church."
- "I venture it is naught to be ashamed of, then, for the Holy Fathers are good teachers of their own. How camest thou by Spanish so correct?" His own never lost its

Italian ear-marks, though it bore still stronger flavor of the tongue of Portugal.

"The father that taught me the humanities was from Cordova."

"Thou hast been fortunate indeed. I shall have to make thee a cadet to learn the art and mystery of navigation, geography and discovery; though when we have found Zipangu, the great Archipelago and the kingdom of the Grand Khan, there will be little more worth finding out on earth. Thou shalt keep the log for me—I will tell the crew that I have chosen one of their number to do it, so they will know I am not deceiving them, and I will teach thee all that is to be learned of navigation, so that thou canst take a ship to Zipangu and return thyself."

I bowed acknowledgment, and taking from the fold of my Andalusian cap a bit of vellum I unrolled and handed it to him. He read it and said, coolly:

- "Thou sawest Bartolomeo, then?"
- "He lay sick at my father's house for many weeks."
- "Whither went he then?"
- "To London-town, in company with Master Flemming and others, to lay the matter before the king."
 - "Dost think he hath succeeded?"
- "That was four years agone, and I have heard nothing since. If he had won the King to his way, surely you would have known."
- "It doth not follow; the Holy Father hath of late divided the world between Spain and Portugal, and King Henry might well choose to get his share before they could lay claim to all of it by first discovery. He is a very prudent monarch, I am told. And thou sayst this was four years ago?"

He drew a long breath and shook his head.

"I misdoubt Bartolomeo may have forestalled us on the way to the Ind. He is a bold navigator and a shrewd man. Did he tell thee of my plans?"

- "We talked of them-sometimes."
- "I warrant he showed the charts he carried?
- "I think I have seen some of them."
- "Of course, and all the sailors and navigators in England too, I suppose—the Cabotos, Lloyds, and all the others?"
- "He indeed talked often with them, but I never knew him to show the charts or disclose your projects beyond the limit of good faith."
- "O, he was close-mouthed, was he? Bartolomeo is sly when he chooses to be—sly as a cat. Let us pray King Henry's parsimony may have prevented, else we stand to meet him on the way back loaded to the gunnel with gold and precious stones, silks and spices from the Ind. I know Bartolomeo. He would have done this very thing a dozen years ago, only he is too unready of tongue to persuade any one to embark with him in such enterprise. The saints grant his ill-luck may not have forsaken him."

It was evident that his brother's was not the name with which to win the favor of the Admiral. He walked back and forth in his narrow cabin much disturbed. laid aside his robe and the armor he wore when we weighed anchor, and was clad now in a soft buff doublet, the sleeves slashed with velvet, puffed hose, with a silk girdle, and soft leather shoes, and carried only a dagger at his side. He looked the grandee rather than the son of a wool-comber, and a mariner who had only boundless hopes on which to base his assumptions. I did not wonder that the few noblemen on board brooked his arrogance but ill. He was a great navigator, and in capacity to handle a ship, quickness of resource and ability to make even the most perilous conditions of wind and wave subserve his purpose, there has not been his equal among the sea-faring men of my time.

"And thou," he said suddenly, turning sharply upon me

where I stood next the door, "why didst thou come on board? Why didst thou, a gentleman, enlist as a common sailor? Did Bartolomeo advise thee so to do?"

I have often had occasion to bless that Spanish habit which permits plain speech to a superior. Our English lips are none too well versed in flattery, and mine in particular opened too easily on the hinges of a Welsh temper to make me over-heedful.

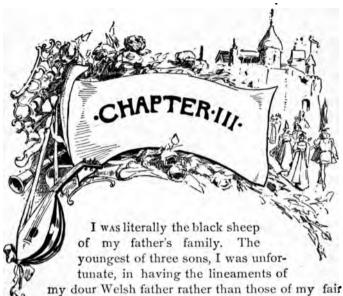
"Indeed, your Excellency," I replied hotly, "I thought I had made it plain that I came upon your ship neither for pleasure nor profit, but because it was not healthy for me to remain in Spain and there seemed no other way to get out."

He looked at me fixedly for a moment, his great white eyes showing cold and hard under his white brows, and said slowly and absently:

"True, true. Why not? As well he as another, as well he as another. Thou art to be a cadet and serve with the pilots, but thou wilt sleep with the men. Go now to Juan de la Cosa, the Master, and tell him he is to instruct thee."

I bowed low and went back to the deck feeling that I had seen one with an eye which would surely bring misfortune if it were not that I was past fear of farther The day was hot and the sun glared fiercely down, but I shivered as I stood by the bulwark. When the crew was mustered for evening prayers it was announced that I had been appointed a cadet in navigation, to attend upon his Excellency and keep the record of the voyage, which should be open to all the crew, under direction of his Excellency the Admiral, Juan de la Cosa, the Pilot, and Rodrigo de Escobedo, the Royal Notary, accompanying the expedition. Whereupon I went aft, and, kneeling at the foot of the steps that led up to the poop, took the oath of office and received some sheets of parchment, loosely stitched together, an ink-horn with a hook to attach it to my belt, and a pen. Despite the unpleasant impression

made upon me by the Admiral I felt not a little pleased by this promotion until it dawned upon me at length that it was a place which one might well desire a man to hold whose death would be of little consequence. Perhaps you wonder how I, a Gloster lad, not without claim to fair descent, came thus to be a shuttlecock between the poop and the forecastle on the flagship of the Spanish Admiral of the Western Seas which no Christian's eye had ever yet beheld. It is a long story, but what happened afterward is so interwoven with what went before that the one can hardly be apprehended without knowledge of the other.



My dour Welsh father rather than those of my fair North Country mother. I was even unfortunate in the hour of my birth.

Our family name was Leake, before we crossed the Severn into Gloster. There was no reason why they should have been ashamed of the Welsh patronymic, for it was an honorable family, one of our ancestors having married a niece of that Owen Tudor who was fortunate enough to attract the favor of the Dowager Queen Catherine of France, the consort of our good King Henry V., who upon the death of her royal spouse became so enamored of her faithful squire as to wed him in secret. Some have questioned the marriage, and indeed it does bear the complexion of an afterthought; but whether genuine or spurious, it was to the full as good as that by which the daughter of John of Beaufort claimed descent from John of Gaunt, since the children Catherine Swynford

bore to the great Duke were not only born before wedlock, but while he was still the husband of another. But an act of Parliament cures all lapses, and, good sooth, it mattered little to King Henry VII., when once he was well settled on the throne, whether the plaster were needed on one of his stout legs or the other. As for our present merrie monarch, his right stands above impeachment, for he hath in his veins not only the blood of Lancaster, but that of his mother, Elizabeth of York, as well. Haply the War of the Roses be now forever at an end, and the people of England care little whether the blood of the King be that of York or Lancaster or Owen Tudor's, and still less whether it was duly mixed in holy wedlock or not, so long as it be stout enough to keep the realm at peace and our enemies at good distance from its shores.

It was in this way that the Leakes, weaned from their Welsh pride, came to cross the Severn and become Lakes instead. They had been hot Lancastrians before, and were still hotter after. How they managed to flourish in those tumultuous times I know not, but I have seen often enough the indentures which showed that, in becoming English, they lost none of their Welsh thrift. They seem to have had a representative at court, a soldier of the guards or a gentleman in waiting, for generations, and I take it their modesty did not often stand in the way of their advancement.

At any rate, my grandfather left his only son two things, both of which were intended as blessings, though one might easily have proved a curse. The one was a snug little estate in Golden Valley, a warm cove of the Coteswolds, large enough to support the dignity of a gentleman and rich enough to uphold the family pretensions, which were represented by his other bequest, the name of Tudor Lake.

With these two inheritances my father began his career at court at an early day, being in the train of Suffolk when he brought over Margaret of Anjou, daughter of the King-Duke of many titles, who was best known as "René; the Good," chiefly, I think, because he was good for nothing, when she came to wed the unfortunate King Henry VI. They were a douce young couple then, as I have heard him tell, the fair-haired girl-queen, barely fifteen years old, and the gentle king, but twenty-four, looking forward to a life of peace and happiness rather than the tumultuous years ending in bloody eclipse that lay before them.

It is not strange that the sturdy Welsh boy gained the favor of the young Queen, became a Squire of the Bedchamber, was early knighted for gallant deeds and bound himself still more closely to his sovereign by marriage with the fairest of the Maids of Honor at the court, blueeyed and golden-haired Alvisa Stratton of Northumberland. She brought him love and beauty as well as the favor of the Queen Sovereign, but her mother was a Neville, whose family had been Yorkists ever since bloody Richard usurped the title in his brother's name. So she brought him little wealth, and when they fled across the sea with their unfortunate but heroic mistress, even the little estate in Golden Valley fell to the Yorkists, and only the favor of Margaret and the stormy fortunes of the half crazy king remained to them. It is no great thing that my father should have remained true to a sovereign so kind as Margaret of Anjou was to him; but I am glad to believe that no misfortunes, peril of battle, wounds or hopelessness ever caused him to waver in his devotion to If Edgemont had been the whole shire of her interests. Gloster, I think he would have lost it gladly for her sake, and his head with it.

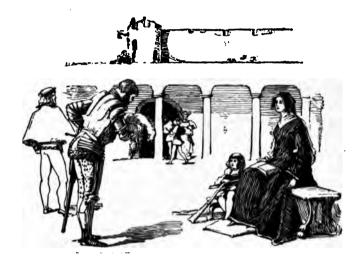
Then followed some peaceful years at the castle in Aquitaine, which King René gave his daughter as a shelter in her distress, and of which my father was made seneschal. Though Henry, seeking to recover his king-

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dom, fell into the hands of the false Edward, and Queen Margaret ceased not to scheme for the recovery of the throne which rightfully belonged to her son, these were no doubt pleasant years to the young lovers who served During this time were born my two brothers, fairhaired and bloomy-cheeked youngsters who, as they grew up, captivated women with their beauty and men with The younger was five their boyish spirit and courage. years old or more when my father departed upon that sad expedition which ended at Tewkesbury, leaving my mother, the Lady Tudor Lake, Queen's chatelaine and warder at her ancestral castle. It was on that day when the good Queen's son, the fair and gallant Edward, was basely murdered, and the sun of Lancaster set, it was thought never to rise again, on the bloody field of Tewkesbury, that I was born. Not content with this ill-omen, fate gave me a visage as swarthy and a temper as short as that of any Ap Leake who ever flourished under the shadow of Snowdon Crag. However, with it came the blessing of a frame as tough as the iron that hides in the Welsh hills and a spirit that recked but little for the glare of courts, and would rather win than inherit whatever it possessed.

It was long before the young Chatelaine heard of the misfortune of her sovereign, and even then she could gather nothing of the fate of her lord. Doubting not that he had been slain in defense of his liege lady's right, when a year and a day had passed, she donned the widow's garb, the pointed cap of Aquitaine hiding her golden curls, while its white lappets kissed her fair cheeks and fell a mingled white and black cascade over neck and shoulders down to the waist. So she waited the coming of the Queen to surrender her trust. King René came often to the castle, charmed, no doubt, by the beauty and discretion of the fair Chatelaine, and stung, perhaps, with remorse at not having espoused his daughter's cause more fervently. The

learned men whom the Queen's wit and grace had attracted thither, continued to pass the years of exile around the board which waited for her return; and my brothers, both of whom were pages at the court of the romantic King, enjoyed rare opportunities to acquire skill in arms and knowledge of chivalry and courtesy. As for me, I had my mother and the cowls and gowns of the wise men for my companions. It seemed, indeed, as if fate had



predestined me for the cloister, save for the rugged body and boisterous temper it had bestowed.

Among all that came, however, none brought any tidings of my father's fate, until one day when I was going on six years old, while sitting at my mother's feet in the court of the castle, a warder came to say that a stranger desired audience with the Chatelaine. She had been singing some of King René's amorous ditties, and I remember well the soft color on her cheeks as she graciously ad-

dressed the warder and bade him admit the stranger to her presence. She was very beautiful, though, in the long black robe which hung straight from the shoulder to the ground and the quaint widow's cap which hid all but the eyes and lower part of the face, I fancy she had little resemblance to the slender, golden-haired girl-wife who had crossed the Channel with her fugitive Queen a dozen years before.

She sneezed thrice as the servant passed out of the court, whereat she laughed gaily and said an angel must have brushed her lips with his wing coming in haste to bring good fortune, for which she gave thanks in advance, a most excellent habit, since otherwise we might forget to give thanks at all. I stood gazing up into her face when the stranger entered, and she rose to greet him. I hated him at sight and regarded him with black scowling brows as he crossed the marble court to the place where we stood. He had taken off his morion while he waited in the warder's room, for it was midsummer and the days are hot in Aquitaine, and now carried it in his right hand, while the left rested on the hilt of his sword, whose metaltipped scabbard grated harshly on the marble pavement, as he came forward with a halting irregular step which spoke of war and wounds. I noticed that his morion bore a white and red plume, the only ornament he wore, the emblem, as I knew, of the houses of York and Lancaster. united in the Earl of Richmond, then claiming the English throne, though there seemed little prospect of his getting it from the bloody but brave Richard III. His clothes were by no means new nor of the latest style, and his armor, though evidently of fine quality, was already becoming antiquated and showed many marks of use. He was a man of middle age, his face framed with a short black beard streaked underneath with gray. His hair was black, but his brows showed traces of white, and there were deep lines about his eyes. He stopped a couple

of steps away, and bowing with an unexpected grace, said in a harsh, imperious tone:

- "I seek speech with the Chatclaine of the Royal Lady Margaret of England."
- "Speak," answered my mother with a gracious inclination.
 - "Are you she?" he asked in surprise.
- "I am the Lady Alvisa Lake, at your service, Sir Knight," she said.
 - "Since when is your ladyship become a widow?"
 - "Since the fatal day of Tewkesbury."
- "And still a widow? Why, madam, that is five years agone and more."

My mother cast her eyes down upon me and answered this rudeness only with a sigh.

- "Good sooth," the stranger continued, "your lord must have been a proper man to be mourned so long, or gallants be fewer and duller in Loraine than when I knew it last."
- "You will please state on what affair you come, Sir Knight, and spare me further comment on my misfortune," said my mother, with dignity.
- "In faith, that is my affair—the very pith and marrow of my affair."
 - "Do you mean my misfortune?"
 - "I mean nothing less—I am come to seek a wife."
- "I thank you, sir; but there need be no further parley. There is none here for you to wed."
- "Who speaks of wedding? I said I came to seek a wife—not a sweetheart. Nay, I have found her, but that she weareth widow's weeds."

My mother looked at him furtively, evidently doubtful if he were in his right mind, and said very mildly and compassionately:

"What might be your name, Sir Knight, and whence come you?"

"My name, like my face, seems to have been forgotten. I was of Edgemont, County Gloster, in the unhappy realm of England, and men called me once Sir Tudor Lake."

My mother did not cry out nor utter any sound, but the color left her face, her limbs bent, and she fell in a heap upon the ground.

"Alvisa! Dost thou not know me?" the stranger exclaimed, as he rushed forward to lift her up.

No sooner did he start than I threw myself in his way, fastening my teeth upon his bare left hand which was the only salient point at which I was able to attack him. He tried to shake me off; but I clutched his arm, and twining my legs about one of his, kept my hold. He did not trifle with me, and buffet after buffet of his gauntleted right hand fell upon my head until the world grew black, my grip relaxed, and I fell on the pavement beside my mother.

When I recovered consciousness the stranger was holding my mother in his arms upon the bench; the widow's cap and veil, were on the ground beside him; her arm was about his neck, and her fair hair fell down like a stream of sunlight on her black gown. There were maids and servants grouped about with cordials and essences, and laughter and tears abounded, with much chatter over "my lord's return" and "my lady's happiness." One of the maids had picked me up, brushed the dust from my clothes, and sought to soothe my sobbing. The stranger's eye fell on me, and he asked with brusque pleasantry:

"Who is this black wolf-cub whom you keep at your side to bite those who approach your bower?" He showed his hand as he spoke with the bloody marks of small teeth upon it.

My mother loosed herself from his embrace and smilingly beckened to me as she said:

"This be your son, my good lord—your son Arthur, whom you have never seen before."

- "My son?"
- "None other; born on the very day it was deemed thou hadst fallen. He hath been the comfort of my widowhood."
- "A most surly comforter," rejoined the stranger ungraciously. "Why, he is black as a Welsh bear and as savage. One would never guess he was akin to my fair lady. Come hither, sirrah, and greet thy father."

I hung back sullenly.

"I misdoubt he has been spoiled, being so long without discipline," said my father angrily. "He is ill-mannered and ill-favored. We will give him to the Church, dear; he already wears her colors, and she has many ways to tame rebellious spirits. But where are my other sons? I warrant they be neither boors nor brutes."

It was thus I met my father, and though I came afterward at my mother's bidding and knelt to receive his blessing, my heart was black within me, and I felt a sense of wrong and loss even while his hand rested on my head.



Thus, my first acquaintance with my father began ominously enough, and the presage was abundantly fulfilled. From that moment we were ever at variance. There is a proverb that one does not fall in love with himself. I think this is not always true, but it is certain my father did not fall in love with me, though in frame, countenance, and even in shortness of temper, I was his "express image," as the theologians say. It was not without reason that he called me a Welsh cub. I might have been a furry foundling from the caves of Snowdon, almost, so far as blackness of visage and inclination to broil were concerned. It came as natural for me to bite as if I had been suckled by a bear instead of being nourished by the sweetest woman in all Aquitaine.

In all this I was my father over again, and the closeness of the duplication argued ill for the peace of the house where both should dwell. Besides, we were both in love with the same woman, which always brings

trouble. Child as I was, I resented the flout he had given me not half so keenly as I did the black-browed stranger's cool appropriation of my mother.

How I did love her! "Blessed is the babe whose mother is fair," is a proverb often repeated. My mother was not only fair, but one of those women whose loveliness mocks at time and care. The softness of her cheek, the mellow golden-brown of her hair, the gentle light of her blue eyes, and the sweet spirit that illuminated and informed the whole, made a picture which the painters have not been able to rival, and which was not destined to fade with age.

How I loved her! From my infancy, I had been accustomed to see the good King René and the gay gallants of his court pay reverent homage to the quiet Chatelaine of our castle whose demesne she overlooked, and whose revenues she hoarded so carefully for her absent Queen. My brothers, the youngest elder than I by half a dozen years, had been almost by force taken from her to meet the demand of the fair dames of the Court of Love for comely Cupids and pretty pages. They had her bloomy cheeks and blue eyes, and the curls that clustered around their heads shone with even a softer radiance than hers. They were sweet-tempered and well-limbed, too, such as ladies love to dandle, but the long black lashes that fell over their soft eyes showed that they would some time do a man's devoir and play havoc, also, with hearts such as fluttered behind the bodices to which they were then so carelessly pressed.

I do not wonder that women love such boys. I used to think they were even more beautiful than the angels of whose glories my nurse sang and the priests chanted, when now and then they came with a merry train of royal attendants to pay their respects to our mother or perhaps to take part in some junket which the merry monarch had planned in the neighborhood of our castle,

in order, as I now suspect, that its chaste warder might be wiled into some enjoyment of the gay revels which her widow's weeds served as excuse for avoiding when proper courtesy would admit. I have seen her at such times with one fair boy upon her lap and one standing proudly by her side, while lords and ladies looked on admiringly, and heard the good king say under his breath to one standing by:

"Think you the Mother of God were fairer."

Yet I was not jealous of them, and none were jealous of her, because they knew that she loved her dead lord more than any that paid court to her, and I knew that she loved me best of all that lived.

Perhaps it was because I was the last token of her dear lord's love, perhaps because of the shadows that hung about the hour of my birth, perhaps because of my resemblance to the husband she had lost, perhaps because of all these things, or from the very contrariness of love itself, but true it is her heart turned half away from the beautiful boys who were learning courtesy and poesy and fitting themselves for knightly honor at the good King's court, where minstrelsy and chivalry strove to gild the hard present with the golden dust of the past, and fastened itself with increased fervor on the black-browed little Welshman who came to her arms the very day her lord bade good-by to them forever. At any rate, I knew, and I fancy others knew, that I was my mother's favorite.

How I loved her! I think from very babyhood her beauty soothed me, and as I grew older I was never tired of watching her face or listening to her voice. What stories she told! Forsooth they were but echoes of her own dreams and memories! Stories of the brave, fair Queen whose courage, fortitude, and faithfulness upheld the right of her poor brain-sick lord through all those years when the strife of the Roses stained the fields and highways of Merrie England with brothers' blood. Tales

of her own brave lord's adventures, perils, wounds, and escapes on field and flood, in all the boisterous years that lay between St. Alban's fight and Tewkesbury's bloody mead!

How I gloried in the brave soldier so faithful to his Oueen, who, bruised and beaten, hacked with many swords and worn with many toils, was with the saints at rest! But somehow this picture, which my fervent fancy drew from my mother's loving words, did not at all comport with the sturdy, hard-faced, black-browed fighter who, not lacking in courtesy withal, but contemptuous of show and blazonry, as one who had cut his name with his sword upon the forefront of the time in which he lived had good right to be, stalked halt and grim into our mourning Eden, and snatched away my beautiful mother from me. I felt that I had lost all that I had. No one else had ever thought of loving me-indeed, I wanted no other love. I knew I was not comely and could never hope to be a page or courtier. I think the merry jesters of King René's court did want me once-for a demon dwarf! I heard them discussing my qualities with that Scowling face, black hair, big head, short neck, wide shoulders, broad back and legs like a young Her-That was the inventory of my infant charms! I did not envy my fair brothers nor care for the pretty mimicries in which they took their parts so welcomely, but I did love the jousts I sometimes saw, and had decided almost with my earliest thought, that I would be So I was pleased rather than angered at this flippant appraisal of my parts, since I had heard it said by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, when once he supped at our castle on his way to the court of King René, whose kingdoms were as visionary as the songs of his romancers, that sound legs and a strong back were the two best parts of a soldier.

Ah, what a man he was! Short, thick neck, wild, bold

eyes, brown hair curling back upon his shoulders, a swaggering gait as if his legs could not forget the saddle. a jovial voice, and a mouth full of laughter, pleasant jests. and good-natured oaths. His full red lips seemed ever at play behind the copse of his great drooping mustachios. I loved him from the very moment when, placing a hand on either side of my head, he lifted me up as if I had been a feather, kissed my checks, and said he hoped I would be as stout a fighter as my father was, than whom, saints rest his soul, there was none better. He called my mother cousin, and kissed her too, at parting, when she walked with him to the castle gate, where his escort waited, and the torches shone on gay doublets and bright armor-kissed her once on either cheek, as seemly as a man of such courtesy and honor might, while she cast down her eyes in decorous recognition of his favor. Then, with an instant's hesitation, as became an act of so grave trespass, he smacked her boldly on the lips, and with a low, bright laugh, sprung into the saddle and rode away, tossing backward many a pleasant farewell benison.

Though my mother started and quickly raised her eyes, while a blush leaped up over cheek and brow, I do not think she was very angry, though the maids giggled and our staid retainers had hard work to hide their smiles. Why should she be offended? The lips of Charles the Bold brought never any dishonor, and what woman would not feel pleasure at such tribute to her charms from so knightly a monarch? He was my boy-ideal of my father, and ever, after that night, I dreamed of the dear saint sinking to his bloody rest as careless and lighthearted as Burgundy rode away with that stolen kiss upon his lips. God and His saints do know, I often wished my dreaming had come truer! I do not think I would have minded the flouts of such a man or cared if he had held and kissed my sweet mother all day long.

But it mattered little what I liked or liked not. My

father had learned to command, and save for his sovereign, knew not obedience or complaisance. His will was law wherever he had right to speak. So, when my mother sought to win his favor for me, he would only shake his head and say:

"Tut, tut, sweet wife. The lad is well enough in his way, but he is ill-favored for the court, and we have gallants enough already for a family that hath no dependence



save a prince's favor and God's grace. If, perchance, our kinsman, the Earl of Richmond, should see his hope to blossom into kingship, as well it may in these troublous times, we will get back our own, and it shall go hard if we get not also a slice from them that have despoiled us. Perchance, before the day of action comes, our boys will have grown to men and may find use for bright blades, and win their spurs and a new king's favor at once. God

grant it be the end, and that York and Lancaster unite or both be destroyed. For I tell you, of a truth, good wife, our realm of England cannot stand many more such years as these twenty last past. If there be a few more such slaughters as Towton, Hexham, and Tewkesbury, it matters little who be king, since some spoiler be sure to come and take whatever country is too weak to hold its own.

"It were not well to have too many soldiers in such times. The cowl meaneth safety and power not less than the sword. So we will give the two elder to the Prince as soon as they be well trained, with which preparation I shall charge myself without delay, and the youngest we will give to Mother Church, that his prayers may bring fortune to his brothers' swords and one be left to care for you should ill befall them and me."

Thus I was doomed to the cloister, who was formed but to fight, and at the best could scarce master prayers enough to serve the round of one day's duty. I hated my fate from the very first, though I came to be grateful for it in aftertime, since it gave me the chance to see the very birth of that new world which, in our day, has risen out of the Sunset Sea, and enabled me to share in wilder and stranger adventures than any lordling bred to arms might hope to witness, in our English realm since our late thrifty sovereign Henry VII. and his scholastic and peace-loving son have sat upon the throne.

All was changed at the castle by the coming of my father. The poor Queen, who could not bear to see any that she knew in happier days, had hid herself away in a little house upon a hillside at Dampierre, with one faithful attendant only, and the Earl of Richmond was waiting in Brittany till the time should be ripe for that foray which rolled like a fateful tide over Richard at Bosworth-field and ended the War of Roses for good and all, by making possible that union with King Edward's daughter, which came a few years after.

In the mean time our castle became a camp where the adherents of the new claimant rallied and the younger and more inexperienced were trained to arms under my father's eye. My brothers Clarence and Edward were haled straightway from the jousts and minstrelsy of King René's court, and set hard at work with sword and lance and single-stick to learn a soldier's duty. As I was thought too young to begin the work of preparation for the Church, I was given a pony and a share in the exercises with them. When the time of preparation was



over, though scarce a dozen years old, so proficient had I grown, and so stout had I become, that I was allowed to go with those who landed at Milford Haven and saw, if I did not share, the short, swift war which ended with bloody Richard's overthrow. My brothers even excelled expectation, in their first campaign, and were straightway called to court, where they remained, while I journeyed unwillingly with my parents to Edgemont, now enlarged to a demesne worthy of my father's valor and steadfastness,

by the addition of some adjacent lands belonging to the vast estates of the dead "king-maker," Lord Warwick, whose widow, whether willingly or by compulsion, made over more than a thousand knight's holdings he had bequeathed to her, to the new king. Fortunately, it was not a Lancastrian victory, though Henry was of the stock of John of Gaunt by his mistress, Catherine Swynford; but the blood of Catherine of France and Owen Tudor had so weakened the Lancastrian strain that it lost its savageness, and there was no proscription after Earl Richmond, transformed into Henry VII., had the crown safe on his head and Edward's pretty daughter to wife. Peace reigned. and my father settled down to build a house worthy of the baronial estate his sword had won. My two brothers were soon well settled, one by marriage and one by a commission in the King's Guards. Fray Lope Mendez, a Spanish priest from Cordova, who had been one of the chaplains of our good Queen Margaret, and, as such, an inmate of the castle in Aquitaine, was given strict injunction to so conduct my study of the humanities as to make sure that I be ready for holy orders when my twenty-first year should come.

It is easy to order a boy's future, but not so easy to overcome the obstacles which youth and inclination interpose. If there ever was a lad who had no hint of bias for a holy calling it was I. Even if there had been such inclination, my surroundings were such as might suffice to drive prayer and service from any healthy mind. Horses, dogs, falcons, and the salmon leaping in the pools of the Avon, to say nothing of roystering companions and tales of adventure in the taverns of the port of Bristol, ten miles away, were enough to drive heaven itself out of a boy's thought who loved nothing so well as a dash over the hills in the morning at the hounds' leading, or whipping the dark pools with a stout ash in the evening. Fray Mendez was both wise and kind. He did not mar my sports, and,

as a reward for his forbearance, I did not neglect his in-In truth, he loved the bay of a hound almost as well as I, and in all Gloster there was not one who dropped a lure on a black pool so gently or restrained the angry captive with so delicate a touch as he. His foreign birth made him fond of haunting the wharves and talking with sea-faring men, gathering knowledge of lands known and unknown, but more especially, I think, hoping for speech with his own countrymen, or even from his own sea-side Andalusian hamlet. One never ceases to yearn for the land of his nativity, more especially a Spaniard. loves it he does not care to ask: whether another loves it or not matters little to him. He was a welcome guest also, at all the religious houses whose rich foundations made a belt of garden and orchard half about the city. The monk is aye partial to good cheer, and both the apples and the cider of Gloster were found at their best in the cloisters; while the rich and doughty city gave at once protection Fray Mendez was a learned man as well as and support. a godly one, but his learning was not all of books nor his godliness bounded by his breviary. He loved brave men and stout ones, and was not averse to a pot of ale and jolly fellowship, though none knew better the proper limits of manly mirth or could reprove more effectually the ribald tongue. So I became a scholard, in order not only that I might have the good Father with me on my rambles, but that I might understand and appreciate his discourse. And because he had been a sailor in his youth, we not only sought the wharves at the neighboring port, but not seldom embarked with its mariners for short voyages on river and bay, and came to have familiar knowledge of its most daring and expert navigators.

But during all this time, my father moderated not one whit of his purpose that I should be dedicated to Mother Church, nor I one jot of my determination never to sing mass, chant an office, or shed my hair in service of Mary

Mother or the holy saints. My mother knew this, and so did Father Mendez. The former hoped I might relent, the latter that the matter might be delayed until my father could Neither knew that I had determined no longer oppose. not to wait or vield. A purpose had grown up in my mind which frequent association with the men who had seen many countries greatly strengthened. Of all the fisher-folk on Bristol Bay, there was not one who pulled a better oar or could hold the tiller in a rougher gale than the broadshouldered, black-browed son of Sir Tudor Lake; wherefore I thought if the worst came-but, as the good Fray always said, "The worst does not come." So my plans came to naught, because the time came not for their fulfillment.

Thus I hunted the wild boar in the valleys, the stag upon the verdant wolds, sailed, fished, studied, and was happy, as is the good fortune of healthful youth. My mother was glad because I was happy, and my father was content because the good Padre made always favorable report of my progress, and the clerks and men of wit who sometimes partook of our hospitality praised my learning, more from politeness, as I guess, than from any special merit. Such visitors were not unusual at Edgemont, for, though it lay among the hills away from any of the great foundations where learning doth most abide, its red chimneys were visible from the highway leading Londonward from the great port of Bristol, whither many came to set sail for foreign parts, both soldiers seeking service in foreign wars. pilgrims, and pleasurers of an adventurous sort, as well as merchants bent on gain. My father, besides being a man of note in the county, was known to many because of his Besides that, he kept always open long service at court. house for any that might bring knowledge of the world without or entertainment for those within. It chanced, too, that Fray Mendez was known far and wide among clerks and scholars, not only as a godly man, but as one

who loved learning for its own sake, and had always somewhat to give in exchange for aught that another might bring of pleasant converse about men and things.

The world was just then full of eager souls seeking after new things, both spiritual and temporal. So many wars had lately been concluded; so many kings had learned the new lesson that a fat purse is stronger than a keen sword; so many great nobles had been destroyed and their power and followings scattered, that there were many stout swashbucklers going up and down the land and adventuring into foreign parts where they could hear of wars in progress, in search, not of great deeds alone, but of the wherewithal to live as well; since few there be who having once borne a pike care to go back and wield a billhook or guide a plow. Many of these passed by our gate and failed not to stop, bringing news of all that was abroad in the land; how the King favored peace and commerce rather than strife and display; and hoarded money rather than gathered armies. They told, moreover, how stiff a hand he bore with the nobles, whether friend or foe; giving charily even to his own supporters, but taking not the less freely from his enemies, and enforcing with unexpected rigor the statutes against "liveries," whereby the followings of the great subjects were cut down and the power of the King made more secure from interruption by their brawls and strife. Nevertheless, it made many wanderers and idlers of those who had aforetime fed at great men's tables.

At the same time much encouragement was given unto commerce with foreign parts, and all the ports of England were full of crafts laden with wares for other countries or even seeking unknown lands, so that all was bustle and life. Especially was this true of our neighbor town of Bristol, whither wool-combers and chandlers had come in great numbers from the Netherlands, who did bring with them the arts and mysteries of their various callings, mak-

ing soaps and candles as well as cloths of rare excellence, for sending out to other lands; the while our navigators ran into all the Northern seas for fishes which they did salt and dry and send abroad, especially to Spain and Portugal, where they be ever in great demand among the people, in exchange for wines and wool of finer quality than groweth on our wolds.

It happened, also, that at this time the world was in a ferment which hath since begotten many wonders, some good and some of such character as may not yet be determined, though much I fear they bode little betterment to realm or Church. That Lollardry which had long vexed our land, had, indeed, almost passed out of sight, though there were still some of the people and a few of the clergy yet affected by its notions, which, indeed, it be a great pity to know be not true, since they seem most just and welcome, especially to them that be poor and bowed down with burdens and toil. Save for these few, Lollardry had quite disappeared, except for one thing: the art of printing had made many books, and many translations of the holy Scriptures into the vulgar tongue had become scattered through the land, so that not a few of the common people thought themselves as wise, especially so far as concerned the things of God, as the most learned. clerks. Because of this and the many other books which at this time began to be printed, knowledge even in the ancient tongues became so accessible that for a few shillings one might buy the works of the most learned writers which hitherto only the very richest of princes and nobles might possess, and which the fathers of the Church had long treasured in their convents as the most priceless of possessions, to be read only by the wisest and most learned of their orders.

Father Mendez thought that good must come of this cheapening of knowledge, but my father shook his head and declared that when the common people knew their

prayers it was enough, and, even for soldiers and knights, very little clerkly skill would suffice them. For himself, he said, he had found it always easier to make his mark with his sword than with a pen; though he was able to decipher an easy scrawl, and even a few Latin words, he seldom attempted to write more than his signature, which he made with so many flourishes that only those who had special knowledge of his intent were ever likely to be greatly benefited thereby.

Sir John Fortescue, who was once in a while a guest at Edgemont, being of kin through the marriage of my brother Clarence to one of his daughters, though himself one of the most learned men who had some time been Lord Keeper of the Seal, agreed with my father in this, and declared that when all became learned there would be no use for lawyers, priests or soldiers, whereby society and government, as well as religion, would soon be at an end; since, as he was wont to say, "where all be equal in knowledge, all will soon be equal in power, and none be willing to serve, since none will be able to command obedience." Truly, it doth seem that the noble Lord Keeper had reason for his opinion, and what hath since occurred in many ways seems to give strength thereto; for it hath of late gone so far that Holy Church has been stripped of temporal power in this goodly realm, and there be many who do aver that her spiritual dominion must soon follow.

It happened by chance, also, that there were at this time, through the multitude of books that were printed concerning strange adventures of travelers and navigators, many who believed in the existence of lands yet undiscovered, which some claimed to be not less in extent than all the known world. Much of this came through the action of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed "The Navigator," who was not only half an Englishman, but held in especial honor by the House of Lancaster, since

his mother, Philippa, was the daughter of Duke John of Gaunt, from whom all of that ilk be derived, and that by lawful marriage, too; so that, as far as inheritance goeth, her children were better entitled to sit upon the throne of England than any others of his blood.

It is small wonder, therefore, that the fame of Prince Henry, who had charge of such affairs for that kingdom, both during his father's reign and under his brother, who succeeded, and the wonderful discoveries of the captains whom he had taught the arts of navigation and geography, should have attracted the attention of our British mariners. These discoveries were not only wonderful, but was said to have been made by means of sea-books which Prince Henry, by aid of necromancy and other mystic arts, had drawn up and prepared in his lonely tower on the promontory of Sagres in Algarve, where he sat and watched by day for the white sails of the ships he sent out to explore and conquer the coast of Africa, and by night to study the movement of the planets and gather astrologic lore. It was said that in these seabooks were accurately laid down the forms of coasts and islands which no Christian eye had ever beheld, with their courses and distances from each other, so that one sailing either by the compass or by the sun and stars, could not well fail of discovering new lands and bringing back stores of gold, ivory, and wax, whereby the realm of Portugal and the captains and mariners, as well as the Order of Christ, of which Prince Henry was the Grand Master, were greatly enriched and the fame of their doings spread abroad through the whole world.

Two things especially kept alive the spirit of adventure, even after the death of good Prince Henry, and despite the fact that Dom João, to whose realm accrued all the advantages of these discoveries, was hardly less penurious and almost as pig-headed as our own late King Henry VII., who then bore sway in our green island. The first of

these was that his ships had passed Cape Non, beyond which none had ever gone before, had found the Madeira Islands, and proved that ships could go into the steaming sea that washes the shores of Gambier and the Gold Coast, without being destroyed. This had all the more effect upon our Bristol navigators because the captain who first did this thing, sailing away into the burning zone and coming back unharmed, was one Giles Jones, whom the Portuguese name "Gil Eannes," a sailor of Swansea, who had studied navigation and geography under Prince Henry and was given command of this expedition because he had no more fear of man or devils than Prince Henry himself, though belike he may have had less knowledge of the latter than the great astrologer, who is said to have gotten many of his darkest secrets from the Moors, whom he conquered in battle, one of whom remained with him ever after until his death, and was the chiefest of his astronomers and cartographers, as I have heard.

Now, no sooner had Giles Jones returned, covered with tan and honors, and having much wealth, from having rounded Cape Non and sailed two hundred miles down the coast of Guinea, than he must needs come back in one of the King of Portugal's own ships, so greatly was he honored, to find a lass living over beyond Severn, about Cow Bridge, to whom he had been betrothed before he entered the Prince's service and whom for a wonder he found still unwed, and. marrying her, sailed away to the Dom's dominions, where he lived and died in great honor. So the story runs; and as the girl he married was of remote kin both to the Leake and Tudor families, I have heard it oft and have good reason to believe it true. Indeed, my father hath often told me that his father danced at the wedding of the lucky Giles Jones himself. From that time on, the more daring of our sailors dreamed of nothing better than taking service under the King of Portugal, so much so that our British masters were very chary whom they shipped

on voyages to Lisbon and Oporto, lest they be left short-handed by desertion in those ports.

Another thing which kept Prince Henry's discoveries alive in the minds of all, besides the great wealth which had so soon raised Portugal from insignificance to the very front rank of national importance, was the fact which all the world knew, that Prince Henry did openly declare and expect that he would reach India by sailing southward along the coast of Africa. Because of this, he secured from the Holy Father a dispensation, giving unto the kingdom of Portugal the sole right to take possession of and trade with all the lands that might be found by voyaging in this direction. Perhaps this very fact that all the unknown world which lay to the eastward of the meridian of the Azores was already granted unto Portugal, set those mariners who were not in the service of Dom João to dreaming of what might lie in some other quarter, guessing that if there were new lands toward the east, there might be no less valuable discoveries waiting to be made under the setting sun. For this reason, more than one of our mariners who sailed from Bristol to Erlande and Thule, now and then ventured somewhat into the open beyond, in hope that they might run their prows on some island before unknown.

Thus it will be seen that all mankind were agog for something new and strange, and many there were who foretold the end of the world to be at hand, because of the wonders that were being wrought. For even then cross-bows and armor were being cast aside, because arquebuses were growing so common, and castles were little esteemed because no walls can be made to withstand the stones and bolts fired from cannon, since gunpowder, which Friar Bacon, with the help of the Evil One, had devised to make war more terrible than it was before, had grown so common. In the which, we see how the Lord's mercy overruleth the Devil's spite, for what was intended

to destroy men's souls hath become an instrument of salvation rather, since it hath so enhanced the risk and certainty of death that men have chosen to submit to that which they do not like rather than incur the added perils of life and limb which now attend upon such strife. this is counted by wise clerks a certain proof that God and His Virgin Mother do keep watch over His children and save them from Satan's wiles, even in ways they know This, at least, was the doctrine of Fray Mendez, who, to my thinking, knew more of God's will to-us-ward than any priest or pontiff of them all; though I will admit that I am but a poor judge of this sort of thing, since my life has afforded scant time for contemplation, and I have not been so much given to good works nor yet so faithful in my prayers, as to have reason to expect divine help in understanding them.

While, therefore, men wondered and disputed much over strange things, and especially whether there were lands of which the ancients knew not and which no eyes had yet beheld, save those of black heathen who knew no more of us than we of them; and whether the world were flat, as the great part of ancient learning teacheth, or whether, if round, he that saileth down the side would be able to return up it; and whether the under-world, if one there were, be inhabited by men and women, or only by hobgoblins and monsters, that happened which some foretold and others denied, in the most unexpected of all ways; and by the same token, I was led by a chain of happenings not less strange, to witness with my own eyes this wonder of all the ages, whereof I herewith testify.

CHAPTER · 5.55°

r chanced one day during this time, that I was walking on the quay of Bristol town, along with Father Mendez, who was discoursing of the marvelous tales of some sailors who had late returned from Thule, which lieth to the northward and westward of Erlande, as they did claim, whither they had sailed for the purpose of taking fish, which be very abundant in those parts, and of most excel-

lent quality. But the most strange thing they did tell. and which the good Fray believed, although it seemed quite incredible to me, was of great mountains of ice floating about in the sea, of such height that they far overtopped the masts of the largest vessels, and in bulk so great that when two of them, evidently moved by malign demons, sought to close in upon their craft, it was only with extreme difficulty and many prayers to Mary Mother and the saints, with vows which did consume a great part of their lading to fulfill, that they escaped being ground to powder. As it was, their bowsprit, which was caught between the bergs, was broken into fine splinters when they met with a roar louder than a hundred bombards, shattering their own sides and throwing great blocks of blue-white ice upon the deck and far out into the sea, to the great terror of all the mariners, who were saved by God's grace alone.

Thereupon, one of the demons, being greatly enraged

because the ship had escaped, did overturn the mountain on the larboard side, which, toppling over backward, did rise up under the keel of the vessel, lifting it high into the air, whereupon all gave themselves up for lost and shut their eyes—all but one, that is, for Johan Grossteste, who was the son of a yeoman who dwelt on our estate of Edgemont, who had taken to the sea because his father's hand had of late years grown uncomfortably heavy, being determined not to give up the ghost while any chance to live remained, jumped from the ship's deck upon the crystal mountain as it lay heeled far over, and when he saw that the ship hung on a sharp edge, all a-trembling and a-teeter beside him where he stood, he put his hand against it and pushed, whereon it slid down the glassy side and plunged bow on into the boiling sea!

Luckily, the ship was of stout English make, with a keel cut out of an oak with a natural crook for the prow, in the saw-pits of the royal forest on the other side of Severn, and though she went under so that only her tiller stuck out of the water, she came up and righted herself like a duck, full of water as she was. Then Johan Grossteste followed in her wake down the side of the berg and clambered on board by some of the fore-rigging that hung over the side, thus escaping the monsters that swarmed about in the foaming sea; for her crew were so nearly dead with fright and drowning that they would never have heard him, howsoever loud he might have called. However, they got their wits together, bailed out the salt water, and two months afterward set sail for home with the finest catch of stock-fish ever carried in a Bristol bottom, so it was said.

This was the story as Johan Grossteste told it, and made affidavit thereto, before the worshipful Mr. Channing at the Market Hall, along with his shipmates, including the master.

"Why it is, my son," said Fray Mendez, "that the

North is the region of hyperborean cold and darkness, no man for a certainty knoweth, any more than one knoweth why heat cometh out of the South or light out of the East. Of this, indeed, we are now certified, though it was not until Portuguese Prince Henry sent his navigators along the coast of Africa until the sun threw its shadows southward at midday, that we knew of a surety there was not a boiling gulf in which the South Sea ended. Now, we have reason to believe that the heat grows less as one goes southward from the line of vertical impact of the sun's rays until, perchance, there be another hyperborean beyond. This would not seem so strange—at least we might see harmony if not reason in the matter—if we could know that, as some believe, the earth is a sphere with great loadstones at either end which attract the magnet, and by their power create the cold which there rules, and which the sun is in part able to overcome in the region midway between, which lies so much nearer his glowing fires."

"So, so, good Father," said a voice behind us, "you are teaching your pupil the lore of the geographer, or mine ears deceive me. I bid you beware. In these times, when dreams are so apt to come true, it is dangerous to the peace of Mother Church to put such notions in the head of one pre-fated to her service. You should remember that the young Master Lake hath a brave heart, a stout arm, and a quick fancy, and should he ever learn to use the compass and unravel the mysteries of a seabook, my word for it, the Church may lose a brave servant, if once he gets a tiller in his hand and feels the deck sway beneath his feet with the sea's wooing, while the wind sings a lullaby in the shrouds outside the Head."

"You are a poet, Seignor Capitano, as well as a mariner," replied Father Mendez, returning the other's greeting with a smiling salutation.

"Aye, and a merchant, too," answered the other with a shrug, "and withal poor, as sailors and poets always are, and as merchants ought not to be, which shows that one may be a fair navigator and a brave poet and yet a bad merchant. But one must market the wares his ships bring into port himself, if he would make buckle and tongue meet at Michaelmastide, in this land of fog and caution. Beshrew me, if ever I saw such people! Here I have three cargoes of baccallos, running from four stone down to as many pounds, every one of them as sweet as June posies, with meat as clear and firm as crystal, sometimes a span thick, too, and here I must sit and dole them out by weight and number, while Bastien goes back for a new cargo before the winter storms set in."

"I should think you would be glad to stay ashore after so many voyages," said the Padre.

"Well, it is not so bad, for the matter of a few days or a week or two; but after that, St. Jacabo! but it grows tedious! The fog gets into my nose, the mud sticks to my shoes, and I long for the sway of the deck beneath my feet. Every one to his trade, Father; I am accounted a good mariner, but a most poor merchant, since I like not to change a ha'penny or slice a hake to fit a miser's fastday dinner. I love the sea, and would be always afloat, with only a fling ashore now and then in fine weather; but in this world what beggar may choose his lot? Your blessing, Father."

The speaker took off his jaunty cap and bowed his head, covered thick with curling hair with only here and there a white thread, for the priest's benison.

"Ah, Capitano, thou bringest the South and the sunshine with thee," said the Father with a sigh touching the bowed head lightly. "May God and His good saints protect thee by sea and shore. How chanced it that the cold of Thule, which I am told congealed even the haddock in thy vessel's hold, did not stiffen thy tongue nor leave its frost-mark on thy brow?"

"Ye give me too much credit, good Father. not my ship that was driven out of her course and made such close acquaintances with the icy 'bergs,' as they call those floating monsters in Erlande, but the smallest of her consorts, commanded by my son Sanctus, who is the dunderhead of our family, albeit he has espoused the daughter of the worshipful Master Channing, the Magistrate, and hath his head full of forming a company, with the King's leave and favor, to discover new lands. brave enough and adventurous to a fault, but, though he hath had every opportunity, he is still a mariner with illluck, which means always a poor mariner. We all laugh at him, and my Sebastian hath declared that Sanctus might not safely navigate a mill-pond at low tide. cometh out of all his scrapes well, and even maketh honor by his mishaps. This day he is the hero of all the port and drinketh wine at every one's expense, because, forsooth, he must go near to a pair of those floating mountains, wherein the black gnomes do dwell, and only by the closest chance saved either his vessel or her crew."

"How came he to be alone?" asked the priest.

"It was this way, Padre. I had left Bastien and his brother on the shore of Thule to split and cure the fish, for we had been so fortunate as to take in a month's time enough to load us all to the gunnels, while I went to follow the baccallos which seemed to be headed westward, knowing that where they went must be land, for only inshore shall ever be found enough small fishes for so many as there are of them, to eat. After a time, Sanctus quarreled with his brother, and must needs set out after adventure by himself; and this which you have heard, is what befell him for his folly. However, he kept his reckoning, and, the wind favoring, not many days after he returned to the harbor where we lay awaiting him, and

where we were delayed for many days, rigging a new bowsprit for his ship. Fit timber is very scarce in that country, and a proper stick had to be sought far inland, and hewn and carried to the shore with much labor."

- "It is truly a wonderful tale he and his mariners tell."
- "So, in faith, it is, which is the reason I have had it put on record in the town register and had it witnessed by the corporal oath of all his men, for the honor of the town and of British mariners."
 - "Do you believe all they tell?" I asked, curiously.
- "Wherefore should I doubt? I have taught my son to tell the truth, and, though he is not so grave, nor so good a navigator, as Bastien, which, indeed, there be not many who are, I know not otherwise how he could have broken his bowsprit in the open sea and not a bolt started or a sail torn otherwheres, or why he should not tell the story of his mishap truly."
- "I did not mean to question his veracity; but might there not be some mistake?" I rejoined. "These are very strange things."
- "The sea is full of wonders, young sir. My Bastien says you are a stout-hearted sailor, and even priests have sometimes to witness marvels in the uttermost parts of the earth. Perhaps you may yet behold things that now seem beyond belief. Mine own eyes have seen these icy mountains with the demons who dwell thereon—great shaggy monsters with faces like men and lips that cry out like a drowning woman, to lure poor mariners to destruction."
- "Do you think they manage these icy floats, and purposely intended to crush and destroy your son's ship?"
- "That, indeed, I cannot tell, since no man knoweth the secrets of the deep, nor ever will, until it be commanded to give up its dead. What I do know is that strange gnomes inhabit these icy peaks and roar with anger when any ship approacheth. Whether they navigate

them or not I do not know, but it seems not unlikely they have power to injure those who do unwarily intrude upon their pleasance. They are, indeed, most strange creatures with heads of men and beards, having also teeth an ell-long by which they fasten themselves to



the ice so that the fiercest storms serve not to loose their hold. Whether they be brutes or monsters I know not, counting the knowledge not worth the risk of obtaining. But I must on, kind sirs, for I have given a pledge about this hour to wait upon Master Flemming, concerning a petition to the King in the matter of seeking passage this way to Ind, which my sons have charged me to pursue, not less for their sakes than mine own."

"God bring you favor and success," said the Father.

"Thanks, good Padre. From all I hear, it needeth no less prayer to open the King's heart, and more especially his purse, than the gate of heaven whence fortune cometh unto all."

"Patience, noble Capitano; good cometh only to him that hath strength to wait."

"After the white shows in a man's beard," answered

the other, with a gesture toward the glossy point which so becomingly decked his chin, "he hath little time to wait. By the way, Padre, there is a countryman of yours lying ill at Master Flemming's, who, I doubt not, would like speech with you. I have not seen him, but Master Flemming, tells me he is likely to slip his cable for a longer voyage than any of us care to undertake."

- "Tut, tut, my son; be not irreverent," said the Father, touching his beads and breathing a pater.
- "I meant no irreverence, your worship, but sailors must speak in the language of the sea or they would find it hard to understand themselves."
 - "Is he a mariner?" I asked.
- "I take it that he is, from his having found lodgment with Master Flemming," was the answer.
 - "Did you learn his name?"
 - "Only that he is a stranger—some one said a Spaniard."
- "With your leave we will walk thither with you," said Father Mendez. "I would have speech with Master Flemming, and if the stranger need ministration, the voice of a countryman will be welcome."

So we strolled on together toward Master Flemming's warehouse, which was on the inner harbor by the waterside, very convenient for lading and unlading, for the owner was one of the chief merchants of the town.

This man, whom every one counted it a pleasure to meet, for all he seemed so much like a light-hearted fop, with his bright face, peaked beard, jaunty velvet cap, gay doublet and striped hose which showed well-rounded, supple legs, was yet one of the most famous navigators of that time, and the father of another fated to achieve even greater renown. He was not only learned in cosmography and navigation, but had that art, the lack of which in his son Sanctus he had bewailed, which bringeth fortune to the mariner. He was a sailor by instinct, who knew the sea and loved it. He was a scholar, too, in his own way,

which was not so bad a way, either. Padre Mendez was wont to call him a self-educated man, who should, he declared, be better educated than any other by reason of the fact that he hath a more faithful master. the great advantage of knowing what he desired to learn, and had not hesitated to seek for truth, not so much from those who claim a monopoly of it in the schools, as from those who had learned by observation and experience. Navigation and cartography he had studied with the best masters, those who learn the channels and the winds by service at the tiller and note the forms of capes and promontories, while fighting with wind and wave for life. He kept a cool head, a light hand, and a merry heart, and had made his eyes his schoolmaster in every land, from Mecca, the blessed, upon the east; Cape Non, the terrible, upon the south, to Thule, the desolate, upon the north and west; though he had sailed far beyond this limit in search of the Vinland of which the Erlanders sang in their ancient books of the sea-kings. Withal, he was a modest, though a thoughtful man, who added to what he had learned of others a rich store of knowledge gleaned from experience, and, though pertinacious of his own opinions, was little inclined to intrude them upon others, or decry those who might hold contrary views.

His sons were bred to a sea-faring life under their father's eye, and taught all that he knew; wherefore they, too, became accomplished navigators, save Sanctus, who was born a trafficker, though fond enough of adventure. Thus it came about that they were always in demand by careful and thrifty merchants as captains of their crafts that sailed to foreign ports. Of these, that Sebastian, who is now chief pilot of the King of Spain, and has always been my friend, became most famous, though Sanctus, by reason of his thrift and enterprise as a merchant, is most wealthy; for, as junior partner of the house of Channing & Co., he hath repaid the favor which gave him in marriage

the daughter of the merchant already rich, by many times doubling the wealth of his father-in-law and patron.

Signor Johan Caboto and his sons at that time were among the most honored citizens of the good town of Bristol, in return for the favor of whose people they brought it both wealth and renown. I speak of him thus in connection with hissons, because from my earliest knowledge, they were almost inseparable. When young they sailed with him, and, when older grown, they became his lieutenants and associates. When the watchers at the Head saw the flag of one of the Cabotos they knew the others were not far off. If one staid ashore while the others went of a voyage, he was restless and miserable until their return.

Of this company of kindred spirits it was hard to tell, sometimes, which was the elder and who the younger, since the father was often the merrier and the sons as earnest and grave as if weighted with the father's most serious concerns. In truth, what each one thought they all knew, and none could have any interest in affairs which the others were not anxious to promote. father was Italian by birth, no man was truer to English sentiment than he, and none strove harder for the honor of the realm he served. But for the parsimony of King Henry VII., the glory of having found the New World and the advantage of its inestimable treasures would have belonged to England rather than to Spain, through the efforts of this modest but learned navigator, who oft implored his aid and favor, and finally did secure for Britain the honor of having first sighted that mainland which lieth between Europe and Asia, around which Magellan hath lately sailed to the southward, reaching Ind by circumnavigation, as Caboto sought to do by sailing to the northward so long ago as the twelfth year of the seventh Henry. when he found the land which he named Prima Vista, being, as it hath proved, indeed the first seen of any part of the new continent by any Christian eye.



Our walk to Master Flemming's was a short one, for he had his warehouse on the water-side, being not only a general provisioner for ships, but also a factor for any wares they might bring, which business, though it be very honorable because of the trust that must be reposed in one carrying it on, and very profitable by reason of the many opportunities that offer, yet hath one inconvenience in that it doth require large magazines in which goods may be stored and kept, and doth compel much handling and overhauling of matters in bulk, as they come from the vessel's hold. For the greater convenience of taking and discharging wares, Master Flemming had so ordered his housing that a crane hung at peak above the water at the rear, and another over the street in front of his door, so that goods might be hoisted in and out of either floor without difficulty or the weariness of carriage by hand. In that part of his housing, which was to the right of the door as one entered from the street, dwelt Master Flemming with his servants and apprentices, and to the rear upon the dock he had his counting-room. All the doors and windows of the lower floor were made of heavy oak, with iron hinges and studded with bolts, the black heads of which spelled out the owner's name, or at least his initials, while on the crane's neck was carved the year of God's birth in which the housing was builded. It is necessary that one who has another's goods shall keep them safe as well as his own, and Master Flemming did not mean to invite a mulct by any neglect of duty. He would have been a brave man who sought to break his ward and carry off anything out of his possession.

An apprentice having certified us that Master Flemming was in his counting-room, we walked back to it through the warehousing where the stuffs were piled high on either side. He had been aforetime a chandler, but as he grew in wealth and years, he had given this part of the business over to his sons, though it was still carried on in his name, and he did furnish shipment for their wares to foreign parts. His storage was filled, therefore, not only with casks of wines and spirits, redwood and dyes, wax and rosin and a thousand other things from foreign lands, but many articles of domestic make, and such things as are found most abundantly in our own Signor Caboto called out, as we passed by, the character of different articles and whence they came, rightly judging that it would interest us to know from what part of the world the things are brought which minister to our comfort or welfare. So we saw many strange things, among the rest bags of spices and figs and dates from Arabia, packages of sandalwood, which hath marvelous virtues, but which he said no man knoweth where it grows save that it cometh from the East, far beyond Mecca, whither it is brought for sale. These things were in the front, and had that strange fragrance

that seems to characterize all that cometh from the East; which is the reason, I suppose, that it is the land of spices, the climate generating spicy odors. I mentioned this to Signor Caboto, but he laughed at it, and thought it more likely it was because the people of these lands did not send to other countries their most ill-smelling products.

"Here you find," he said, waving his hand toward the rear of the building, "what it is that good Master Flemming doth collect to send abroad. Nay, you do not need to look, for your noses will have advertised you before you Wool and tallow, and fish and are able to see them. soap! They all smack of comfort, but to my thinking have by no means sweet savors. I like well enough herrings and tunnics, whether fresh or salt, but they make no good part of a nosegay, either dried or smoked; our wool smelleth of the sheep-walk instead of being white and sweet as that the Spaniard sendeth hither, and, though the soaps and candles of Bristol-town be celebrated almost as far as her fish, they have not always a pleasant savor, however much of cleanliness and light they may contain."

Discoursing thus, we came to the counting-room where was Master Flemming with his coat off, a frown upon his brow and a big iron ball painted with various colors and having strange lines and figures upon it, lying on the desk before which he sat on a high stool. He had evidently been at work helping to arrange the stock in his warehouse, for his sleeves were rolled above his elbows showing great hairy arms and a fist fitter to collect wharfage of the watermen who were unlading into the door of the warehouse, than to set down balances in books of accompt. He wore a thick linen apron which fell almost to his feet, and held in his hand one of those round cheeses which they make in the Netherlands and which I learned afterward Master Flemming much preferred to those made by our English dairymaids, probably because his forebears

came from those parts, though all the token of it that remained to him was the name he bore and some tastes that smacked mayhap of Flanders, unless, indeed, the inherent Flemish thrift deserve to be credited with that fortune which made him by all odds the chiefest citizen of the town, though he would have no municipal honor or dignity, preferring to remain simple Master Heinrich Flemming, Merchant. In spirit, he was the sturdiest of English burghers, honest, loyal to the realm, but a staunch hater of all ranks and orders which claim for themselves more than they are willing to accord to others, and stir up wars by which themselves win honors and power, but for which the poor must pay and in which the lesser folk must bleed.

He was most loyal to King Henry, not because he was a Lancastrian or had married the daughter of York, but because he made peace, kept the nobles under, and encouraged commerce and manufacture; the which, Master Flemming was wont to declare, his Grace would not have thought of doing but for the grain of common sense he got from the loins of Owen Tudor, who, being a Welshman, and poor, was not ashamed to look twice at a penny before he gave change for a farthing. There be many men such as Master Flemming growing up in our realm of England in these days, which fact, as I believe, betokeneth the decay of them that call themselves gentry, who are of little good to any land, save as an encouragement of such as may be born in lower rank. And this I say, though I be of that which calleth itself gentle blood, which my experience teacheth to be true; for, most assuredly, had I the ordering of affairs, I would make them a nobility who do merit honor by their own deeds, and let their rank die with them; so that a fool should not vaunt what a wise man had hardily won.

As we reached the door of the counting-room we heard Master Flemming say:

"There, Messer Colon, I see not why this Dutch cheese may not make as good a globe as this iron ball, which Messer Caboto prizes all the more highly, as I suspect, because he picked it up on his own poop, at the bombardment of Calais. At any rate, he hath prepared it with great care and keepeth it with him always in this canvas bag, so that the lines and markings shall not be dulled or broken, for they be of vitreous character and



very bright as you perceive. He hath but left it with me. and I have no right to give it to another or allow it to be copied or studied by another, but I see no reason why out of this cheese you should not make one for yourself as good and far more convenient. It is much lighter, just as round and almost as hard. I will provide pigments and brushes. of which I have every sort the Italian

artists use, since it hath become a great fashion with our young gallants, now they have so little use for their swords, to imagine they are painters, and instead of killing people outright, make the world miserable, God knows how long, with their daubs and caricatures. I would be glad to pay you a fair sum to make such an one, also, for my own instruction and divertisement, should your time and strength serve. If you are so minded, I will ask Messer

Caboto when he comes, to lend you his globe that you may make a fair copy thereof for your behoof as well as mine."

- "What need?" asked a voice, weakened and querulous.
 "Hath Signor Caboto any special right to the earth, that he alone hath privilege to portray its surface?"
- "Certes, I think not, Messer Colon; yet every man hath a right to the labor of his own hands and the devices of his own brain; and, I doubt not, Messer Caboto hath spent much time and mayhap some money upon this, for he is aye careless with what the sea throws into his lap, and I would not trust it with any hand that might use it for his detriment. It may be it containeth secrets of his craft he would not thank me for disclosing to another of the same calling."
- "Nay, nay, good Master Flemming," said Signor Caboto, in his cheery tones, stepping forward into the room as he spake. "I thank thee kindly for the friendship thou hast shown, but in truth, there be no secrets in the trade of the navigator. The great sea smiles up into every one's face that loves her and telleth freely to each the same great truths, not for his own good merely, but for that of others also. So every navigator that is a true man and not a churl, keepeth a sea-book, and on it truly noteth down every point and headland, rock and shoal and current that may imperil another craft sailing that way, with the distances and bearings, as near as he may arrive thereat, and publisheth what he hath found to all the captains he may meet and others who may care to inquire, in order that a more perfect knowledge of all the courses of the sea may abound among them that sail in deep waters and the peril of the navigator be decreased and his profit enhanced thereby."

"Thy words be very fair, Signor Capitano," said Master Flemming. "And all Bristol knows that thy thought is ever of manful and worthy things. But all mariners

be not like thee. This, Messer Colon, now," with a wave of his hand toward a wooden settle on which reclined a man of goodly stature, whose pale cheeks had each a burning spot that told of hectic malignancy and whose bright eyes scanned the new faces in the doorway with strange anxiety—"he is but now from Portugal, saving some delay from pirates, from whom he hath escaped I know not how, though he keepeth a close mouth upon his own purposes, hath asked many questions concerning thine, and hath importuned me to give him the globe you left in my care, or, at the least, permit him to make a copy of the same."

"And is it, perchance, that Colon who commanded your good ship the Sea Queen, when we sailed together a hundred leagues beyond Thule in search of adventure?" asked Caboto starting towards the reclining man. "But no, it cannot be. His hair, now I remember, was white, though he was then far from being an old man. Pardon me, good sir, you are perhaps a kinsman of his! He was a goodly mariner."

"This is Messer Bartolomeo, brother of that Cristofero of whom you speak," replied Master Flemming. "You say well he was a good navigator. I greatly sorrowed that I was not able to retain him in my employ. His brother is worthy of him, as I understand from those who sailed with him hither from the Douro. The passage was very stormy and they do assure me that, but for his courage and skill, it had gone hard with them, even after they escaped the pirates, to pass the Lizard, so much were they blown out of their course and reckoning. Allow me, sir, to introduce Signor Caboto, a countryman of yours, or I misdoubt, though you now hail from Portugal, and a captain of whom all Bristol is proud."

"And all England has reason to be proud," exclaimed the sick man, rising to his feet and grasping the extended hand of Signor Caboto. "I have heard my brother speak of you more than once, and wish that, if a certain enterprise on which he hopes to embark should ever come to a head, he might have you at his right hand."

"He does me too much honor," returned the Captain, but one could not ask to sail with a better navigator."

"I fancy from what Messer Bartolomeo hath hinted rather than said, that the enterprise of which he speaks, is not far different from that we have had under consideration," said Master Flemming, significantly.

"God send him a kind patron and Mary Mother give him fair wind," rejoined the Captain, in whose heart a trace of envy was never found. "I doubt not that I can guess what it is. We used often to talk of what the sunset hides and wonder whether in our day the crimson curtain of the West would be lifted. Should he undertake the venture none shall pray more heartily for his success than I. Nay, I here vow a candle to the Virgin as long and as thick as any Bristol chandler makes, if ever I hear that he hath won his way back from the unknown sea, after having found new lands or opened a new way to old ones."

"Thanks, Signor Capitano. My brother especially charged me to seek you out and consult with you as one of the most learned navigators and geographers of the world about the enterprise he hath in mind, and particularly whether you have at all changed your mind as to the better way for reaching Ind. He also charged me to show you a letter from the learned Signor Paolo del Pozzo dei Toscaneli and inform you of certain maps and charts which fell into his hands upon his marriage with the daughter of Messer Bartolomeo Perestrello, sometime Governor of Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras, as you know, together with certain things which have come under my own observation."

"Your brother is in the service of Portugal, I believe?"

"He was until recently, but the refusal of Dom João to listen to his entreaty, and especially an attempt on his part to secure the fruits of the venture my brother desires to undertake, without permitting him to reap either honor or advantage therefrom, have determined him, since the return of Bartolomeo Diaz, to lose no further time in negotiation with so penurious and treacherous a monarch. Wherefore, he hath betaken himself to the court of their Majesties of Castile and Aragon, and I am come, in his name, to see if your English Henry may not be disposed to adventure some of his wealth in such an enterprise."

"God send you success for your own and your brother's sake; but I warn you that our thrifty king holds an unusually close hand upon the purse-strings—as, in sooth, he hath good need to do, since in these days money not only maketh the mare go, but feedeth the bombard also, and he that hath the most of these devil's engines hath always the Lord on his side."

"But, Signor Caboto," interrupted Flemming, "think of our own project!"

"All in good time, Master Flemming," was the grave reply. "No mariner cometh the sooner into port by hindering the voyage of another. It may be that Messer Colon's intercession or his brother's success even may but oil the hinges on which the gate of favor shall open to us. I say God speed to him and all true mariners!"

"Now, by God's grace, you do put me to shame!" exclaimed the other, "for I am so given to suspicion, since the harsh dealings of the King of Portugal with my brother and myself, that I would have stolen by Bristol without speech of you, but for this meeting."

"That would have been a great wrong to me, for I have much to ask of you about the Portuguese discoveries in the far South. Think you they will ever reach Ind that way? Hath Africa a southern end which may indeed be sailed about? What doth your brother think of these things?"

"He thinketh that of which I have certified him," replied the other with a smile.

"How could you certify of them?"

"I was with Bartolomeo Diaz."

"In his great voyage?"

"It is less than a year since our return, and this fever, which I hope your English cold may drive away, doth witness for me whereof I speak."

"And is it true, as I have heard, that he did pass the southernmost point of Africa which he called Stormy Cape, but Dom João rechristened Good Hope because it pointeth the way to Ind?"

"That and much more," was the reply. "I have charts of my own making which show it all."

"Then, indeed, we are well met! But you have held me so that I have forgot the duty of civility. Let me make amend and introduce my good friend Fray Lope Mendez, who is one of the best-learned and worthiest fathers of the Church. That he does not wear a cardinal's hat were a strong argument for a Lollard's faith that the Holy Father is not always infallible. And this is our young Master Arthur Lake, whom the good Father is to fit for the Church's service; though he hath a grip that would better befit a sword or a tiller than a missal, and, my Bastien doth assure me, hath the heart of the navigator rather than the priest—begging the Padre's pardon for saying so much."

"Better a good sailor than a bad priest, my son," said Father Mendez as he shook hands with the stranger.

"We heard of thy ailment, sir, and ventured to intrude on the courtesy of good Master Flemming to proffer ministration if need were, but are glad to know that thou art to minister to our ignorance rather than we to thy weakness." "Thou art very kind, good Father, and I crave thy blessing," answered the stranger as he took off his cap, and bowed a shapely head to receive the priestly touch. "I have great need of aid both spiritual and temporal, for the fever which cometh on alternate days doth burn like a consuming fire while it lasts, but leaves me weaker than a child when it is past. The which must be my excuse for asking permission to recline once more."

"And, by the same token," said Master Flemming, "I must ask pardon for offering no entertainment to those Fray Mendez, I who have graced my humble abode. have heard that thou hast skill with bodies, as every one in the country round knoweth thou hast with souls: if it please thee, diagnose our friend's distemper, and say what tipple serveth best for its removal and we will pledge him a lusty bumper, though it were the golden vintage sacred to the taste of royalty; for I venture we may find a wickered flagon somewheres about the cobwebbed crannies of the outer darkness," with a gesture toward the "Or were it better he should have a glass of that white spicy wine which seems the very essence of the fervid Ind, although it cometh but from the half-way house where Dom João's ships stop in their vain searching for the other end of the line, and which Spain doth claim, though she hath no good use to put it to-that Madeira of which you have spoken?"

"By my faith, Master Flemming," said Signor Caboto, "thou speakest like a geographer."

"Why should I not, indeed? Is not the wharfinger cousin-germain to the navigator? Where would they that sail the ships be, were it not for us who furnish their supplies and find a market for the merchandise they bring? Then, too, thou knowest that every mariner who would make sale of his cargo, seasoneth the trade with stories of adventure larded with latitude and longitude, bearings and distances, until I were a fool did I not learn

their lingo and be able to change guesses with the best of them. Which mindeth me, good Capitano that I have been in a hot choler all the morn that thou hast served me so ill as not to offer me any of the tunnies taken on thy last voyage, which all the town declares were never equaled for size and quality by any landed on a Bristol wharf."

"Right indeed art thou about the quality, Master Flemming—three sloop loads of the finest hake that ever took a hook in ice-cold water, lightly salted and smoked with seaweed on the northwest coast of Thule, so that I warrant you there be not a hint of rust in the whole. There was not a rainy day nor a fog while the curing lasted, though I pledge you it was cold enough. Nor was I remiss in courtesy, for but this morn I charged my son to send to Mistress Flemming a doe of fifty pounds, cured with the roe inside, the which, if I mistake not, waiteth yonder now!"

At that moment an apprentice ushered in a sailor, bearing on his head an enormous stock-fish, which at a signal from Caboto he held in his arms while the merchant examined it with many expressions of approval.

"Thou sayest not too much in praise of thy catch, if they be like that, Signor Caboto," said he with enthusiasm. "Never have I seen such a cod in Bristol, and I invite you all to dine with me to-morrow, if it suit your pleasure, and we shall see whether Mistress Flemming hath the skill to make a chowder worthy of the meat thou hast furnished her, for the which I thank thee in her name."

We all accepted this invitation gladly, for the fame of Mistress Flemming's chowder was such as to justify the confident boast of her husband.

"But thou knowest well it was not of such present I spoke, Capitano, nor because of neglect of this that I was angered," said the merchant. "Why hast thou brought none of thy stock to me for sale?"

"Pardon, Master Flemming," answered Caboto with a

bow, "you know well that you have often rated me for being so poor a merchant, in which, God wot, thou art wholly right. So, I have but taken a lesson out of thine own book. Didst thou not tell me that the folly of all



the captains was their haste to dispose of the merchandise thev brought, running about from one to another of the merchants. huffing their wares and cuttingundereach other's proffers, as if their chance of sale were lessened with every day's delay? Wherefore, have thought to get the leasehold of a modest housing where the surplus might be stored until such time as

the merchants might desire to buy."

"Humph!" said Master Flemming, not especially pleased, as was evident enough, whereat we all laughed.

"What dost thou ask for the cullings that be left of thy catch?"

"Faith, Master Flemming, there be no culls; all them that were not sound and prime, we left for the gulls in Thule-land, and they that buy must take them as they come, without assortment. But I would not presume to name a price to one who knoweth the mart so much better than I."

"Thou wouldst not listen to a proffer of five shillings the kentle for what thou hast left on hand, I suppose?"

"Truly thou hast said it, Master Flemming. He may be a bad merchant who findeth not sale for his wares, but he be a worse one who giveth them away."

We stood by listening to the trafficking, for it was evident to all that the merchant meant to buy if he could get the goods on terms that suited him, and every one knew the repute in which Signor Caboto stood as a poor salesman of his own merchandise. So we listened with interest, as did also the old clerk who sat upon a stool in the corner of the room, whose business it was to keep the books of accompt for Master Flemming, and two or three apprentices, who stood about the door while they rested from the labor of storing the bales which the lightermen hoisted within the door of the great room without.

- "Every mariner thinketh his wares more precious than gold," said the merchant, petulantly.
- "Mayhap that is because he hath risked his life for them, which the merchant hath not."
 - "Men die on land as well as at sea."
- "Most true, and doth not the merchant include risk in his account of profit?"
- "A plain merchant cannot argue with a learned navigator. Set thou a price on what remaineth to thee!"
- "If thou hadst said ten shillings per kentle, I doubt not I had heard thee."

- "Certes, I should think! A penny a pun for tunnies, by the cargo!"
 - "Thou didst never see such baccallos!"
 - "I will give thee seven and six."
 - "And for eight they shall be thine."
 - "They shall be long kentles?"
 - "Weighed in thine own balances."
- "I will take them, though such a price was never paid in this port before! How many hast thou?"
 - "Three sloop loads."
 - "What! hast thou sold none?"
- "Save a few presents to friends and the king's officers and judges, all are yet under hatch."
 - "Why is that?"
 - "Because none hath appraised them so justly as thou."
 - "What wast thou offered?"
 - "One hath proffered three and six."

At this reply there was a burst of laughter from all.

- "Bravo, Capitano!" exclaimed the priest, slapping him lustily on the shoulder. "Thou art improving as a merchant; is he not, Master Flemming?"
- "Who would not, with such tutelage?" asked the navigator, bowing toward the merchant.
- "I hope to drink a cup of sack with thee, Messer Caboto," said the old clerk, hopping down from his stool and proffering his hand gleefully. "In twenty years' service here no man hath got the better of Master Flemming before, to my knowing."
- "He laughs best who laughs last," said Flemming, taking the iron globe covered with white porcelain, which lay upon the desk before him, tossing it upward and catching it as it came down. "Every one to his calling, Signor Caboto. Thou knowest the face of the earth, and canst depict it aright on chart and globe—if so be that it is really a sphere—but I know its markets, and, if I could not make this pretty toy, I know how to make profit from

mine opportunity. Know, therefore, that I have certain knowledge of a fleet that cometh presently from the Douro, seeking especially for fish, which are scarce among the Doms this year, while fast-days and doubloons are especially plenty there. As I understand it, I am now the owner of all the stock-fish in Bristol-town, with no chance for any more to reach wharfage for two months at least. It will go hard if I do not double my money on the fish I shall sell and the cargoes of fresh figs and fat wines I shall buy."

There was another laugh, and Signor Caboto said, without any trace of bitterness:

"I am heartily glad of it, Master Flemming, for now I can take your moneys with a light heart, which would burn a hole in my pouch did I think you were a loser by the trade."

"Certes, thou art a pleasant trafficker as well as a learned navigator," said Master Flemming holding out his great red fist which Signor Caboto matched with one as brown and hard as sea winds, and, I opine, some shipwork, too, could make it. Then Master Flemming, turning to Fray Mendez, who stood by Messer Colon and had been feeling his pulse and looking in his mouth the meantime, said:

"I crave your pardon, good Father. I had quite forgot that you were to prescribe for our friend. What shall it be? Chian from the Levant, the dark, soft wine of Oporto, bright Burgundy from France, the fragrant amber of the royal grape of Hungary or the white spicy nectar of Madeira? Let us know and we will pledge his health and the captain's fortune in a bumper, whatever it be. Buying fish be thirsty work as well as taking them; am I not right, Signor Caboto?"

"Master Flemming," said the Padre, "every region hath its own distempers, and it hath pleased God to provide that in each shall also be found the remedy, if man be wise enough to discover it. The fever of which Messer Colon doth languish now, is that malignancy which ariseth from great heat, and the disorders coming from much decay of vegetable matter especially in rivers and estuaries where fresh water is corrupted by mingling with the salt tides of the open sea. It but standeth to reason. therefore, that the wine of Madeira, which is distilled from the earth under a tropic sun, should have more potency with such disease than any other. So, for the time, I would commend a liberal draught of the same, though I do believe that rest and quiet, with the free use of our home-brewed ale, such as the Lady of Edgemont hath ever in store, are the medicaments by which alone our friend, who hath escaped the dangers of the 'Steaming Sea' may hope also to ward off the evils of that fell disease he hath derived therefrom."

"A flask of the white Madeira, sirrah!" called Master Flemming to one of his apprentices, and when it was brought he showed us how the cobwebs had gathered on it while it grew old, and when the cork was removed the spicy fragrance filled the whole room, and made the apprentices without snuff the air and smack their lips as if themselves tasting the famous vintage.

We all drank more than once, and as the soft heat of the healing sippet drove the pallor from Messer Colon's face, beads of moisture came upon his brow, and he sank to peaceful slumber, while we stole away, after renewing our promise to dine with Master Flemming and his guest upon the morrow.



steaming chowder was placed before the Master, who occupied

the head of the wide oaken table which ran through the room adjoining the warehouse, while the kettle from which it was supplied hung on a crane that swung back from the jamb of the huge fire-place, around which other meats and delicacies were kept warm awaiting the appetites of the company. Master had upon his right Messer Colon and on his left the Signor Caboto, while midway of the table, where she could oversee the service, sat the Mistress, a woman much younger than her husband, as was most proper seeing that she was a second wife, with the worshipful Master Channing on her right and Father Mendez, who was no less a favorite with women than with men, upon The others of the company were ranged on the one side and the other as good fellowship might seem to At the end of the table opposite the Master, which was lower than that at which the guests sate, were the servants and apprentices of the house. dressed in clean white smocks, and two of them assisted the maid-servants in handing and passing the viands which sat upon the hearth and in waiting upon the guests whom the Master served.

For myself, I sat nearly opposite the Mistress, with the daughter of the house beside me, which, although she was but a child, I counted a great honor because of her exceeding comeliness. Because it was upon a Friday at the staple dish was the great cod which Captain Caboto had presented to the Mistress, who rallied her husband exceedingly upon having invited so many friends to dine upon a fast day, as showing him distrustful of her ability to satisfy their tastes and appetites on any other day. There was no lack of goodly viands, however, and all the guests expressed themselves as greatly amazed at the various ways in which fish were served, and the toothsome dishes made therefrom; for beside the chowder, which was fit to have been served at a king's table, there were fishes boiled and roasted, smelts seethed in oil in the Italian style, tongues and roes stewed and fried and many other forms, so that the difficulty was not to find somewhat to one's taste but to choose what one would eat and what refuse, since even the lustiest appetite might not taste them all. It was a merry company, for not only the sons of Signor Caboto, but two daughters of Master Channing and a sister of Mistress Flemming, as well as the Master's two sons and their wives sat with us. the daughters of the magistrate was betrothed to a son of the navigator, and, though they were most modest and seemly in deportment, I judged from certain looks and tones that the two other young women were not wholly indifferent to the mariners who sat beside them. was also drinking of ale out of pewter tankards, of which there was one for every guest, or sometimes one for twaine when one of them was a maid. So all was merry, though orderly, and every one praised the housewifeliness of the Mistress and the excellence of her brew.

The while we ate Messer Colon, being wistfully implored

thereto, told us of the great voyage of the mighty navigator Bartolomeo Diaz, with whom he had lately sailed; how he was sent out by the King, Dom João of Portugal, to win his way to India, if so he might, by sailing southward along the western coast of Africa and then northward on its eastern side, if that were possible, until he should come to the realm of Prester John and, perchance, arrive even at the islands where the spices grow, of which he was commanded to bring home all that his ships would hold. All of which he undertook well and bravely to Having passed Cape Non and afterwards Cape perform. Bojador, they came to the Gambier River and the region where the sun casts no shadow at midday. Then they sailed along the Gold Coast, with their shadows creeping farther and farther southward, and the air so hot it almost burned one's pipes as he drew in his breath, and heavy with fog and fever too, until they reached the Congo. Here they were like to die, and the men swore they would go no farther, as who can blame them, until finally Diaz gave up and consented to sail northward. men mustered strength and courage, though they were all shaking with fever and looked as if death sat on each man's forehead, with the aid of certain black savages to warp the ships into the offing, where the land breeze took them and carried them out to sea, where they lay becalmed for three days, with the pitch melting out of their seams, it was so hot, and sharks swimming round in shoals waiting for the dead they threw overboard.

On the third day a terrible wind sprang up from the northward which raged for fourteen days without any abatement, while they sailed due south, the water slipping under their keels as if they were indeed on the downward side of the earth. Meantime the weather continued to grow colder and colder until the spray froze to the rigging, their shadows stretched away to the southward and the nights were so long that all on board feared they

might be sailing into the realm of eternal gloom. When the clouds lifted, not a star was to be seen that any mariner knew. The needle pointed stedfastly, but neither the pole-star nor any of the constellations of the North were to be seen. Then the wind shifted and they sailed eastward for six days with a fair wind, and failing to make any land, they turned their prows northward, and on the third day discovered land upon the larboard side, of very strange appearance, such as none of them had seen before, but going ashore and finding both lions and hairy wild-men, like those about Gaboon, they concluded it to be the East Coast of Africa.

Having skirted this for some days, and the weather continuing to grow sultry and the fever becoming more and more violent, the men refused to man the sails unless the commander would steer homewards. Which when he had consented to do, after many prayers and tears, they sailed back the way they had come, and after rounding a most stormy Cape, which strained their vessels, made weak by long voyaging in hot seas, and by the attacks of certain fishes and insects that breed in those waters, so that they sailed most sluggishly as if drawn backward down the watery slope by some invisible power, they reached the Madeira Islands, where they took on fresh supplies, for the scurvy had broken out among them and bested them sorely so that many had died. so at length they came empty back to the Douro, where they had no sooner told their story and showed the seabook they had kept, and the maps they had made, than the King berated them soundly, averring that they had indeed found the way to Ind, and if they had but had courage to keep on a few days more, they might have come home with such stores of precious things that they would all have been accounted grandees forever after.

"And by God's Mother!" exclaimed Signor Caboto, "he was right, too. The cowardly mutineers! Every

one of them should have been hung at the yard for compelling a brave mariner to forego such a glorious opportunity! Had they been English sailors they had never turned back though they knew the last man would have to come home by way of Davy Jones's. By Heaven! it is too bad! He has proved it all,—the rotundity of the earth, the double hyperborean, the great sea upon the East Coast of Africa! Probably a week's voyaging would have brought brave Diaz to the land of Ophir whence King Solomon got the gold for his temple, and perhaps by



another seven days' sailing, he might have anchored beside the Spice Islands themselves! It was hard luck, Messer Colon, indeed it was, but it showed not only the way to Ind which he sought, but a much better way which he knows not of."

"That is what my brother says," returned Messer Colon, "and he protests that, beyond question, if Bartolomeo Diaz had sailed westward from the Azores, he would have found India in fourteen days at the farthest, and have sailed all the time in a salubrious clime."

"Aye, aye! That was ever his notion," answered Caboto, "but I am not sure that he be any nearer right than the Portuguese themselves. By my reckoning, it be not less than two thousand leagues from the Azores to the eastermost point of Ind, and what with chance of wind and wave, there be little hope that any vessel can carry food and water for so long a voyage. Now, if he should sail westward or north-westward from Bristol, I believe that within four, or at the most five hundred leagues hence, he would set his foot on firm land, whence with fresh supplies he might sail whithersoever he would."

"But my brother avers that such course would lead to a region too cold for either gold or spices, which are ever to be found in the hotter parts of the earth."

"And are gold and spices the only things the navigator should seek? Suppose it were a land of plenty; it were better—far better."

"Or the land of youth?" put in Sebastian Caboto; but his father frowned on him and bade him give no heed to old wives tales.

"But my brother saith that the winds blow east and west in alternate zones, the one central on one meridian and the other on another."

"That he doth," responded Caboto, "and it is passing strange what foolish fantasies a learned man may pursue! Take my word for it, Messer Colon, the wind does not play hide-and-seek up and down the earth at any man's bidding. I have heard these stories oft and have watched to see them come true, but they never have. In truth, only the smallest part of the winds upon the sea travel by compass, and the most stable of them, never. Storms most usually come out of the West, it is true, but not at the same angle or on the same course, but wheeling and careering on some great circle not always the same, and laid down on no man's map."

The night was well spent when the ladies withdrew

and with them the worshipful Magistrate also, whose chairs were in waiting for them in the street. Master Flemming, with the aid of the eldest of his servants, did make a beverage of some stronger stuff whereof we drank and the contention did go on stormingly enough; though how it came out, I know not, since I must have fallen asleep, for the thing that next came to my consciousness was the steady "Heave, yo! heave ho!" of the lightermen, and opening my eyes I found myself on a bed beneath the rafters, while over against me, snoring soundly with his clothes on, lay Father Mendez on another. I knew at once it was the loft of Master Flemming's wharfing-house, and when I had wakened the good Father and we had pulled each other's garments aright and said a hasty prayer, we went down the ladder and found Mistress Flemming waiting, smiling and fresh, who took us into the hall where we had supped, and served us a whey posset with salted curds, which she did recommend as the best thing for the distemper which follows a carousel. And after we had bidden good-morrow to Master Flemming, whom we found lustily berating a company of stevedores who were hoisting Signor Caboto's fish into his warehouse, where his servants were stowing them away, we mounted our horses and rode homewards, leisurely, and with few words, for the distemper of our heads was not wholly abated by the good wife's wholesome sippet. But hardly had we arrived in sight of Edgemont than we beheld that which took all thought of ailment from our minds, and putting spurs to our horses we entered its gates only to hear the trumpet sound the mount, and see my father throw himself into the saddle with such an air of command as he had not worn in the years since Bosworth fight.



"So, sirrah, thou hast come at last?" said my father angrily, as I rode up. "Where hast thou been? Here be thy brother come from court with a goodly company; thy father bidden straightway to Berkeley Castle, where the King doth this day come, whereto it graciously arrides the Queen to ask thy mother also; and thou wert bidden of courtesy, hadst thou been here to tire thyself and make ready for such honor, instead of rioting and wenching with the scum of fishers and mariners in the town, as I warrant thou hast been."

"Not so, good sir; we were bidden—the Father and I——"

"Aye, the Father," he interrupted. "It beseemeth me that the Father hath more interest in your sports than in your instruction."

"He hath interest in both, Sir Tudor. 'All work and no play,' your Honor knows, 'maketh Jack a dull boy,'" said the Padre in his soft voice, coming to my relief.

"Quote me no saws, sir Priest," exclaimed my father, turning sharply on him. "My son is no longer a child. You seem to forget that he is sixteen and exceedingly well grown. If he were to be a soldier, now, he might have use for such thews, which in truth it seems a pity to waste

upon a priest. Wilt tell me where ye were carousing until this hour, since my son seems little-minded to make answer?"

- "In truth it was no carouse, Sir Tudor, but an orderly and most honorable feast."
- "Aye, I warrant it was a feast if thou wert to the fore. Father Mendez, I scruple to arraign thy conduct because of thy holy calling, but, in truth, it hath occurred to me many times, that for a priest thou art unduly fond of a good cup of sack."
- "Hast thou ever found my wits dulled thereby, Sir Tudor?"
- "Perhaps not dulled, but it doth occur to me that I have seen them perceptibly sharpened."
- "The Saints know there be them that need have their wit sharpened," retorted the Father.
- "Wilt tell me where my son did pass the night?" repeated the other, sternly.
- "Where, in faith, should he, but at the house of Master Heinrich Flemming, whither we were bidden to meet a most learned company, and eat a modest dinner."
- "A Friday feast! Codfish and herring! Come not hither, I pray; belike one may smell thy breath even at that distance. And whom did my son meet at the tradesman's table? God's faith, it is time he were looked after."
- "A most goodly company, and well-behaved as ever sat at a king's board, I do assure your honor; the worshipful Master Flemming, one Messer Colon, a navigator of renown, our own Captain Johan Caboto, and his sons."
- "Truly, a worthy company, though they be burghers," said my father in a mollified tone. "I have heard that Signor Caboto hath lately had strange adventures, and hath it in mind to seek for new lands after the manner of the Portuguese navigators."
 - "It was of that we did speak."
 - "And doth my son take interest in such things?"

"Truly, a very great interest," answered the Fray, warmly.

"Hark ye, Father," said the other, sternly, "I know how highly thou art esteemed for thy knowledge, and how cager thou art concerning these new things that be now stirring the world as regards new lands and strange peoples. For this I blame thee not; it is good that a scholard should know all things, from Holy Writ to Master Behem's globes, but remember this: I am minded that my son be a priest, not a navigator, and I would have him taught accordingly."

"Sir Tudor," said the good Father, with quiet dignity, "the lad hath his own life to live, and is in truth the son of his father. Whatsoever I might do to incline him to thy wish, that I have done. If thou thinkest another might do more, thou hast but to speak. But I warn thee it is an ill-rider that curbs a raw steed."

My father flashed a swift glance at me, where I sat sullenly pulling my horse and gazing at my brother, who in light armor, at the head of a dozen sturdy followers in the uniform of his troop, for he had recently been given command of one of the King's companies of cannoneers and had nigh a thousand men under him, waited my father's leave to address me.

"Sits the wind so?" said my father, musingly. "Perhaps thou art in the right, Father. If it please you, ride with me. I would have further speech with you anent this matter. You, sirrah, salute your brother. Doth he not make a gallant captain?"

In my excitement I had reined in my horse, a young barb of splendid parts, which no one else had ever backed, until, unable to endure the hurt, he leaped into the air in a fierce attempt to unseat his rider. I had dropped my feet out of the stirrups while receiving my father's rebuke, but I was not to be easily unseated, even by an angry barb, and it was not many seconds before I had my horse

under full control, and riding up beside my brother, took his outstretched hand.

"Well done! Well done!" he exclaimed. "Verily thou art a lad of goodly parts. I misdoubt if any man in my troop could have handled that black stallion in such a temper so easily as thou. By God's death, sir," he cried, addressing our father, "why not stop worrying the lad to be a priest, and let him be a soldier, for which the good God evidently made him? With that seat and that horse he would soon crowd his brother in the race for the King's favor."

Hardly had he spoken, when I was off my horse and kneeling at my father's stirrup.

- "How now, sirrah? What means this? Dost think thou art still masquerading with the cits and sailors?"
- "I crave leave, sir, to be a soldier and a knight, even as my father," I replied.
- "A soldier!" he rejoined, not without a trace of approbation in his voice. "Look ye, sirrah, if you mean this for a joke, it is a cod equal to the biggest of Messer Caboto's catch; but I like not jesting with serious things. Thou knowest thou wert designed for the Church from the very first."
 - "I have no vocation to be a priest."
- "Vocation? Tut, tut! Hast thou turned Lollard to expect a call from out the sky? Thou wert dedicate to the Church for thy mother's sake. She hath soldiers enough already."
- "By your leave, my good lord," interposed my mother, riding up on the other side of him on her white palfrey, "I would I had another such."
- "Another? Thou dost forget, Madame, how few such soldiers as thy sons there are."

He flashed a glance of pride at Edward, which, in good sooth, was well deserved. The young captain of the King's train was indeed a soldier to win a man's eye or a woman's heart. Fair-faced, with golden hair curling over his ruff, square shoulders, slender in the loin, with legs that sloped to his ankle, and a foot that touched his stirrup as lightly but as firmly as his hand rested upon the rein. I was proud of his manly beauty and knew his reputation for skill, but I was strangely angered that he was esteemed before me, for I felt confidence in my own superior bodily powers.

- "Did mother ever underrate her sons? And am I so poor a judge of a soldier who have had so fair an ensample? Nay, my lord, I misprize them not, but thou dost ill-judge that other son who kneeleth at thy stirrup. My word for it, at their years he will match any child of thy loins in skill and strength."
- "Faith, my lord, I do believe she speaketh truly," said my brother. "Remember, the lad lacketh four years of a score, and he hath a grip like a bear, as my fingers can testify, and a seat like a centaur, as all may see."
- "How old wert thou when we fought at Bosworth?" retorted my father, sternly.
- "Not so old as some I pinked, mayhap," answered Edward, lightly; "but thou dost forget what training I had. I doubt if even then I had such thews as our Arthur here. He hath a hand for Excalibur."
 - "And a heart fit to wield it," said my mother, stoutly.
- "Fudge! Fudge!" exclaimed my father, "It taketh something more than thews to make a soldier. The lad hath been a priest from the cradle, and would faint if he saw a sword pointed at his gorget. Hey! what hast thou to say for thyself, sirrah?"

I rose and stood before him with bowed head:

"By your leave, my lord, I will prove the truth of all my mother says, and show myself the peer of any man within the court, saving your honored self, with any weapon he may choose, from single-stick to lance—on foot or on horseback, here and now."

- "Stop! Stop!" exclaimed my father. "Dost thou not know that is a mortal challenge?"
- "So much the better; thou shalt know I am no coward."
- "Thou art gently bred and canst not ruff it like a swashbuckler."
 - "Marry, I have no need to be told as much."
- "But thy brother, dost thou reflect,—the King's captain and the best swordsman in the army?"
 - "Give me a sword and I will fight him, foot to foot."
- "But thou art unpracticed, raw. Thy brother would spit thee ere thou couldst stand on guard!"
 - "There be worse things," I answered, sullenly.
- "An' thou knewest the very least of the art of fence, I would gladly be the leech to diminish thy choler by a little blood-letting, lad," said my brother, pleasantly.
- "It is not my fault that I do not wear a sword," I answered, hotly. "An' I did, thou wouldst not bait me thus."
- "God's death, the young cockerel ruffs it bravely! I see not, Edward, but thou wilt have to cut his comb."
- "But I cannot fight with an unarmed man," laughed my brother.
- "True, true; come hither, sirrah. An' thou wilt fight, thou shalt be accoutered like a gentleman. Here, bend thy head if thy neck be not too stiff. There," he continued, as he took the wide silken baldric from his shoulder and threw it over mine, "thou hast a blade at thy hand as good as ever come out of Toledo. Remember, it was a King's gift. God send thou wear it not to thy hurt!"

I drew forth the blade and kissed it, then slung it back into the scabbard and faced my brother.

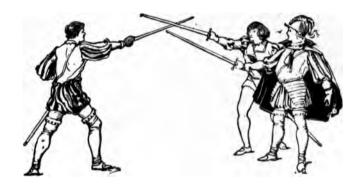
"Faith, lad, I have little relish for the task thou settest me. It is ill pitting so old a soldier against one who never felt sword upon his hip before. Yet I am glad thou didst not make retraxit." He slid easily from his horse as he spoke, and advanced towards me with his hand upon his sword-hilt.

- "Corselet against doublet," said a young soldier with a quiet laugh.
- "True," said my father. "Thou will have to doff thine armor, Captain; it were unfair else."
- "That were some trouble, but thou art right. Come hither, sirrah," beckoning to his groom, "and unlace me speedily."
- "Edward—Arthur—I do forbid!" exclaimed my mother.
- "This is matter for men, my lady," said my father, curtly.
- "Good, my lord," my mother responded with gentle dignity. "No man of honor draweth in a lady's presence but by her leave or in her behalf. These are my sons, in duty bound alway to court my favor and perform my wish, next to the King's behest. And on their love and duty I do enjoin them both never to raise point against the other."
- "Thy Edward hath a soldier's honor as well as a son's duty."
- "True, and Arthur hath much provocation but no malice. I bid him, therefore, from his challenge to except his brother."
- "Fear not, Madame. I am sure that Edward had not harmed thy priestling, save by some mischance," said my father, with that bitterness he always used in speaking of me.
- "Nay, good my lord, I did not fear for him—or rather I did fear for both. The lad is a man and must take a man's chances. He hath a stout arm and a brave heart. If any other gentleman choose to cross swords with him I make no demur."
 - "How say you, Ensign," said my brother to his next

in command, "art thou minded to take up thy Captain's quarrel?"

"An' you put it so. I have aye good stomach for a bit of sword-play, as thou knowest, but on what terms? I cannot say I understand the quarrel; is it a l'outrance?"

"A l'outrance? No, indeed. The boy seeks to prove his courage; I to maintain my skill. If he stands before thy blade and is not disarmed or thou hast not his life at thy point, ere one can count an hundred twice, or if the lad give thee a fair touch drawing blood—why, look ye, he hath won, and I do admit his vaunt: otherwise he shall



make amende to us both. Approve you those terms, my lady mother?"

"He shall wear my favor who doth win," she answered, calmly.

My father looked at her in surprise. The young soldier, bowing to my mother, sprang from his horse and while his helmet was unlaced, my brother sauntered towards me and said:

"Thou hast a sorry chance, lad, for he is as pretty a fence as there be in my company. Nevertheless, I love thee that thou standest well thy ground. When thy saving that we clutched our scabbards in our left hands instead of the dirks of the Italians. I had rather it had been the cut and thrust, which would have given my heavier Toledo blade advantage over the lighter rapier of my opponent, but his quivering point left no opening for a blow. At first he sought only to disarm me, but finding himself less unequally matched than he had expected, he changed his tactic and sought to inflict a wound. For myself, I was at first almost delirious with joy. The ring of the lithe blades was music to my ears. The blue light that quivered about them was brighter to my eyes than diamond flashes. How I loved the man who pressed my guard with such ceaseless pertinacity! I almost wished he might win, so beholden did I feel to him for this opportunity. Yet I did not mean that he should win, and when I had gotten over my exaltation I returned with ardor his attack, which had begun to flag from lack of breath. At length, as if we were of one mind, there was a simultaneous attack. Our blades slid along each other like two steely seepents. His pierced the puffed sleeve of my doublet, and I felt it cut into the flesh of my outer arm. Never had I known a sensation so sweet as its sharp sting! I could have kissed the wound which was the seal of a manhood denied and contemned by its author.

At the same time there came to me another sensation equally strange and even more rapturous to one who had dreamed all his life long of battle, but never before felt the thrill of triumph over an actual, earnest opponent. How my heart bounded with delight as I saw and felt my point touch his breast! With what mad joy I pressed it home, unmindful of my own hurt, feeling the ruptured fiber yield as it sank deeper and deeper into the riven pectoral! The rush of impact carried him off his feet. I drew back my blade as he fell and saw its point crimsoned with blood. I could have kissed it, had it been within my reach!

My brother lifted up the fallen man, while Fray Mendez tore open his doublet to examine the wound. It was not dangerous, though he had fainted from the hurt, and the good Father declared that he must not mount his horse for some days. Thereupon, my mother gave directions for his resting, and dismounting from her palfrey went herself to see that everything was prepared for his comfort. My father had watched me keenly all the while. I wiped the blood from his sword and, returning it to its sheath, handed it back to him.

"It is thine," said he, waving it aside. "Thou hast held it well, and until thou dost enter on thy vocation thou deservest to wear a fair bit of steel."

The pleasure of the gift was destroyed by the condition attached. As I threw the gay baldric again over my shoulder, my heart was heavy despite my triumph, and I hardly cared for it, when one who had ridden into the court unperceived, touched me with a white wand and said:

"I arrest thee in the King's name!"

"And for what cause, Sir Proctor?" asked my father, sharply, his hand moving instinctively to the spot where he was wont to have a sword. "Ho, Thomas!" addressing the armorer, "bring me another sword—the Moorish blade which was presented me by the minister of their Spanish Majesties. It is heavier than the fashion is, but it will do."

"Wilt thou resist the King's officer?" asked the Proctor in amaze.

"Resist!" quoth my father, angrily. "Indeed, I thought not of it; but, now thou speakest on't, I would have thee know that a white stick and a black cloak be not sufficient authority for such act. Where be thy warrant, and what crime dost thou allege against my son?"

"Mine office be my warrant, and the wounding of the King's officer the crime."

"It was but a mishap," said my brother.

"Chance-medley be a crime, if there be such result," answered the officer.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the young Ensign sitting up and speaking glibly to hide his hurt. "What business is it of thine? It is but a pin-scratch at the best, and the chance-medley, if thou callst it so, was my notion and not his. In truth," said he, turning contemptuously away, "I did but fall upon his point at worst."

"If this be so——" said the Proctor, dubiously.

"An' thou doubtest it," retorted the Ensign, hotly, "I will prove it on thy carcass the first time I catch thee with thy stick out of hand."

"In faith, gentlemen—" he began, apologetically.

"Get thee gone!" said my father, sternly, pointing to the gate. "Thou didst strain the privilege of thy office and the law protects thee not afterwards. Thou hadst a right to make arrest for a crime committed in thy sight, but this, if it were a crime, thou didst not see."

"He was wiping the blood from his blade, and the law giveth me authority where one be taken red-handed," answered the other.

"Get thee gone with thy quibbles!" repeated my father.
"There be no law to forbid one wiping the blade he wears whenever and wheresoever he may choose!"

"But I saw enough to certify me that a blow had been struck," protested the officer.

"An' thou saw no blow, thou hast exceeded thine office and become a trespasser—a thing not many would account it safe to risk within the pale of Sir Tudor Lake's demesne."

"But the King——" stammered the officer in confusion.

"The King needeth better men to serve him. Go!" And my father pointed to the gate of the courtyard.

"But the King hath sent thee a message---"

"Deliver thy message and begone!"

"The King biddeth thee with thy good lady, both thy sons, and such attendants as beseems thy honor and convenience, to meet him at Hawkesbury Cross about the hour of twelve this day, and wend with him to Berkeley Castle, where he bides the night; since he would consult with one so faithful to his crown concerning matters of weighty import. All of which I do deliver, truly, as to me entrusted by his Royal Majesty."

All hats were doffed when the messenger began to rehearse the royal summons, and when it was concluded my father made answer:

"Our duty to his Grace, to whom thou wilt report that we will not fail of his behest. I may not ask thee to dismount, after the affront thou hast put upon my son, but wherewithal to break thy fast and quench thy thirst a servant will bring. God save our sovereign lord King Henry the Seventh, and a safe journey to his messenger."

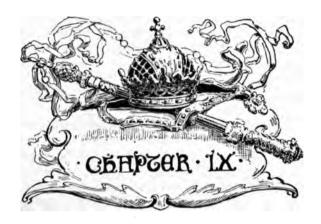
Turning to me, he held out his hand and said:

- "I did thee wrong, my son, and crave thy pardon. Thou hast a brave heart and a stout hand. It is a pity thou must be a priest."
- "A priest!" echoed my brother, as he pressed forward to take my hand. "May the barber that seeks to shave his poll fall upon his point! I say a soldier and in my troop! Ensign Francis Mildmay hath already asked that he be made his subaltern."
- "It may not be," answered my father, seriously. "I made a vow—while I lay at Tewkesbury sorely smitten—a vow to Mary Mother, that one of my sons should be dedicate to a religious life."
- "The Holy Father can dispense with vows," said Father Mendez, who was applying some medicament to the wound in my arm, which, albeit only a scratch, he assured me would be "uncomfortably stiff on the morrow."

- "And the King hath too great need of soldiers to permit so good an one to be a priest," put in my brother.
- "And thou couldst not have meant this son, of whom thou hadst no knowledge then," insisted my mother.

Still my father shook his head.

- "I will appeal to the King for release from thy commandment," I exclaimed, most indiscreetly.
 - "An' thou dost, thou art no son of mine!"
- "But we may petition the Holy Father?" pleaded my mother.
- "Neither King nor Pontiff hath power to unsay my words," said my father, moodily. "But we have tarried too long. Wilt have thy fellow sound to horse?" he asked my brother. They were in the saddle, all but my mother, who was holding my hand, when my father turned and said more gently than was his wont when speaking to me:
- "Hark ye, Arthur; an' Thomas can fit thee with a suit of armor—there is a suit of Milan chain would become him well, Thomas—an' thy mother can tire thee suitably; thou mayst follow with her and Thomas within the hour. We will journey slowly, and if need be wait at Chipping Cross, thy coming. Prithee, Madame, let his Grace see thy youngest fittingly arrayed."



It would be vain to think of telling my joy at this unexpected arrangement. As the little company filed out of the courtyard and went clattering down the hillside into Golden Valley, Fray Mendez riding at my father's side, I stood looking after them in dazed surprise. Was I permitted to follow them; to go to the gay court; to be a man and measure myself with other men? I felt the strength of a thousand, and already tasted the sweets of victory.

"Come, my son," said my mother, laying her hand softly on my arm, "bestir thyself! There is much to do an' thou wouldst follow them."

I caught her hand and kissed it. I fear there were tears in my eyes despite my new-proved manfulness. My mother made some laughing remark, whereat I kissed her on the lips, and passing my arm around her, went within. My sweet mother! She had ever been both mother and sweetheart to me, and at that moment the anticipated pleasure of going to court was almost eclipsed by the rapture of having her all to myself. The silver was showing in her

golden hair, but it seemed as if the bloom of youth had come again into her face.

Never did lady feel more trepidation about the fit of her apparel than I at that first tiring. And when it was done, and I saw myself in the glass my mother held before me to aid my self-inspection, I am sure none ever felt more gratified vanity or greater desire to set forth for conquest.

"Thou art thy father over again," said my mother as she placed the baldric over my shoulder while I knelt

before her. "Pray God, thou wear the blade his King gave him with not less honor than he hath borne it!"

We met a company of Bristol burghers on the way, who had come forth to meet the King's train and beseech his Majesty to visit his castle on the Avon and grant his loyal burgesses of the second port in his kingdom opportunity to attest their devotion. But, as it chanced, the borough had but lately prof-



fered a demand for greater privilege and release from certain rating, which met not the royal pleasure, either because he thought it too much to grant or because of the manner of its preferment. So he refused the visitation they desired with sharp words.

Somehow, I was not as dazzled by the royal cortege as I had expected to be, though it was a new thing for me to be in such honorable society and feel myself a part of it. A goodly company were gathered at the Cross to greet their Majesties and journey in their train to Berkeley Castle, as was meet and proper. The King's retainers halted, and the most considerable among those in waiting, rode

up and saluted their Majesties where they sat on their horses at the head of the escort. King Henry honored my father with his hand, and the Queen complimented my mother prettily, referring to the tradition of her youthful beauty still prevailing at the court, as a fair woman whose charms are yet fresh, loves to do with one of the same style, who, though yet fair, hath somewhat passed her prime. Had my mother been dark rather than light, I doubt if the golden-haired Elizabeth had thought to say: "I do assure thee, Madame, that the court hath not yet ceased to tell of the beauty of Mistress Alvisa Stratton; and faith, I think they have good reason."

What gentle woman would not blush even with the envious sun of her fiftieth year glaring in her eyes, at such words from a queen? My mother was modest as she was fair, and the flush this compliment brought flamed like a signal of sweet content on her fair cheeks all day long, as I rode beside her in the royal train, which ambled easily along, and many an old courtier and young gallant made occasion to pay their court to one on whom royalty had smiled.

I thought then it was because she was so fair and sweet; I know now that the fact that her husband rode at the King's side and with him held serious converse, had much to do with the deference shown his wife. Men were worshipping the rising sun rather than the setting star.

But my stay at court was short. That very night, when the revelry at Castle Berkeley was over, I was summoned to the royal presence. Never had England so great a King before as this Seventh Henry. Perhaps his Welsh blood steadied him, or his dubious French lineage gave him clearness of vision. Whatever may have been the cause, he realized that the hope of a Tudor dynasty depended on the wisdom of the Tudor rule, rather than the sinister strain from John of Gaunt, or the hot blood of Dowager Queen Catherine which ran in his veins. So he

made rulership his business and study, and succeeded, as he would have succeeded in any great enterprise. He would have been a successful soldier or statesman or merchant, if he had not been a King; and being King he was all these and no mean scholard, beside. He did not dazzle or debauch as other monarchs had done, but realizing that a king's strength lies in his people's prosperity and the security of his line on their content, he studied to know the people he ruled, and practice all the things that tended to peace and permanence. He believed three things were necessary to the perpetuity of his line—a full purse, a

prosperous people and a greater train of artillery than any enemy could bring against him. For those things he strove, and with these he succeeded in his aims. greater nobles he curbed; the lesser and newer families he promoted and encouraged. He found England swayed by a group of lordlings who ruled the King and plundered the people. He left it a state whose people



looked to the King for protection against the lords, and in return gave him always their aid against his enemies. He encouraged peace, because it brought content, and commerce, because it brought wealth; kept down the following of his lords; increased the train-bands in the towns; set his own officers over them and enlarged continually his train of artillery, because it made him more powerful than any one could grow within the realm and more dangerous than any foe without would care to meet.

He was at that time in the prime of life, hardly past thirty, but of a singularly grave and carnest manner. When I was ushered into the great hall at one end of which he sat upon a dais, which raised him above the others in the room, a clerk sat on a low stool at either hand, writing whatever he was bidden. Some whom I recognized as officers of the household were standing by. I was brought into the presence by the same officer who had attempted my arrest in the morning. Neither my father nor brother were in the audience chamber. I caught sight of Father Mendez at the lower end of the room and remembered that the King's confessor was his friend.

"I hear thou hast sorely wounded one of my officers, sirrah," said the King, hardly acknowledging my obeisance. "What sayest thou, is it true?" He had had a weary day, and was no doubt in ill-temper; but he never shirked the duties of his state.

"We did play at fence, your Grace, and each got a piece of the other's blade," I answered.

- "How is this?" to the Proctor. "You said naught of his having been hurt?"
- "Because I knew it not, your Grace, and find it hard to believe now," replied the officer, with an incredulous glance. "He made no mention of it then."
 - "Why wert thou silent?" asked the King.
- "I thought it but a scratch, and knew not that it concerned him, an' it were to the quick," I answered.

I saw the doubt grow in the King's eyes.

"Perhaps thou wilt show it me?"he said, coldly; "the King's eye, thou knowest hath power to heal his people's hurts."

A smile went round the group of courtiers attesting their appreciation of the King's wit.

"An' your Grace doubts my word," I said, feeling my face flush as I spoke, "if some one will but unclasp this corslet thou shalt see whether I speak truth or not."

I know not how the armor was unloosed, but when I tore off my doublet the blood dripped out upon the floor and the whole arm was covered with great clots. I knew the armor had chafed the wound all day long, but I was more frightened at this display than I had been with the hurt itself.

"Zounds!" the King exclaimed. "The lad maketh good his words with a vengeance. Send me a leech!"

"It is nothing, your Grace," I said in confusion. "I knew not that it still bled."

"The more reason it should be staunched; I say, a leech!"

Then Father Mendez stepped forward and said:

"I did examine the wound, your Grace, and though it hath bled more freely than might have been expected, I do assure your Royalty it is nowise dangerous. The blade did but pass through the outer arm. The weight of the armor, the day's ride and the excitement have drawn some blood, which will be of service to its healing rather than any harm. When your Grace sees fit to dismiss the lad, I will dress the wound so that in a week's time one shall hardly find a scar."

"Well, my son, if thy King's eye heal not the wound in thy arm, it shall heal the hurt in thy heart, for I do openly confess I did thee wrong in thought."

He held out his hand, which I did kiss because I could think of nothing else to do; whereat the courtiers murmured approval and the King smiled his satisfaction. I knew I had made a blunder which had turned to my profit; but to this day I know not wherein the error lay, for that first lesson in royal etiquette was nigh my last, until I was too old to learn the manners of a court.

"Good sooth, my son, thou hast in thee the making of a soldier, and I wonder not that thou hast little inclination for the life thy father hath chosen for thee."

"I did appeal to your Grace," I said.

"So have I heard, and I will instruct my chaplain to beseech the Holy Father to grant thy wish and release thy father from his yow. In the mean time, thou must remember that a good son maketh a good subject. be still five years before thy vocation need be determined and thou must remember that thy King hath need of scholars as well as soldiers. Whatever thy place in life may be, take a King's word for it, that knowledge will do thee no harm. They tell us there be new worlds that even now are being parceled out between other kingdoms, and if it prove true, by God's death, England had need be ready to claim her part and hold it, too. Scholars and navigators who can handle sword and train cannon as well, will be needed to make good our title to new realms ere long, or I do mistake. Whether thou wilt be priest or soldier in the end, God knoweth; but thou wilt make no worse priest for being a good soldier, and no worse soldier for being taught a priest's faith and duty.

"So I do adjudge, my son, that thou shalt remain complaisant to thy father's wish under charge of the learned Fray Mendez until my farther will be made known to thee. And this I do the more willingly command, because I have need of thy father for some season, and it behooveth that he have one to represent him in the care of his estate, and to comfort thy mother, who liketh not to share the turmoil of a court which chooseth not a Our late Lord Keeper hath spoken steady abiding-place. well of thee and of thy proficiency in learning, and as thou hast shown thyself so apt for a soldier's duty, I have named thee second in command of a band of trainmen to be made up among the burghers and apprentices of our port of Bristol, of which thine antagonist, the Ensign Mildmay, hath been named Captain; for it behooveth the dwellers at our ports, not less for their own sakes than the peace of our realm, to learn to fire bombards and use other engines of war. Thus we take thee into our service,

yet leave thee at thy father's house, and shall expect thee to be not less diligent in pursuit of learning than in thy duty as a soldier."

When I tried to stammer forth my thanks, the King cut me short with the statement:

"This we do less from knowledge of thy merit than to serve thy father, whose loyalty we have this day recognized, and to pleasure thy mother, who hath interceded for our royal favor in thy behalf. Yet the fact that thou hast wounded an officer of our household cannot be passed over, and we command that you depart the court tomorrow at the hour of sunrise, and come not into our presence again until thou hast our express command. Thy lady mother will return with thee. Thy father is made one of our Council, henceforth, and charged with important duties."

I kissed the royal hand again and retired, no longer treated as a culprit, but honored as an Ensign in the Royal guards and the son of a Privy Councilor, soon to be made president and immediate representative of his Sovereign in the new Court of the Star Chamber, as to which there hath been much complaint of late, not wholly without cause, as I judge. With that high office my father, as was fitting, received other honors, being raised to the peerage with the rank of baron, and the grant of new estates to support his fresh dignity. My brother Edward was soon after knighted and given command of all the King's artillery.

Two years passed swiftly away. Even my father, when now and then he visited us, seemed altogether content. Why should he not be? His life of toil was at length crowned with honors and dignitics. My mother was the queen regnant of our fair valley, with subjects many even in Bristol town, while I was her chief servitor, whose highest privilege was to worship her perfections. My duties as an officer were far from onerous,

and Captain Mildmay was the most obliging of superiors. Messer Colon, whose distemper seemed to grow worse rather than better, soon came to dwell with us, and from him I learned all that the good Fray had not already taught me about the Œcumene and whatsoever was guessed of lands that lay beyond. And here I may say of Bartolomeo Colon that he hath been so overshadowed by the fame of his brother, the Admiral, that the world hath not done him justice. He had not the advantages his elder brother had enjoyed, as there was never any talk of fitting him for the Church; but if his brother's designs did not spring from his urging, which I much misdoubt, he was as good a navigator and a better cosmographer than he, and withal a better, if not a greater, man. Gentle as a woman he was yet as brave as a lion, and of a loyalty that knew no questioning. Though not so persistent or eloquent or assuming as the Admiral, he had better command of the arts of conciliation and a firmer though gentler hand in the control of men. He was a soldier as well as a navigator, and had the Admiral left to him under the royal license full control of the realm of Española, and himself continued to explore for other lands, I doubt if he would have met the mishaps which afterwards befell.



that the next should see him on his way to London and the audience-room of King Henry. But the time appointed would find him worse perhaps, rather than better, for a stubborn cough set in with the early winter, and for many weeks we feared that our English heetic would prove too much for the gentle Italian navigator, whose black curls and great dark eyes were in such striking contrast to the sallow paleness of his wasted cheeks. We had the most noted leeches in the country round to minister to him, but nothing seemed to do any good until Fray Mendez chanced to have a visitor about

Midwinter. This was a young Dominican who had been sent on a mission of some sort, I know not what, connected with his order, to our British land, and was attracted as all learned men landing at our port were sure to be, by the reputation of our Fray, who, indeed, took good care that none should pass that way who had anything worth knowing to relate, without paying toll of the grist of knowledge he bore.

The young Fray was of a gentle Spanish family, very learned and of the most pleasing manner. His name was As Spanish was spoken almost as Antonio Montesino. freely at Edgemont as our English tongue because of Fray Mendez' tutelage, I fancy it was a grateful refuge to the voung wanderer. I think now, though I did not then guess it, that a part of his mission may have been to reconcile the son of the Privy Councilor to a religious life. It chanced most fortunately that he was especially learned in the treatment of disease and in the use of certain remedies never before heard of in our land. He had visited Erlande with the sons of Johan Caboto in their last voyage, and brought back with him some flasks of an oil extracted from the livers of baccallos, which the people of that country claimed to have special virtue in the cure of hectic. He insisted that this with the barley-brew for which Edgemont was justly celebrated, and the wearing of clothes made of sheepskin to protect him from the rigors of our unaccustomed clime, would restore Messer Colon to health if he would but content himself to wait until time should give them full effect. Despite his impatience the gentle navigator was so wasted that he could not well do otherwise; so we made him a couch in the great chamber above the room where my mother lodged in which a great fire burned always during the cold season and here we attended him with much solicitude. enough, after he had swallowed large quantities of the stuff, which had a smell and taste most vile, he gained

strength and appetite, and when the spring came was like a new man in look and color, though still weak as a child. Whether it were the noisome mixture which the Friar Antonio did prescribe, my mother's many possets, the undressed sheepskins, the eelskin jacket underneath, the decoction of St. Johnswort which Fray Mendez did prepare, or the beady ale he drank, I know not; but as he grew stronger other things occurred to hinder his journey and keep him with us, where he was rare welcome. mother loved him hardly less than the others, as is not to be wondered at, considering how gentle he was and the many pleasant things he said and did. For, if he might not stir abroad, his hand was seldom idle, and many a pretty picture he drew of lands and peoples he had seen, and many a sea-chart and instrument he made which the mariners of our port did gladly buy, for they did give much aid in navigating unknown seas.

The talk which had taken place concerning the voyage of Bartolomeo Diaz, of which he told us all the particulars, had stirred afresh the interest of our seafaring men, and many of the merchants of the port were minded to repeat the experiment which had been made some years before by the rich merchant, John Jay, and another, who sent forth a ship provisioned at their own expense, under command of Thomas Lloyd, "the most scientific mariner in all England," to discover "the Island of Brazil," which was said to lay to the westward of Ireland. the sea back and forth, where never craft had been before, for nine weeks, when he was driven home by stress of weather, and though he made no actual discovery, he claimed to have found things which showed him of a verity, not only that lands lay to the westward, but that they were inhabited, and that whosoever went to them might safely sail back. These things he said because four hundred leagues west of the Irish coast he found floating in the sea a boat of strange make, hollowed out of a single tree, though it was upward of sixty feet in length and fit to carry two score people. In it were strange implements and vessels like a gourd in shape, full of sweet water; also a piece of white cloth of exceeding fineness, which he judged had been worn about the loins. These things he had minded to bring with him, but, the sea being very tempestuous, he was compelled to make haste back to his ship, which he regained with difficulty.

These tales were confirmed by the men in the boat with him, who were all anxious to embark on another voyage of the same sort; but their patron having sickened and died they found none other willing to bear the expense. This Thomas Lloyd, though now infirm from the exposure incident to a mariner's life, had not lost his interest in such matters, and had many things to tell which I cannot now recall, going to confirm the belief that the western sea might be sailed across; but whether the land which would be first reached were the realm of the Grand Khan or not he greatly doubted, thinking it more probable that other lands intervened than that the open sea should stretch more than half-way round the globe. he held that such must be the case, if the tales of them who had visited those regions could be at all relied on as to the distances they traveled. In this, it seemeth, he was nearer right than all the others of that time, and so well deserved the high repute he had as a navigator.

Had these navigators been of one mind, it be more than likely that King Henry might have inclined to their prayer and granted the aid they sought; but he was aye cautious, and not given to favoring any man's vagaries, the which they well knew. For this reason, Signor Caboto and Messer Colon strove earnestly to agree upon what they desired; but they were both men of rugged natures, and each had a wish to secure full credit for whatever might be the result of their venture. Besides, Messer Colon was

specially charged with the promotion of his brother's interest and continued to demand the most extravagant things in his behalf; much more, indeed, than could be granted under our English laws, and more than any English navigator would consent to see given to one who brought no more assurance of success than any mariner going into an unknown sea might have. Indeed, not so much, according to the contention of Signor Caboto and Master Lloyd, who held that by sailing westward from the Canary Islands, according to his desire, though he might possibly reach land, he did increase the likelihood of failure, since the earth's circumference was so much greater in the region of the Circle of the Crab than farther northward toward the Pole. For this reason, they held that the better way to reach India or any land that lay between, if such there were, was to sail westward on a line as far north as the open sea might be found, until land was discovered; then, assured of shelter and supplies, to follow the shore southward as far as it might extend and return in like manner.

But Messer Colon was all for the tropics and Cathay. Gold and precious stones, ivory and sandalwood and spices; cities and thrones and ships and wharves and castles and towers, were what filled his dreams. would not seek barren climes and barbarous lands, but the wealth and luxury of the Orient. Of this gorgeous realm his contention was that his brother must be Viceroy in perpetuo, and of all the traffic and revenue therefrom derived have a great share, it mattered not by whom the traffic was carried on. It is strange how confident he was of the very nature and quality of the lands he hoped to discover and how wide he was of the truth, to which, indeed, old Thomas Lloyd and Signor Caboto came much nearer. It was well for the Admiral, however, that he was thus confident that the Canary Island route led straight to Cipango and Cathay. Had he known that Cathay was, in truth, half the world's width beyond where he guessed it to be, even his fervid eloquence had never induced her Majesty of Castile to embark in the venture he proposed. It was gold to fill her empty treasure-chests and precious stones with which to outshine her sister of Portugal, the good Queen wanted—not new realms and naked peoples!

So they argued pro and con, and Messer Colon made beautiful maps and charts, one of which was expressly for King Henry's eye and showed the way his brother would take to reach Cipango. But, withal, they could never agree. When the Spring came and it was time to go for bacallos, it was decided amongst them all, with the utmost good will, that Messer Colon should go before the King, and if he could persuade him to his brother's terms, well and good. If not, the Bristol merchants would form a company, and if they could get the King's leave, would send Signor Caboto the way he preferred. All of which was done, but not in the time proposed, because in the mean while, that did happen which turned men's thoughts another way. With Messer Colon went the young Fray Antonio Montesino, much loved by all who had come to They bore letters to the King, and my father know him. promised to omit nothing in his power that might bring success to their appeal. Nevertheless, his Grace somehow heard of the variance between his views and those of Signor Caboto, and summoned the latter to court to show with chart and globe what might be his philosophy of the unknown seas. That the whole thing came to naught is little wonder, since besides having little time for speculation in regard to such matters, the King was easily able to see that both talked of what they guessed rather than what they knew. Nevertheless, he wrote a letter to Cristofero, and it is surmised that, if his claims had been less extravagant, he had made better terms with our

English Henry than the loud-sounding promises of their Spanish Majesties, made only to be broken.

There was never man more loval to another than Bartolomeo Colon to his brother, the Admiral that was to Of his ability to do all he hoped, and willingness to perform all he promised, I do not think the younger brother had ever any doubt. That he would show the way to India; would overcome and convert the Grand Khan; make him either a feudatory of some European monarch or an independent Christian prince, and himself become viceroy of realms more considerable in extent and many times greater in wealth than any nation of Europe, he had no more question than he had of the morrow's sunrise. It was amazing to note the sublime confidence of this younger brother, himself just returned from the most notable voyage ever made, in the fortunes of one now close upon fifty years of age, who seemed to have done so little, yet claimed the ability to do so much. Though he talked much of his brother's plans and purposes, it seemed that there was always a reservation of something he would fain have said, but did not. I noted, also, that he seldom spoke of his brother's past achievements, but always hinted at some secret he possessed which made it sure that he would be able to perform what he promised in respect of discovering the Ind by sailing westward.

It hath been conjectured by some that the elder brother had in some manner come to know of matters reported by one, who through some misadventure had made the passage he proposed to attempt, had seen something of the marvels of Darien and Mexico, and had kept some reckoning of the course and distance thither, which knowledge was not given to the world but kept 'twixt Cristofero and his most familiar friends, either for his own advantage or because the method by which the same fell into his hands would not permit that it should be disclosed. In no other way

can I account for his unquestioning confidence in finding land within seven hundred and fifty leagues of the Canaries, and his confusion and indecision as regards all that lay beyond. However, it boots not to speculate of these things, for if there were such information on his part, there is no doubt that all record of it is destroyed. this time of which I write, Bartolomeo still believed in it, and had no doubt that his brother would soon be more wealthy and powerful than any sovereign on the earth. When he parted from us to go to London, he gave into my hands a bit of parchment rolled up within a piece of silk and sealed, which I was to give to his brother should occasion ever offer to secure his favor. It was this message which brought me the distrust of the Admiral and made him look upon me ever after, as the possessor of some secret which might be of evil consequence to him. Yet of the contents of this scroll I was in total ignorance.

It was soon after our friend's departure that my mother sickened and in a little time had died. Though my father could never quite content himself to dwell with her away from the turmoil and excitement of the court, I will do him the justice to say that he appeared greatly put out by my mother's death. For my own part, there seemed nothing left in the world worth living for, and when, almost with her latest breath, she did implore me to be complaisant to my father's wish and pursue a religious calling as he desired, unless he should relent, I was so broken with sorrow and so anxious to be gracious to the dear soul, that I did promise submission. May the saints assoil me of the vow I did not perform!



votion, and beyond his lovalty

to his sovereign, he knew no ambition, save her pleasure and the advancement of his family. To secure these, no exertion, no sacrifice on his part was counted a matter of any consequence. He desired to see his name perpetuated among the strong families of the country. Upon this subject he had a fixed philosophy, holding large families to be undesirable, as tending to scatter and weaken both the resources and the sentiment of the family. He had a notion that the day of grand castles and hosts of retainers was fast passing away; that wealth would take the place of the sword, and instead of armed followers, leasehold tillers of the soil would constitute the most stable source of income, and the surest means of advancement and honor. He calculated that within a few generations, the soil of England would belong almost exclusively to a very limited number, on whom all the others would be dependent, even the King himself, who must look to them for revenue to support his dignity and power.

I think his opinions on this subject had been not a little influenced by his intimacy with Sir John Fortescue, whose daughter my eldest brother had wed, who, though accounted by many a dreamer, not only had a broader knowledge of the laws of the realm than any other of his time, but was also a philosopher who studied men and institutions rather than theories, and believed that the future of English power might best be foretold by the study of the English people and our ancient constitution. From his knowledge of these, he concluded that the British monarchy would grow more and more restricted in power until, at no distant date, it would become merely the servant of the landholders of the realm who would rule by the spade and the plow rather than the sword. These ideas my father fully accepted, and subordinated both his own pleasure and the wishes and desires of his family to their exemplification.

It was because of them that he bound my two elder brothers in strictest bonds to concentration of the wealth they or their successors might acquire; and it was for this reason, as well as his vow to the Virgin Mother, that he desired me to adopt a religious life. In this there was no thought of injustice; he asked of me only what he thought he would have been willing to do himself; that I would forego my own prospects in order to promote the welfare of our family. It is strange how short-sighted poor mortals be! If he had had his wish he would now be without one of his blood to speak his name with reverence on the earth.

Of course, I did not then fully comprehend my father's character. Youth is apt to believe what it wishes to be true, and his willingness to defer the time when I should abandon secular things, and the indulgence manifested in regard to the sort of life I led in the meanwhile, induced the belief that he would finally recede from his purpose. I had taken little part in the management of his constantly increasing estate, both because my mother was charged with that duty, and because, as I now know, he did not wish me to acquire a fondness for affairs which might

strengthen my disinclination for the life he had marked out for me.

Because of these things, I had lived indifferently at home and in the town, where I had a room at Master Flemming's which I occupied as duty or inclination served. It is not strange, perhaps, that thrown constantly in the society of one so much resembling the mother I loved so devotedly. I should form an attachment for the sweet daughter of the honest merchant, Heinrich Flemming. She was somewhat my junior, and I hardly dreamed I loved her, or that the reason I spent so much time at her father's house after my mother died, was because of her. My father was a man of the world, however, too keen-eved to be deceived, and too resolute to be baffled by a boy who, however stout-willed he might be, had been reared in a singular seclusion from the life to which by birth and hereditary rank he belonged. I was well-fitted to become a scholar or a soldier and would have been quite content to have been a burgher even; but I knew little of courtlife and had no sympathy with the gentry, save what came from my love of arms and fondness for a military career—the dream, I think, of every lad of spirit, whose sire hath worn a sword with credit.

My father was too wise to openly combat my inclinations, and he apparently did nothing to contravene my wishes, beyond showing me his will by which all his estate was entailed upon his eldest son, saving a use to my brother Edward, and his heirs in perpetuo: no provision being made for me as I was intended for a religious life. Should I not adopt such a vocation, however, it provided that neither I nor any of my descendants should derive any benefit whatever from his estate, or take anything because of my relationship to him, unless the two elder branches should first become wholly extinct.

This roused my anger, especially as my brother Edward was married very soon thereafter to a frivolous court

beauty who came to queen it at Edgemont, in my mother's place. She took as keen a dislike to the disinherited son as he to her, and more than ever after that, I sought refuge at Master Flemming's. I was the more inclined to this course as my beloved tutor, Fray Mendez, was about this time given to understand that his room was more highly-prized than his company. We parted with many tears, he going over sea to seek seclusion in a milder clime with more scholarly surroundings; while I could see nothing before me except compliance with my father's wish, unless I should adopt the profession of a navigator, and take such chances as then offered to adventurers by sea.

When I consulted Master Flemming upon the matter, I found him much disturbed, whereat I wondered greatly, until he showed me that I could not sail on any ship going out of an English port without ruining her owner, who would be sure to fall under the displeasure of the King and Court for harboring and encouraging the son of a Privy Councilor in rebellion and disobedience to his father. He advised me, if I could, to slip away into some foreign country and take service under another name.

In order that I might do this, so great was his confidence in my success, he offered to lend me a sufficient sum of money to secure a proper outfit, and give me a letter of credit to his correspondents in foreign ports. That his friendship for me might not bring him into trouble, he requested that I should, as soon as might be convenient, remove all personal belongings from his house and give it out that he had denied me further lodgment on learning of my disherison. He promised to send me word when there was opportunity to embark.

That night I talked with Elsie Flemming and told her much more than I had any right to say. She heard me gravely; was sure I would succeed, and promised to wait for my return, however many years it might be. It almost frightened me to hear her speak so solemnly, little dreaming of the years of waiting to which she vowed herself so readily and faithfully. A woman's love is a sad trust for a weak man to bear, and the wonder is not that so many hearts are broken, but so few. I was no more worthy of the treasure she gave into my keeping than the 'Scariot was to bear the alabaster box of ointment that Mary poured upon the Master's feet. But I did not know it then, and would well-nigh have died with shame had I foreseen the wrong I was to put upon that simple love.

My father smiled grimly when I told him the lie we had concocted - Master Flemming and I, that is. It was my first falsehood, and I am sure he might have read its signals in my flaming cheeks, had he not been so elated at the fulfillment of his own desires. He praised Master Flemming as a man of sense, and promised him the Court's favor as well as his own, which promise he faithfully fulfilled to the great advantage of the good merchant, who



would have lost nothing through me, even had I never repaid his loan.

Just as it had been arranged that I should take passage by stealth for Flanders, there came to Edgemont a brave company; at their head Sir Thomas Darcy, of Templehurst, on his way to serve against the Moors in Spain, upon whom their Majesties of Castile and Aragon were about to move with a great armament. He brought a letter to me from the King, which there be no doubt my father had procured His Grace to write (though I guessed it not then) granting me leave of absence from his service—being his Lieutenant I could not have gone without—to go abroad with Sir Thomas, to remain during such time as my affairs might warrant, or the King's pleasure permit, provided my father should give his consent. How I trembled when I read this condition! Yet my father consented not merely with readiness but, as it seemed, gladly.

How I rejoiced at this permission to go and fight the Moors! It seemed sure evidence that my father had relented and would permit me to be a soldier after all, if only I were willing to forego any expectations from him in the advancement of my career. What cared I for rank or lucre! Only give me a sword and an opportunity to use it, and I had no fear of the future! Name and fame I would win for myself. So I thanked my father, heartily, and with much inward self-condemnation for the wrong I thought I had done him.

When, however, I carried the report of what had happened to Master Flemming, who was still my friend in secret, the matter at once assumed a new light, for he was a man of the world as well as my father, though in a very different way. The merchant knew human nature, quite as well as the courtier, and this, after all, is the chief thing that distinguishes a man of the world from him who knows not its ways. No sooner had I told him what had occurred than his head fell forward on his breast, then after a moment's thought, he turned towards me, his bushy brows drawn down over his deep blue eyes which shone like steel under them, and said:

"I like it not, my son, I like it not!"

I was so surprised I could hardly ask him why he did not like what seemed to me so great a favor. But he continued of his own accord; "I much misdoubt if it be what it seems, my son. If I read the matter aright, there be the hand of a priest behind it, and that bodes thee no good."

"What dost thou mean?"

"Canst thou not see? Thou art the son of a Privy Councilor, and like not thy designation to a religious life. Thy father commands it and threatens disherison. What more could he do? He cannot shut thee up in a convent by force—here in England, that is. Even the Court of the

Star Chamber would not dare make such a decree. But in Spain, mark ye, it is different. There the Holy Office holdeth sway and Mother Church claimeth her own, willy, nilly.

"What have we now? Thy King giveth thee leave to go abroad with Sir Thomas Darcy, who goeth to fight the Moors. Who is Sir Thomas Darcy? Agallant knight, I grant you, but the most bigoted layman in all the realm of England.



I am no Lollard, but I like it not when the cowl hath too much sway in our affairs. It is not well when the state is under control of men that have shred off half their humanity, and know nought of wife's love or child's dependence. If the Church hath need of such, which I do misdoubt, let them stay within its bounds and not meddle with affairs without its pale. So say I, an' though I be but a burgher, I wot it were better for the realm if there were more tradesmen and fewer priests. An' thou

hadst a vocation for the Church, I would be the last to discountenance thee, but it is ill forcing a man to serve God, and one made a priest against his will is like to be the Devil's best servant.

"Yet there be small chance for thee to escape. Thou wilt go with Sir Thomas Darcy—perchance they will let thee fight against the Moors—but when Sir Thomas returns they will show thy father's authority, and thou wilt have thy choice between Cordova and the dungeons of the Inquisition. Dost thou not see?"

"It cannot be; my father would not be so false!" I answered chokingly.

"Thy father vowed a son to the Church, and thou art his only hope to perform his vow."

"But I am not consecrate; I have taken no vows; the Church hath no claim on me!"

"Thou wilt be without friends, my son, in a strange land. The Church hath ways enough to compel such to her will. I thank God the Brothers of the Black Robe have not yet power in England."

After farther converse of the same sort, I could not doubt that Master Flemming was in the right, and with his help I devised a plan to baffle the designs upon my liberty. We judged that Sir Thomas would not be made the confidant of such purpose if it existed, since it would hardly do for an English knight to be the conscious instrument of such a scheme, and it might not be wholly safe to trust it to him. It seemed more probable that it would be conveved to some person in authority abroad, by letters which would be intrusted to my care, since, being so greatly pleased with what was done in my behalf, there would be little fear that I would fail to deliver them. So it was arranged between us, that I should deliver none of the missives intrusted to me, save the letter to Master Flemming's agent, by which he gave me credit for such sums as I might need, should it become necessary at any time

to leave the realm or engage in any venture on my own account. Thus equipped, I embarked with Sir Thomas Darcy and his company, little dreaming how long it would be until I should see the green fields of merrie England again.



Poursuivant to the plan marked out by Master Flemming, I assumed a cold and repelling manner, making no intimates among Sir Thomas Darcy's people after we embarked, and apparently taking no interest, either in the voyage itself or the purpose they had in view. fore we reached Seville, where the Court then was, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was regarded as an incumbrance rather than an acquisition, having made myself so poor an interpreter, in which capacity I was expected to be of service, that they would scarce have been worse off with none. I hardly think there could have been any great disappointment, therefore, when upon the second morning after our arrival I disappeared altogether. Sir Thomas was kind enough to have search made for me, but no one thought of inquiring at the house of the Christian Jew, Jacobo Santo de Murillo, the agent and correspondent of Master Flemming, to whom I brought letters. He was a native of Portugal and translated my name into Arturo Lac, whereat I smiled with satisfaction, knowing that neither his ear nor his tongue would be likely to respond intelligibly to any inquiries that might be made concerning me.

On the voyage I had worn only black clothes of a half-clerical style, which I could see that my father was well pleased that I should don, having my equipments carefully stowed away with my luggage except my sword, which I kept in a black leathern case presented to me by my friend Bastien Caboto, who had brought it from the Levant, which I took care not once to open during the voyage; so that I was well pleased to hear one of the company say he was uncertain whether it contained a sword or a crucifix. When, with the aid of my new friend, Jacobo, therefore, I sallied forth equipped as a Spanish gallant, there was little danger of being recognized by my late companions.

Everything was in favor of the plan I had adopted. The chance of having had a Spanish tutor, my dark complexion, and a certain stoutness of build, the short neck, broad shoulders, and deep chest, to which I owed the unusual strength which has been of such advantage to me at every turn of my life, as well as the disturbed state of the country and the many strangers who were flocking to the standard of their Catholic Majesties, made it easy for me to assume the rôle, if not of a Castilian, at least of a provincial. I wandered about the city for several days, mingling freely with the multitude that filled the streets, but making no acquaintances.

After a time I visited Fray Mendez at Cordova, where he was living in the scholarly seclusion he so well loved, and from him received confirmation of my suspicion that the purpose of sending me to Spain was to keep me under surveillance, rather than permit me to make a career for myself; since he had of late, as he told me, been several times questioned by his superiors as to whether he had seen me or heard from me since my arrival. Right here I cannot refrain from testifying my admiration of my father's sagacity in attempting by this means to flex my will.

By sending me to Spain with Sir Thomas Darcy he made me a willing coadjutor in his plans and removed me from all friendly influences to which I might appeal. while placing me at the very point where the power of the Church was most active and potent; so that I must surely have fallen into the trap he set had it not been for the shrewdness of Master Flemming. travel to Cordova, I took the name Tallerte de Laies. which was the one by which Fray Mendez had called me almost from my babyhood, and I knew that if questioned again, as I judged it likely he would be, I could not rely on him to prevaricate in regard to having seen me. For, though liberal enough in many things, he could never be induced to give assent to an untruth, however deftly hidden it might be. I could only hope he might refer to me as my father's son, rather than by my name. much I ventured to ask him to do; but he made no promise, though he never betrayed my identity.

It chanced that my father, when he became the King's baron and donned the peer's gown, chose not to discard his family name, as many do, nor yet to be enrolled under He wished the peerage to begin with himself and yet to retain the patronymic which showed our kinship with As he had been Sir Tudor Lake, so he determined to remain, but became also Baron Trude of Edgemont, which was the family name of the female ancestor by which we were united to the Tudor line. My name itself was not very likely to suggest to foreign ears any relationship to Baron Trude of the Privy Council. I hardly realized this at the time, not knowing how restricted is the knowledge of our English names and titles and thinking Tallerte de Lajes must be as familiar to others as to me, I determined to use it no more.

Being thus certified of my father's purpose I set myself to foil his scheme. First of all, I determined to become a Spaniard and give up all hope of ever returning to Eng-

It was a most foolish thing to do, but I could see no other way, and, to tell the truth, I was much pleased with the gaieties of Seville which I had already begun to taste and little appreciated the difficulties in the way of my undertaking. Fortunately, I had abundant means, through the liberality of my father, who had not only filled my purse, but had given me a letter of credit on a London banker, sufficient, as he said, to maintain me with credit as a volunteer soldier with a proper following for three years. I was amazed at the sum, and especially at his injunction not to be a niggard in its use, but soon perceived his motive. He meant me to consume a fair share of his estate in the few years that would elapse before the time set for my profession, in the hope that palled and disappointed with a life of dissipation, I might the more readily accept the vocation he intended me to follow. He had not greatly misjudged my inclina-Perhaps no one who has been reared in such seclusion is ever without a bias toward frivolity. At least, I was not, and I doubt not his expectation would have been fulfilled, but for my love of adventure and such horror of a religious life as made it always a nightmare to my thought.

I made haste to obtain money on this letter, through my friend Jacobo, and was not long in finding a Jew, who, misliking the signs of the times, was as anxious to get out of Spain as I was to remain in it, from whom I leased a house upon terms amounting to a sale which he dare not make lest the knowledge of it should subject him to suspicion and make it impossible for him to leave the kingdom without loss of a greater portion of the price. I little knew what trouble I was preparing for myself when I subscribed the lease Arturo Lac, and became a tenant of Rabbi Ibrahen, of Toledo, who forthwith made haste to depart the realm and become a burgher of Frankfort on the Rhine, foreseeing the evil days

that were so soon to fall upon his people when, though compelled to leave the kingdom, they were forbidden to take away money or gold or silver or precious stones.

It was a gay winter in Seville, and only the fear of discovery which haunted me night and day, prevented me from falling a victim to its dissipations. Fortunately, this kept me from the higher circles of society and gave me a rare opportunity to learn the habits and acquire the customs of the people. Day by day, my confidence in the completeness of my disguise, which in fact was no disguise at all, increased, until, being anxious to take part in the war then going on, I took advantage of a call for new levies to carry on the siege of Malaga, and after much consideration determined to assume the rôle of a Biscayan gentleman, adopting the name Artis del Porro (Arthur of the leek), a name which Sir John Fortescue had once jestingly applied to me, in allusion to my Welsh ancestry and appearance when a lad. As my father did not appear to relish it, the Lord Keeper never repeated Somehow, it struck my humor to hide myself under this quaint title. So Arturo Lac left his house with its pleasant court in the shadow of the old Synagogue in Seville, and Artis del Porro set forth to fight the Moors in the army of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile.

In providing myself with an equipment commensurate with my means, I took under my patronage a half-dozen sturdy Andalusian fellows who were glad to serve a gentleman in whose train they were sure of enough to eat, rather than in the contingent of some great noble where the chance to forage was more restricted and an empty stomach likely to be more frequent. They were stout rascals, and could live on less, fight harder, and march longer than anyone except a Spanish soldier ever thought of doing on such fare. I had no idea how long I could maintain such state, but I meant it should go hard if some one did not relieve me of their charge for

the sake of our united services. So I equipped them, and the luck that goes with folly failed me not; for even while we were on our way to join the army we had the good fortune to be of signal service to the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, who going from one of his cities to another, was set upon by a foray of the Infidels whom El Zagal had sent by stealth over the mountains to seize whatever rich prey might fall into their hands and bear the same away to be held for ransom in some Moorish donjon. And in good sooth, had it not been for my little band, they had caught the richest grandee in Spain and with him the Archbishop of Toledo, its chief prelate.

It happed in this wise: we were making our noon halt in the shade of some willows in a little valley that opened into a greater one scarce two bow-shots away, when the wind brought to our ears the sound of strife. We did not stop to guess who the combatants might be. One side was sure to be our friends, the other our enemies. caparisoning ourselves, we set out as eagerly as ever knight did in anticipation of adventure. Before we had rounded the hill that separated us from the scene of strife. we knew that one side wore helmets and the other turbans—that one flew the banner of the Cross and the other the impious horse-tails of the Prophet, for we heard the shrill cry of "Allah il Allah!" and the answering shout of "Santa Maria and Saint Iago!" The volume of the one and the feebleness of the other even told us that the enemy was the more numerous and that our friends were sore bested. To do my followers justice, not one of them flinched, and when we came out of the little valley into the larger one where a body of the wild Moorish cavalry was wheeling in swift circles around a little group of men-at-arms, who with lance and sword and battle-ax, made a sullen defense against their more numerous and agile assailants, each one was in his place and shouted lustily as we dashed in to the rescue.

fight had evidently been a long one, for horses and men lying dead on the plain marked how the struggle had progressed, the little band of mail-clad Christians pressing steadily toward the hill, and their Paynim assailants swarming thick around to prevent their reaching this vantage-ground.

From the first, the Christians had been outmatched. Now, their horses were tired and their blows feeble. Yet they had steadily approached the hill, and a moment's respite would enable them to reach a rocky slope where the enemy's horses would be of little service, and the superior armor of the Christians would nearly make up for inequality in numbers. I saw this, as we slackened speed for an instant at the turn of the hill, and thought that by a sudden attack we might give our friends the needed opportunity to escape to this coveted position. We were but few-seven against four score at the least -but our horses were fresh, our arms unwearied and even the half-armor which my fellows were went a great way against naked heathen. Though I was but a raw leader. we had brave hearts. I had brought with me the horn with which I used to hunt the red deer in Glostershire. partly from love of the sport, and partly because it had been a Christmas gift from fair-haired Elsie Flemming. Putting this to my lips, I wound such a blast as I misdoubt if the banks of Guadiaro had ever echoed before. Christians and Mussulmans paused in surprise; then each company sent up its own battle-cry. We had the land with us and rode down upon the turbaned Paynim at speed. They, noting the fierceness of our onset and the fewness of our numbers, sought, as their wont is, to draw us after them in pursuit; but, though I had never been in battle since as a lad I watched the tide of war at Bosworth. I saw through this device, and bearing to the right, edged between the enemy and those we sought to relieve. ing this, the Paynim wheeled back from their simulated flight and dashed upon us. I hardly know what happened afterward. There were shouts and blows, and finally darkness and confused helplessness.

When I recovered consciousness, it was to feel the touch of soft fingers on my brow and look up into eyes of such melting, liquid blackness as I had never seen before. The strife was over. The Christians had gained the vantage ground through the diversion I had made, and the enemy, fearing from the boldness of our attack that we

were but the vanguard of a greater host, had suddenly withdrawn, fearful lest they be cut off from their mountain fastnesses. had been stunned by.a blow, my horse killed, and I pitched forward on the hard. sun-parched plain. Weary as they were, the little



band who had been rescued from death or Moorish bondage, had borne me to the spring beside which we had dined, and Doña Guadita Mendoza, the niece of the Archbishop of Toledo, was with her own fair hands bathing my head to restore consciousness. I could not remember where I was or what had happened; but as I gazed into her lustrous eyes and marked the dark fringes of the veined lids that fell over them, the image of little fair-faced Elsie Flemming faded from my memory.

It was one of those accidents which happen even to the most undeserving. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, in company with the warlike Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, was engaged in raising new levies to recruit the King's armies depleted by numerous conflicts with the Moors. Together, they were journeying to an appointed rendezvous, one of the castles of the great Duke. So secure did they feel because of the distance from the frontier, that the prelate journeyed without the armor he was wont to wear, and his niece, the Doña Guadita, who had been graciously bidden to attend upon the Queen, traveled To the fiery Moorish monarch, El Zagal, with them. half the width of Andalusia was not too far to send those fierce forays with which, despite his years, he sought to compel the invaders to loose their hold upon his fated It was one of these marauding bands, which sweeping from the mountains had overpowered and slain the outpost on the frontier, and stealing swiftly down the narrow valleys, had chanced upon a richer prize than they had hoped to meet. No doubt the capture of these two grandees at this juncture would have caused a truce, and might have turned the tide of war against the Christian It was quite true, therefore, that in succoring them I had performed a service to the sovereigns as well as to these distinguished personages. They were most profuse in their thanks and praises, the Duke giving me on the spot, the barb he rode in place of the horse I had lost, and both promising, for themselves and their sovereigns, continued favor and more abundant reward.

The Doña Guadita sobbed forth her thanks in tones and words equally confusing to my shattered senses. I tried to make light both of the service I had rendered and the hurt I had received; but when, after an hour's halt, it was necessary to resume our journey, I was fain to accept the proffer of the chair-saddle and the ambling mule provided for the Doña Guadita's use, while she, with the easy confidence of the Andalusian woman, rode by my side on the beautiful barb the Duke had given me, which he chivalrously refused again to bestride.

A fortnight afterward, when the new levies were col-

lected and a long train of supplies gathered, I was able to attend my patron, who had kindly attached me to his person, though I had still to avoid the heat of the midday sun, lying in the shadow of willows by the side of some stream, up the bed of which we marched, or sitting under the gray branches of the olive groves hard by the rugged way, while the long train moved slowly on. With me at such times was always the Doña Guadita and the maid in attendance upon her; for the Queen was with the army, and there, too, was the betrothed of the fair Doña. He was a gallant soldier whose praise was in every one's mouth, but it was gall and wormwood to me that I should have saved her from the Moor that she might become the bride of another.

I was only a foolish lad weakened by a sore hurt, and no doubt spoke more freely than was either becoming or discreet. She had the coquetry of her Spanish nature, and, though evidently not unwilling to listen to my rhapsodies, which indeed must have seemed tame beside the tropic phrases of a Spanish lover, she uttered no word inconsistent with her duty as the affianced of another; and it was not until long afterwards that I learned how sincere a regard she had for the callow lad who had not strength enough to conceal his chagrin. Such was my disappointment that, when we came near to the beleaguered city. I gladly accepted the offer of my patron to take command of a squadron of the new troops which he had brought, and counted myself fortunate that I was given post on the most exposed part of the line under the command of Francisco Ramirez, perhaps the most skillful engineer who ever planned a mine or trained a bombard.

In the weeks that followed of that terrible siege, war drove the thought of love from my mind, being helped therein, as I do not doubt, by the marriage of the object of my infatuation to Don Juan de Ullana, a most

worthy soldier for whom was reserved an unhappy fate. This marriage was ordered by the Queen immediately on our arrival, being instigated thereto by the uncle of the bride, his Grace of Toledo, who was a man not without eyes and little disposed to sentiment. Somehow, I did not feel at all proud of this love adventure and, looking back at it now, can only discern in it the callowness and impressibility of youth. Perhaps my chagrin stimulated the zeal which soon carried that part of the line under my command nearer the city's walls than any other. Perhaps it was only that doggedness which makes the Englishman, though no braver in battle than the Spaniard—that none could be—ready to watch and work while the Spaniard needs must sleep when occasion serves.

My faithfulness to duty was rewarded with the approval both of the Duke, who was glad to see his banner the foremost toward the walls of the city, and of the engineer to whom the knowledge I had gained as an officer of the Royal Artillery enabled me especially to commend myself. Gradually my command was enlarged until I had charge of the most advanced salient and all the bombards and engines it contained. To say that I was happy would but feebly express my enjoyment of the toils and dangers of this daily struggle. I seemed to My whole mind was occupied have found my element. with the thought how we might do most harm to the enemy or how best resist their assaults and shield our men from their missiles. I had hardly time to eat or sleep, so intense was the joy of strife and the relish of personal responsibility.

I suppose the fact that I had so few acquaintances added to this feeling. Now and then, I received a summons from the Duke, my patron, who failed neither in interest for me nor in exultation in my success, and always bade me ask some favor of him. But I wished

for nothing. I was El Capitan Artis del Porro, in command of three hundred men-at-arms of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, in the service of their Majesties of Castile and Aragon. What more could a disinherited youth who lacked yet a year of twenty desire.

And just here it be proper to state that I do not think my advancement was due wholly to the accident I have related: much less was it due to merit alone. life affording much opportunity for observation, I have seldom known an instance in which mere merit has been the sole basis of success, or in which opportunity or favor was sufficient to maintain one in a responsible position without being backed by merit. In my own case, it was good fortune that gave me a fair knowledge of the Castilian tongue, a military aptitude, a constitution of body that bade defiance to fatigue and hardship, without which no man can excel as soldier, and which finally gave me the friendship of one so potent and gracious as the Duke of Medina-Sidonia. On the other hand, it was our English habit of steadiness and thoroughness in the performance of duty, as well as our English phlegm which is not easily moved by misadventure, which, contrasted with the mercurial character of the Spanish soldier, especially fitted me for the post I held. My youth was no obstacle, as it might have been in an English camp, both because I seemed older than my years on account of my dark and serious visage, and also because among the Spaniards it is no uncommon thing for men of even fewer years than mine to hold responsible places, especially in war.

I had seen little of the company with which I set sail from Bristol since our arrival at Seville. Now and then, I had met some of them in the city's streets and smiled at their failure to recognize a quondam sociate. Once or twice I had heard a British shout in the midst of a sortie, and was often told how the British battle-axes were

hewing their way up the steep slope before them toward the impregnable castle of Gibralcara.

I finally determined to visit the left wing of the army. where Sir Thomas Darcy was stationed with two hundred as good men-at-arms as ever drew bow or poised ax or spear; not that I meant to make myself known to them, but I wished to see if any of them would recognize in the smart Spanish Captain the black-coated youngster who had sailed with them from Bristol-town less than a year I need have had no fears; the gay colors of my uniform and the bright armor which I wore were an effectual disguise to those whom I had taken good care should see me only in the somber black of the intended I passed among them without a sign of recognition and finally, almost by way of bravado, introduced myself to the young squire who was on duty at the entrance of Lord Darcy's magnificent marquee, who had no sooner heard the name than he said, as well as his imperfect Spanish would permit:

"Art thou the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's Captain on the inner line?"

Upon my answering in the affirmative, he exclaimed:

"Then thou must see my lord, for he hath often commended the orderliness of thy work and the discipline of thy camp."

He disappeared within the tent and soon returning led me to the presence of his chief. Sir Thomas Darcy was then scarcely thirty years of age, and had won none of the distinction which hath since attached to his name by reason of the stout demurrage he hath made against our good king Henry the Eighth, in which he hath displayed more of courage than of wit, or I do much mistake the temper of the king. He was a stout and brave knight, however, and with true English pluck would no more have allowed a Spanish noble to outdo him in battle than outvie him in the splendor of his quarters. The tent

into which I was ushered was oriental in its magnificence. The floor was covered with a carpet as soft as velvet, while the walls were lined with alternate stripes of blue and yellow silk which tempered both the light and heat of the sun, which, on the rock of Malaga, was something more to be dreaded than even the enemies who held its walls.

"Good morrow, Capitan," said my lord, heartily, extending his hand and taking mine. "I am proud to have the honor of your acquaintance. This is my friend, Sir Egbert Stratton, of Northumberland; the Capitandel Porro, Sir Egbert."

I could but smile, both at the sound of my new name in his mouth, and the grave bow with which my kinsman received my salutation.

"Give him your neive, Sir Egbert," said Lord Darcy in English; "give him your neive; by God's mercy, man, it is worth something to clutch such a paw and find such a grip as that in this land of lady-fingers! If it isn't an English grip, it is one that minds an Englishman of home."

Perhaps my face showed some consciousness at this allusion to my strength of arm which had always been notable, for my host made haste to say in apology:

- "I crave your pardon, Sir Capitan. My Spanish is none of the best, and except English and the French, which the fashion of French queens and a divided realm have made familiar with us, I know no other, saving some few scraps of Latin. Our good Queen Margaret of Anjou was wont to commend my French."
- "A Biscayan should be able to comprehend the songs of Anjou," I made answer in the speech of Aquitaine.
- "By my faith," he exclaimed, "this is fortunate. So you are a Biscayan? I had heard that you were a foreigner like ourselves, but you are so good a Spaniard in look and speech that I could not believe it. However, you Biscayans are 'akin to all and at home everywhere,' as the proverb hath it."

Then we sat down on Moorish couches with lion-skins spread over them, and talked of the siege, the courage of the Mussulmans, and the chances of success. A servant brought wine; we drank each other's healths, and there were many compliments upon the conduct and discipline of my men.

"By the way," said Lord Darcy, as I rose to go, "that is a pretty bit of steel you carry."

He nodded towards the sword my father had given me, as he spoke.

"I believe it is a genuine Toledo," I answered modestly. "My Lord, the Archbishop of that famous see, made me a present for what he was kind enough to regard as a good service."

"Yes, yes; we have heard of that;—the time when you intervened with half a dozen men to save Spain her two most famous grandees. By my soul, from what they tell, it was a brave thing, and unless thou art greatly belied thou didst have no mean weapon in hand before my Lord Cardinal endowed thee with the best of his city's ancient make, as no doubt it is. If you will permit——"

I drew forth the slender blade and balancing it on my hand presented him the crossed hilt. He took it daintily, ran his eye along its polished blue length; breathed on it from hilt to point and watched the even, swift disappearance of the white film, with that enthusiasm which only a soldier can feel for that most perfect product of the forge, a finely-wrought, evenly-tempered and truly-balanced blade. Then he pressed its point on the floor and watched it bend as evenly as a bow until the hilt was nigh on a level with the point. The walls of the tent were hung with costly weapons and deftly wrought armor. One blade after another was taken down and compared with that they held, in every case to the plain disadvantage of the other.

"I never saw its like," said Lord Darcy with a sigh, as

he returned it to me, "and never but one to compare with it. That was a blade which the King of Portugal gave to his cousin Henry VI. that was, of England, and which he, or rather his Queen Margaret of Anjou, gave after the battle of Towton to Sir Tudor Lake, now Baron Trude of Edgemont. It was the very picture of this, and came, I doubt not, from the same smithy. An' his Grace of Toledo hath another of the same sort, I would the Paynim might waylay him again, sometime when I am within call; though I confess I would like not such extravagant odds as you must have faced."

"By the way," he added as he walked with me towards

the door. "it is an odd thing, but a son of this same Baron Trude, came with us from Bristol, bound for Cordova, I was told; but the cub deserted ere we had hardly set foot in Spain, and we have heard nothing of him since. I misdoubt he is making love to some black-eyed beauty in Seville;



for which, in truth, I blame him not. He was a sullen lout, though of good figure enough, with no lack of thews, so that I do not wonder he had little call for a clerical life. His lordship thought he might wish to come to the wars, but his real aim, it seems, was to get his son within range of the black-robed gentry of the Inquisition, who he thought might find a way to cure him of his antipathy to a cloister; as no doubt they will if he slip not through their fingers. I learn that strict

search has been instituted for him, and even proclamation made along the lines to-day with offer of reward. You had not heard of it? You must have missed the herald on your way hither. I'll venture a duke they get no word of him."

From that moment I felt secure in my disguise, and was grateful indeed, for the fortunate claim of Biscayan origin. It was peculiarly happy because of the varied and adventurous character of that people which exactly suited my rôle of a foreign mercenary.

Is it any wonder I was happy as I rode back to my quarters after this visit to Lord Darcy? My duty was arduous, it is true, but the life was not unpleasant. The glare of the hot sun was somewhat trying by day, but the nights, with the soft light of the semi-tropical moon, the coolness of the sea-breeze, the subdued hum of voices, and the echoing challenges of the sentries of the opposing hosts, had a strange charm for one accustomed to the murky stillness of our Gloster nights. It was only when the hot wind they call the sirocco blew on the desert of Africa and leaped fierce and unquenched across the intervening sea, that the heat became more than one might bear without serious discomposure. It was at this time that there happened to me an event so notable that it might almost be accounted a miracle, as indeed it was, in its consequences.



It was a fearful night. For two days the hot breath of the simoom had floated over us. The desert blasts, uncooled by the glaring sea over which they came, parched lip and eyelid. The shrunk skin cracked. The hair and beard were like needles piercing the shrinking flesh. breath scorched the nostrils and burned the lungs. lay panting on the ground, indifferent to duty and regard-The sentries left their posts; officers less of discipline. neglected their duties. Save that the dwellers in the beleaguered city were as sorely smitten as ourselves, there had soon been an end of the siege. I think two thousand good men with fresh air in their nostrils could have put to flight our whole army of thirty thousand.

Our lines were drawn close about the city's walls. Where we were posted they were scarce fifty steps apart. Yet neither on wall nor rampart was there any sentry to be seen. Men threw away their arms and sought only shelter and respite from the dry, withering heat. None wore armor, for the glistering metal burned through buff 10

and gherkin. From the city came the wail of women and children, crowding the housetops and the narrow streets. By night it seemed even hotter than by day. The sun sank red as blood behind the shimmering hills. The stars simpered dim and trembling through the thirsty air. The sun rose after the sleepless night like molten iron in hue and hot as midday. The panting hosts faced each other, helpless for harm.

It was the night of the third day of the simoom. restless to remain within the redoubt, I stepped through an unguarded sally-port into the space between the work in my charge and the city's walls. From instinct rather than preference or a sense of duty, I wore a sword, but neither armor nor helmet. Despite the havoc of war, an ancient olive grove still intervened between us and the wall. The enemy would not destroy it, because it sheltered them from our fire almost as well as the wall itself. great gnarled trunks and the gray low-hanging limbs were serious obstacles both to sight and approach. Under this shelter the swarthy Moors rested after they had repulsed In a month we had advanced our lines scarce a hundred steps, and every inch of that distance had been soaked with blood. The end would not be far off if we could maintain our position; but the desert was not inclined to abandon the Paynim children it had nursed. the third day, it was openly rumored that the siege would be raised if two more such days should follow.

It was a foolish thing for an officer in charge of an important post to do; but no one can guess who has not felt it, the torture of the dry, scorching, moaning wind that blew over us with unceasing steadiness, to one accustomed to the coolness and moisture of our British Islands. It seemed to me that some slight respite might be found under the low branching olives, and springing from the ground where I had lain in misery through the sleepless hours, I caught up my sword, threw the baldric over my shoulder

and went through the sally-port out into the contested ground that lay between the lines.

There was a dull red glow in the sky, but the earth was wrapped in that singular gloom which is not darkness yet baffles the sense of sight as thoroughly as if it were Tartar-I could not see the trees in the old olive orchard, though I could hear the wind rustling their gray leaves and knew where stood the great knotty trunks cased in dark shining bark. I moved about, not cautiously but carelessly from tree to tree, restlessly feeling the hot trunks in a vain quest for one cooler than the rest. Suddenly, I became conscious that a man in white Moorish costume was leaning against one of these trees and watching my movements. The fact did not seem to concern me greatly, for those three days of hellish torment had made me insensible to fear. At the same time I heard myself addressed in English, spoken correctly enough, save for certain words, but with an intonation somewhat peculiar.

"The Capitan Leek is very bold to wander so far from his works!"

The words rather than their import awoke me at once to a consciousness of peril. To be addressed in my own tongue and find my assumed name translated into one so much resembling my patronymic, was startling enough to one who had thought himself so well hidden by it. Instinctively, I slid near a giant trunk upon my left so as to be protected from attack upon that side. There was a low laugh, as if in response to my movement.

"The Sieur Leek need not fear," said the voice, now with a decided Morisco modulation.

"I wear a sword," I answered haughtily.

Again there was a light laugh.

"But no armor; and a Christian without armor is like a bow without a string."

The answer stung me, both because of its truth and

because the Moors, by greater activity, oppose their naked bodies not unsuccessfully to our attacks, so that unless a man be wholly encased, like a snail, the advantage is like to be with him that hath the greater freedom and, as it seems to me, the better valor. Wherefore, I deem it well for manliness and hardihood that the heavier sorts of armor are of late going much out of use, especially with them that be the foremost fighters of our time. However, I answered stoutly:

- "I have never refused to cross swords with another, whether in armor or in gherkin!" and I drew my blade to make good my words.
- "Nay, nay," answered the other. "Put up thy sword an' it please thee! No man doeth himself any honor in battle when 'the curse of the desert' filleth his nostrils; I came not out to fight."
 - "Who art thou, and why art thou here?" I asked.
- "Good sooth, I might well ask thee that question, and I think one answer might serve for us both. I am he that hath command of the wall over against thine own work, and I came forth from fear lest thy vigilance might take advantage of my watchers' lassitude."
- "Thou art then that most valiant Abrahen Zenete whom every Christian soldier honors for his courage and humanity?"
- "I thank thee; I am, indeed, he thou namest, but thy words do me too much honor. I am but one of the Captains of our host who fight for our liberty, our homes and our faith, against a cruel and relentless invader, whose hope may the Prophet blast!"
 - "How knew you my name?"
- "The bravest of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's Captains is not unknown to them that fight against him."
- "But why give me this name, instead of that by which I am known?"

- "Thou callest thyself 'del Porro,' which is 'leek' in thy tongue."
 - "How knewest thou I was English?"
- "Because I have often heard thee use that tongue in encouraging thy men in fight. At such times nature asserts her power and men use unconsciously their native speech. I have often heard thee mouth English oaths at thy Spanish soldiers in tones loud enough to be heard over half the camp; for it is thus that the Christians piously fulfill their Prophet's command, 'Swear not at all.'"
- "How came a Moor to be so familiar with English words and Christian teachings?" I asked, curiously.
- "Because the light of Abrahen Zenete's home has been an Englishwoman's love."
- "And is she still a captive?" I asked. Somehow I could not think of an English woman in the home of a Mussulman, except as a prisoner. I had yet to learn how little love recks of such differences of race and faith.
- "She was never a captive from the hour Abrahen Zenete's eye rested on her," was the reply. "She was free as the air to go or stay beneath his lintel."
 - "And does she yet remain?"
- "She stayed for twenty years, and then died a true believer in the Christian prophet, through whom she hoped for everlasting life."
 - "And thou?"
- "Were other Christians like her, Abrahen Zenete's heart had never known doubt; but all that she was not they are, and all that she was, it seems to me, they are not."
 - "What mean'st thou?"
- "What boots it to tell? Thou art a Christian—a believer in the worst religion men ever professed—a religion which first taught the world that a wrong done to an unbeliever is no sin."
- "Does not thy faith also teach that the unbeliever shall be destroyed?"

- "Alas, yes; what the Christians taught, the followers of the Prophet learned too well. But they did not learn treachery nor drunkenness nor the robbery of each other under the forms of law. The Mussulman is bad enough, but he is not so avaricious, so cruel, nor so base as the Christian."
- "Thou dost not hope to see her again—in the other world?" I asked, wondering what must be the Mahometan's thought with regard to a woman he has loved on earth, who is shut out of Paradise by his faith.
- "That is as Allah wills," he answered with solemn rebuke.
 - "What was her name?"
- "Like yours—Berenice Leek. That is why I retranslated your name so readily."
- "Berenice Leek! I had once a kinswoman of that name who went to visit other kin in Portugal, and was never heard of afterward!"
- "It was from a Portuguese ship she was taken, as I have been told," he answered, carelessly. "I know nothing of that. She was a captive when I first saw her; I was the captive afterward."
 - "And did she have no children?"
- "One—who will soon be a captive also—but alas, not of the Moors—a Christian captive, and therefore without hope!"
 - "Why without hope? what dost thou mean?"
- "I but repeat what you must know; the city cannot long hold out. Then its inhabitants will be slaves. Were I a Christian, I would save both Berenice's child and myself this fate; but I cannot strike one who is the seal of such a love, and the Prophet hath forbidden any man to take his own life. Unless your swords are merciful, I and my child will both grace your conquest. For myself I care not. You say Berenice was a kinswoman?" he asked after a moment's pause,

- "As I do believe."
- "She had a cousin who was a gallant knight; his name was Sir Tudor,—but he must be an old man now?"
 - "He is my father."
- "Then, indeed, thou art bound in blood with her, and if with her to her child also!"
- "How old is thy son?"
- "My son! Ah, yes,—fifteen summers— when the harvest moon shall shine."
- "It is a tender age to face the perils of a city's sack!"

I shuddered as I thought what scenes would be enacted when the city should be given up to pillage. I was a young soldier, but I had heard that story often enough from my men, who boasted freely of the hellish things they would do when that



day came, as come I knew it must, and that not many weeks hence.

- "And your own flesh and blood, Sieur Capitan?"
- "You do not seem greatly concerned?" I asked curiously.

- "Save for the child, not at all. What Allah wills, must be. That is enough for them that believe in his name."
 - "Is not the child a believer?"
- "Hark ye, Sir Knight: I can tell thee what it might be ill for Moorish ears to hear. I fear the child believeth not save as did thy kinswoman. I have never asked—and yet I know that but for love of me, the child would seek the mother's people as it clings to the mother's faith."
- "Why should not both father and son come within our lines?"
 - "You a soldier and ask me this!"
 - "The child hath not borne arms!"
- "Not so much as bent a bow in the city's defense; nor even mocked thee from the walls."
 - "That is very strange."
- "Such was my command; besides, as I tell thee, the child hath a divided heart; on the one side a father's love, on the other a mother's faith."
 - "If I but had him in our lines-"
 - "What wouldst thou do with him?"

I could almost feel the twitching of the fierce face that bent toward me in the darkness.

- "I would make him my squire, or if too young for that my page."
 - "And thou wouldst save him from harm?"
- "As he were my brother, rather than my cousin by I know not how many removes. We Welsh people count not distance as weakening the claim of kindred."
 - "And if I bring him to thee wilt thou do this?"
 - "How shall I get him within the bulwarks?"
 - "As thou camest out, I trow he might enter in."
- "But to-night the guards are weary and negligent because of the terrible heat."
- "And to-morrow night they will sleep because the wind will cease at the going down of the sun."

- "What dost thou propose?"
- "Meet me here, and I will deliver thy kinswoman's child into thy hands."

I hesitated; might it not be a trap?

- "Thou fearest treachery," he said after a moment's pause. "Abrahen Zenete hath never spoken false to man or woman. Yet I blame thee not; the soldier hath need beware of his enemy; and liars be found of every creed and nation. Yet if thou wilt consider, thou needst incur no peril for thyself or thy cause. Thou hast only to open the sally-port and give what signal thou wilt, and if any but a child answer, thou hast but to hold the way with such force as thou mayst provide."
 - "But if the child should betray me?"
 - "Peril ripens discretion faster than years."
 - "Our camp is a poor refuge for one of Moorish blood."
 - "Thou hast need of a pretty page."
- "Faith! there be few tents of them that hold command without such ornament; but I have no kin to train to chivalry."
- "The child of Abrahen Zenete and thy kinswoman should prove no inept scholar."
 - "Save that he leaves his father—"
 - "By the father's command, remember."
- "Let it be as thou wishest, though if it were known that I had been in treaty with thee, or had taken one of the besieged within our lines, I fancy they whom I serve would give me exceeding short shrift."
- "Think you Hamet el Zegri is a tender-hearted leader? Were it known that I had speech with thee save at the sword's point, where think you my head would be tomorrow?"

I knew his words were true, for one of their Captains had been beheaded on the wall in front of our salient only a few days before for holding secret communication with some of our forces. "Well," I said, "I will risk it. After the second watch is set to-morrow night I will be at the portal and will give this signal."

I whistled a bar of a *chanson* I had learned in boyhood at the castle in Aquitaine.

- "And I will answer it," he said, and whistled the same with great softness and precision.
 - "Where learnedst thou that?" I asked in surprise.
- "At the court of King René," he answered, "where even a Saracen was welcome if he had but skill in minstrelsy."

The answer softened me toward him greatly.

- "What is the child's name?"
- "Xarif."
- "Speaks he his mother's tongue?"
- "Assuredly; also Castilian—learned at Seville.
- "How at Seville?"
- "The mother went there every year until the two last past."
 - "And none knew who she was?"
- "Only her confessors, the first of which was the archpriest, Gonzalez Jimenes, and after he was cast into prison, the Fray Diego Deza."
 - "He is now the chaplain of the Infant, Don Juan."
 - "So have I heard."
 - "And in attendance on him here in the camp?"
- "It is well. Shouldst thou have need of assistance or advice, he will not fail thee. The other, I am told, hath become the saint of the Convent de los Reyes, and is in high favor with their Majesties. He is a good man, would there were more like him in Spain."
- "That I may know the lad when he answers my hail, let him give the word, "Tallerte."

The midnight cry rang shrill and clear through the hot crackling air from the tower of the citadel. My companion started,

"I must to my post!" he said, hastily. "The Prophet guard thee!"

"Adieu," I responded, but even before I spoke, I knew he was no longer there.

I returned cautiously to my sally-port, and sat all night with my back against it, fearing lest my folly had exposed the work to peril.

With sunset next evening, as the Moor had predicted, the South wind fell, and as the darkness came on, a breeze of most languorous coolness came up from the West. Hardly had it touched the nostrils when the inclination to sleep became all but irresistible. Men dropped down wherever they happened to be, and with a sigh of satisfaction, sunk into deep and untroubled slumber. Nature was making amend for those days and nights of torture.

With the utmost difficulty I kept awake until the second watch was set. Ten minutes later the guard at the sallyport was curled up on his post, snoring like the seven sleepers. I took his spear to prevent the chance of his attacking me unawares should he awaken, and peeping through the wicket looked out into the orchard where the moon shone almost as bright as day, through the silvergray leafage. All was still. I had taken no precaution, except to come fully armed and clad in mail. For a moment I hesitated. Then putting my lips to the arrowslit in the gate I whistled the strain agreed on. Instantly, the response came, and cautiously opening the port, I saw a lad alone and bowed under a heavy burden, cross the belt of light and stagger swiftly toward the wall.

"Xarif!" I whispered.

"Tallerte!" came the answer in soft Southern tones.

I caught him by the hand and drew him quickly within the gate.

"What is this?" I asked, touching the burthen which he bore.

"A present from my sire, Sieur Capitan," he answered,

as he gasped for breath, and let it fall at my feet. He was a comely lad, clad in a jaunty Andalusian costume, slight, and panted with his exertion.

"It is too heavy for thee, lad," I said, taking his hand, and at the same time reaching down to lift up the bundle he had brought. "Good sooth," I continued, feeling its weight and clasping the thin fingers within my own, "I wonder thou couldst bear it at all!"

"It was only a step, and—he wished it."

The little fellow leaned against the wall and began to sob hysterically.

"There! There!" I said roughly, to hide my own weakness. "None of that now! Come!"

I restored the soldier's spear, and, taking the roll, which seemed like a packet of merchandise, under one arm, and leading my new page by the hand, made my way back to my tent. When I undid the fastenings I found the bundle to contain a magnificent oriental rug, within which were wrapped a diamond-hilted sword, a pair of costly daggers, and a small vest of exquisitely wrought chainmail, a light helmet of brass cross-bars, covered with red and yellow silk, a doublet of green velvet slashed with red, and a bunch of light javelins made of some dark wood I had never seen before.

"In faith, thou comest well provided!" I said, lightly. There was no answer, and looking up I saw the lad's

eyes fastened with the glare which only extreme hunger gives, upon the remnant of my evening meal, which lay upon the table beside the lamp on the other side of the tent. I knew at once what it meant. Famine was within the city. The pale features were drawn and tense; the delicate lips quivered, and the small hands were clenched in the vain effort to maintain his self-control.

"Poor fellow!" I said, "thou art hungry?"

"Pardon," he murmured, while the tears stole down the thin cheeks, "I have eaten nothing for two days."

"And I'll warrant not much for many days before," I answered.

Seizing a flask of wine and dashing a little into a cup of water, I handed it to him to drink. Then I gave him a bit of bread, and after a moment another and another. Then more wine and more food, but slowly, for I had heard Signor Caboto tell of finding a man once cast away at sea who died of overeating when he was found, though he ate not half as much as a hearty man might have done at a single meal. So I held the youngster back, or rather he restrained himself, for though he was famishing, he made no effort to take aught save what I offered him. I judged that more wine and less food would be to his advantage, though it might for the time prove too much So I plied him well with the cup, and had, for his head. by and bye, the satisfaction to see him sink down upon the gay carpet he had brought, and in a moment more he was sleeping as peacefully as a kitten at my feet. I watched him for a time, pitying the hardship he had endured and grateful for a chance to save him from the fate that would have been his on the downfall of the city.

Finally, moved by I know not what concourse of sentiments, I lifted the frail body in my arms, laid him on my own couch, and even kissed the childish lips now red with the restored current of life.

Then I removed my armor and stretched myself on the carpet with my saddle for a pillow and slept until the call of the morning watch aroused the camp. At first, I could not imagine why I should be lying there on the floor of my tent. Then I began to recall the events of the past night and when I had shaken myself together and donned the doublet I had laid aside when I sank to sleep, I stepped softly over to the couch to inspect my new page by daylight. A head set round with heavy chestnut locks was lying on the pillow; the face was thin from hunger and

the eyes were sunken, but the lids were delicately veined, the brows cleanly curved, the cheeks soft and fair. The close-clasped doublet had evidently been too confining for the dreaming brain to endure its restraint. The unconscious hands had unclasped its bracings and now lay crossed upon the quiet breast that rose and fell beneath them with the easy suspirations of youth. The slender hands were not able to conceal the fact, however, that it was a woman's bosom on which they rested. I stood awhile, stupefied with wonder; then drew the covering gently over the exposed loveliness, stooped and kissed the soft lips, and stole away to meditate on the new complications which had come into my life.

I could understand now her father's anxiety that she should escape from the city before it fell. The horror I felt at the fate which might have befallen her served to impress me the more fully with the responsibility I had undertaken, and drew my heart in a kindly, almost paternal, way to the hapless kinswoman whom fate had thus strangely placed under my protection.

My first impulse was to ask leave to present myself to her Majesty and cast myself and the waif in my charge, wholly upon her grace and mercy. Well would it have been for both of us had I done so. Isabella of Castile was a woman of a sweet and noble nature. Though what she deemed the obligations and responsibilities of rulership made her do many harsh and cruel things, for which the kingdom to which she devoted all her energies will have to suffer for many a long day, she was true as steel in all that touched her womanhood, and full of enthusiasm for Besides, she had almost as much Engall noble things. lish as Spanish blood in her veins, and was especially partial to all things English, as it was fitting that she But a lad of eighteen is not as wise as a man of sixty, though he may be a stout soldier, wear a cartain's scarf, and have a goodly company under his com-

mand. I was not only young but had an English lad's suspicion of a foreign people. Especially, was I afraid of the consequences that might follow a revelation of my identity. Besides that, only a few days before a desperate attempt had been made upon her Majesty's life, or the life of one of the ladies of the court, whom a Moorish fanatic, claiming to have a message which must be delivered to her alone, had mistaken for the Queen. In consequence of this the strictest orders had been issued against all communication with the enemy, and such a course would have compelled me to acknowledge an offense against which the penalty of death had been proclaimed, which, if I should escape, it was not likely I would retain the advantage which good fortune had cast in my way. this was the course which my duty as a soldier and as a relative of the poor girl now in my care plainly demanded of me. Without meaning to neglect either, I chose one which entailed unutterable misery upon us both.



It was, indeed, a pretty page who greeted me on my return; but if I had not already surprised her secret I think it would have betrayed itself in the feminine touch the seeming lad had shown in the arrangement of the It had been swept and dusted. The couch was daintily spread. The oriental rug of almost priceless value made the interior resplendent with its glory. Arms and armor had been tastefully arranged on the racks where hitherto they had been carelessly thrown. Fortunately. such luxury as the rug indicated was not uncommon, and the plunder of the Moorish towns had made it possible to purchase such things with a few maravedis which at other times would have cost a fortune; so I had no fear that the changed condition of my quarters would attract unpleasant attention.

My kinswoman wore at this time the shirt of light chain mail she had brought, which fell half-way to her knees and was gathered round her waist by a belt, from which hung one of those straight Italian daggers, no wider than the finger, having three edges and three hollowed sides, which they call stilletos. It is a dangerous weapon, for though it make but a small hole, it easily

sinketh deep and the blood ceaseth not to run when it cometh away. Its handle was of silver, inlaid with some sort of precious stones that looked like drops of blood. I wondered what so well concealed her form, but learned afterwards that in anticipation of the need of such disguise her father had designed for her a sort of stomacher made of untanned skins, so padded that it would have taken sharper eyes than mine to find the woman in the seeming lad before me, had it not been for the accident of the morning.

"Good morrow," I said. "You must be hungry. Pedrario shall hasten the potage, and in the meanwhile we will have some cakes and wine. Hasten, Pedrario," I called to the cook, who occupied a small tent at the rear. "And mind thou hast enough for three; for I have now a growing lad to feed, and this cursed wind has left me with an appetite which makes me thankful for the Holy Father's grace, seeing this is a Friday."

For the Pope by special bull had granted them that fought against the Moors exemption from the fasts of the Church.

When I turned the girl had already brought the cakes from the leathern bag in which we carried our supplies of that sort to protect them both from the rain and from the many insects which in that country do abound. I fancy her hunger had led her to discover its contents before, though I do not think she had tasted a crumb. She then filled a goblet from a wine-skin in the corner of the tent, which she placed upon the table and looked up at me as if for farther direction. In every movement I could now detect the Moorish girl accustomed to anticipate the wants of the male members of the household, whom they serve without question as if they were of a superior race; as indeed they are, according to Mussulman teaching.

"Well done, Xarif," I said. "Xarif is thy name, is it not?"

She cast down her eyes and the hot blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Thou art almost as deft a housekeeper as if thou hadst been a girl," I continued, with that propensity to torture those we have in our power, which is, I think, inherent in most men. "Thou wilt find some raisins and a few dates under the couch. A soldier's larder is everywhere, you know, and the habit of putting everything in skins, which prevails in this country, is very convenient for us who live in tents."

She found and put them on the table, beside which she had placed a stool for me.

"That is right, Xarif," I said, seating myself; "but where wilt thou sit—here at my side or opposite?"

Her face was covered with a flaming blush. I enjoyed her confusion, for I did not then realize what it meant to her, with her Moorish training, to be asked to sit at meat with a man. Not that the Moors are as strict in such matters as other Mahometans; but it is seldom that the Moorish woman enjoys the same privileges, even in her own house, as we accord to women in Christian lands; which is one thing in which we can honestly claim to be superior to the Infidels.

"If it please thee, Master, I will stand and serve," she answered, still with downcast look.

"But it does not please me. Soldiers are comrades, and thou art a soldier now—by my faith, a very pretty soldier, too."

Before I could prevent she had fallen on her knees and was clasping my feet.

"Master!" she cried, tearfully, "thou knowest I am thy kinswoman, Xarifa—not Xarif. My father bound me with an oath, as soon as I should deem it safe to do so, to reveal this to thee, and confess for him that he did deceive thee, or rather permit thee to deceive thyself, for he said not that I was his son, but thou. Yet

Abrahen Zenete utters not falsehood even by the mouth of another without shame, and only that I was not his son and he would save me from the worst, did he consent that thou shouldst be beguiled. I know that thou wilt be kind to me, because I am of thy kindred, and I can trust thee, for truth is written on thy face."

I was much affected by her simple words. Taking her by the hand I lifted her up and said:

- "Thou art right, Xarifa. God deal with me as I deal with thee! What wouldst thou I should do for thee?"
- "Let me serve as thy page, as my father did engage that I should."
 - "But, but---"
- "Didst thou not say I was a fair soldier?" she asked with arch significance.
 - "Aye, indeed-too fair!"
- "Do not think I lack skill, I pray thee. This is not the first time I have worn these things,"—touching mail and dagger. "Twice have I ridden with my father on a foray and once saved his life. I can care for thy horses, master—they will know and obey me—and keep thy armor bright; I can handle a spear and a sword, if need be, but not so well as a javelin."
 - "But we fight against thy people—thy kindred!"
- "I have no kindred save my father—and thee. Fear not; I will serve thee faithfully, for I vowed unto my father to make thy cause my cause; thy religion my religion, and thy interest my interest."
- "But thou art a woman," I stammered, in some confusion.
- "Thy kinswoman," she answered, simply, with a glance so direct and trustful that I could but blush at my own thought.
 - "Shall I not take thee to Seville or Cordova?"
 - "Wherever thou goest."
 - "But to stay, I mean? Ought I not to take thee there

to dwell with some one who will care for thee—some woman, Xarifa?"

"My father enjoined that I should serve and obey thee. He has told me that the Christians treat their women better than the Mussulmans on earth, and permit them to go with them to Paradise when they die. Especially, he said, and so did my mother, God rest her soul," she crossed herself with a shy awkwardness as she spoke,— "she too said that the Englishmen so love and honor their kinswomen that they allow them to share their sports and do not think of shutting them up at home or offering them any wrong."

It was now my turn to blush and cast down my eyes.

- "But they do not take them to war," I said.
- "But I know no other kin; I should die of loneliness if I had not some one I knew."

She pouted prettily and I laughed; whereat she became radiant.

- "And you have known me—how long?" I asked.
- "Ever since I heard thee say 'Xarif,' and you brought me here and gave me food," she answered with tears in her eyes.

Her innocent trustfulness annoyed me.

- "But thou must have another name—that which thou hast will betray thee."
 - "Let it be thine," she answered, simply.
 - "But thy given name, Xarifa?"
- "So was I christened in the Cathedral at Seville—Carita, that is Xarifa—Felipe de Zenete, the good Doña Juana de la Torre being my godmother."
- "Let us take the second name—Felipe, is a man's name as well, and a common one."
 - "He is my patron saint."
- "And mine," I said. "Thou wilt hear it if there be fighting. 'God and St. Philip' is the watchword of my company."

"God grant I bring it victory," she said, her face lighting with the thought. So inbred is the love of battle with a soldier's offspring.

"It is strange thou shouldst be so good a Christian," I said in surprise.

She thrust her hand into the close neck of her doublet and drew forth a silver crucifix, hung on a rosary of ebon beads.

"It is well," I said, saluting the holy figure, "let it fall

without thy doublet; it may serve thee in time of need. But what other name wilt thou have?"

"Why not thine?"

"And be my brother—Félipe del Porro? Nay, I like not that. It is but a borrowed name, at best. Thou shalt be my cousin, as indeed thou art, and wear thy true name, if need there be for any."

"That would please me," she answered simply, repeating the name.

"Well, Félipe, so we will let it be for to-day, at least. If need come to change it we will, for names be changed as easily in Spain as clothes, I think."



I drew her to me with a laugh, and kissed her lips. It was not exactly a brotherly kiss but that which I received was as pure as the dew of Paradise.

"Let us eat," she said, gayly, throwing herself on the rug at my feet and holding up her hands to be filled. Her long fasting showed in the quiet eagerness with which she ate; but when I offered her wine she drew back and shook her head.

- "If it please thee, Master," she said, pitifully.
- "Not 'Master,' I said. "Am I not thy cousin? Thou wilt be thought a Moslem if you drink not wine."
- "I would thy Prophet had been as wise as my father's. Wouldst thou require a young brother—as young as I—to drink wine when in health?"
- "That would I not," I answered promptly, "and would thrash the rascal soundly if I caught him doing so."
- "Thrash?" she repeated. "That means beat, does it not? Would you beat—me?"

She caught the hand that held the goblet, swallowed a sip, and then looked archly up into my face.

Before I could reply there came an alarm, and we heard the shrill cry of the muezzin from the tower of the citadel, which was echoed from point to point along the walls. Xarifa sprang to her feet and listened.

- "Quick! Quick!" she cried, handing me my helmet.
 "It is the holy war. They have taken the Prophet's standard from the tower of Gibralfaro!"
 - "Call Pedrario!" I exclaimed.
 - "For what, Master?"
 - "To buckle on my armor."
 - "That is thy page's duty. See, do I not do it well?"

And I must own I never had been so quickly or so neatly helmed and cased before. Ere the lazy Pedrario arrived, I was a mass of steel from finger tip to sole.

- "Take care of my cousin," I said to Pedrario, whose eyes and cars were both turned toward the city whose walls suddenly swarmed with shricking thousands, while his legs seemed longing to carry him away from it.
- "I will take care of myself," I heard her say, reproachfully, as I hurried to my post.

I was none too soon in marshaling my men. The enemy's bombards and other engines on the wall had opened on our works, and before they had reached their stations the air was full of stones and bolts and every form

of noxious missile, while surging out of the city's gate came a great host of dusky-faced devils with white turbans, shrieking their unholy battle-cry, while before them danced a black Nigromancer bearing the Holy Banner made of the three spotless tails of the Prophet's mares, and shouting prayers and incantations horrible enough to chill the blood of any Christian.

The tide of frantic infidels struck the line of works a little to our left, and swept away its defenders as if they had been chaff. Fortunately, I had connected our salient with a line in the rear, which had once been our front, so that we were nearly as well defended on one side as the other. Throwing myself with a few of my best men into the gate, the others scattered along the parapet and thrust back the enemy who, clambering upon each other's backs, sought to mount the wall. All was in confusion; blows resounded; bombards roared; the air was full of dust. "Allah Ackbar!" shouted the turbaned host. "God and St. Philip!" my fellows responded. The odds were ter-We could hold the gate as long as our strength remained, and very soon a barrier of dead Mussulmans was heaped up before us. But he who fights in armor under the sun of Spain in July, hath need of muscles and nerves of steel. The sweat ran down our bodies like rain until it spurted out of the boots that cased our greaves, at every step. It blinded our eyes and trickled down our beards, but we had the wall at our backs and still fought on.

More than once the heathen made a lodgment on the parapet, but my men rallied and drove them off. By and by, the wizard with the Holy Banner came and placed himself before the baffled host for another onset on the gate. He was naked save for a white cloth about his loins, and his black skin glistened in the sun while he ran back and forth in front of the heathen host amid a storm of bolts and arrows which made the air seem thick; but

none touched him. When this giant santon, who was believed to be invulnerable, came himself to lead the assault on our position, I felt that our only hope lay in his death, if indeed, mortal weapon might overcome his enchantments. So, I determined to rush out upon him before his followers could come to close quarters with my I waited until he was not more than ten steps away, his eyes gleaming like fire, his lips foaming, and the impious words in which he proclaimed himself invincible. ringing out on the hot, pulsing air. Behind him was a solid wall of frantic believers. Mustering all my strength, I poised my sword as if it had been a lance, determined to make trial of his enchantment, knowing that if I did not kill him we must soon yield from sheer exhaustion. Before I could move, however, a light javelin shot out from under my right arm, struck the Nubian Nigromancer square upon the naked left breast, and sunk into the glowing black skin as if it had been only so much shining peat. He sprang up with a terrible shout, tossing over his head upon the turbans of his frenzied followers the Holy Banner, and fell dead hardly a spear's-length from where we stood. His followers wavered, and just then, new forces coming up from the rear, they broke and fled.

Before the hour for the noonday rest had come it was all over. The leaguered city was full of wailing; our camp, despite the many dead, was a scene of exultation. Masses for the dead and Te Deums for the victory were being said at once by the priests who attended the army. As for me, I was lying on the couch in my tent which the enemy had not time to pillage, unhelmed and panting with exhaustion, while my new page pressed on me, by turns, the wine she had refused, and the potage Pedrario had left stewing on the pit when he took to his heels. A King's officer, accompanied by a notary and two of those black fellows, who are the spies of the King as well as the agents of the Inquisition, came to take my report of

the fight, especially as to the killing of the Nigromancer. I could tell them nothing they did not know, for they who stood with me and others on the wall had already told enough. It appeared from their story that St. Philip, clothed in a green and red doublet, with a crown of gold upon his head, had come down from heaven and transfixed the blaspheming heathen with a heavenly dart, on which was traced in golden letters, a device against which the wizard's spells were powerless.



I know not what answer I might have made in my confusion, but just then the page stumbled against the table at which the notary wrote, who cursed him for an awkward lout, and I saw him making haste to hide his doublet which was so like the costume of the rescuing saint. Whereat, the truth flashed upon me, and to save my soul, I could not help but laugh, and my page laughed also. Thereupon, the miracle-hunters grew wroth and one of them declared that if I was struck with such blindness as not to see the blessed Saint when he appeared

expressly to perform such a notable miracle and show himself to so many, it was evident that he must have but an ill opinion of the officer in command of my redoubt.

To which I foolishly replied that it showed little discrimination on his part if it were so, since he was both my own and my young cousin's patron saint.

This answer still farther angered the Familiars, showing, as one of them declared, a levity which amounted to nothing less than disbelief in the miracles of the Holy Church. I cared too little for their ill-will, now that I had become a Captain, to think in the hour of so notable a triumph, how necessary it was to remove it.

"What be thy page's name?" asked the notary who had been writing down what was said.

"Félipe," I answered,—"a young cousin who is come to learn chivalry and the art of war with me, in the service of our sovereign Lord and Lady of Castile and Aragon."

"Saw you aught of the holy St. Philip, when he flung his dart, sirrah?"

"Troth, I did not," answered the page, meekly, "but the good St. Philip would never pass by one who loves him so well as I, and I have here the very fellow of the dart with which the Nigromancer was slain. There were twain, but one I threw against the Moslem hosts from the parapet at the very moment the false Prophet fell. The other I shall keep until it please God and good St. Philip to show me how it shall be used."

This simple declaration seemed both to astound and anger the Inquisitors.

"Give it me," said the officer.

"Craving pardon," I interposed, "if St. Philip had intended thee to have it, he would undoubtedly have given it into thy hand. I know not how my page obtained it, but he is right in holding fast so precious a relic."

Whereon they went away, not fully satisfied, and I had an uneasy feeling that I had made an enemy.

"What is it about this dart, and how came thee to have it?" I asked cautiously, when they had departed.

"It is one of the javelins the Nigromancer himself had charmed," she answered, "which I brought with me. The inscription on it is a verse of the Koran."

She looked up at me with a smile.

"Nevertheless," I said, solemnly, "St. Philip did indeed deliver the army with a notable miracle."

She blushed and let her lids fall over eyes full of too glad a light.



Two things troubled me. One was what to do with my kinswoman, whose trustful innocence bound me to the most scrupulous regard, while her ready acceptance of a page's place and performance of a squire's duty made it impossible to treat her with that deference I desired to manifest toward her. She was an adept in all the light exercises of the Moors, and had that familiarity with military life which comes only by experience in the camp. she had predicted, she soon made my horses her willing subjects, and was never tired of fondling and caring for Yet day by day I could see that she was growing less and less content. There were tears she strove to hide, and in the corner of the tent which she had curtained off for herself I heard her prayers in the night-time choked with sobs. Not seldom, too, she would throw down her food before it touched her lips, and with a wailing cry rush from an untasted meal to scan the hungry groups on the city-wall as they gazed in agony at the viands spread out upon our works to tempt and torture them. I did not wonder. Her heart was in the city with her famished father. But what could I do? I, a mere mercenary in the ranks of a foreign prince—the disinherited son of an unrelenting father?

Another thing that gave me anxiety, was the changed demeanor of the officers with whom I had been wont to associate. These grew suddenly cool and distant, after the day of the sortie. Even my own subordinates seemed to regard me with suspicion. I was at a loss to understand what it meant, so unfamiliar was I with the Spanish nature, which is to a remarkable degree, prone to superstition and jealousy. My success in resisting the onslaught of the Moors might have been endured, for they

honor courage despite their envy; but the levity I was said to have manifested in regard to the miracle which St. Philip had wrought was not to be passed over without reprobation. No doubt the English be as good Christians as the Spaniards, but they do not make so much display of their faith, and do not keep prayers and



oaths so closely mixed upon their tongues that it is hard to tell where the one ends and the other begins. I was no saint, but our Lord Christ and Mary Mother never had a truer-hearted believer than I was in those days, especially since Xarifa had come to my tent; for she spent so much time on her knees that I was shamed to greater faithfulness, besides needing more grace to keep me from temptation and dishonor. I did not doubt that St. Philip had done a miracle for our salvation. If he had not, we should have been overcome, and on my soul I believe the siege would have been raised; but the miracle he really performed was not

of the kind the marvel-mongers desired. So, though I prayed earnestly every day before the cross erected on the spot where the Nigromancer fell, I found the feeling grew daily against me, because I could not talk about the wonder of which others were full.

It was with a certain sense of relief, therefore, that a week after the sortie I received a summons from my patron, and mounting the barb he had given me I was soon at the door of his tent. My page had followed me, though I gave no order to that effect, and, when I entered the Duke's marquee, remained a dozen paces off fondling the muzzles of the two fiery steeds we had ridden, as if she had had the care of them since they were foals.

"Your squire knows a horse, muyo Capitan," said the Duke, catching sight of the group, through the opening of his tent. "My faith, he is a comely lad! Whence is he?"

"A relative from Biscaya, your Excellency, who came to serve with me against the Moors."

"He seems full young for that. Is he one of those old Zenete slapped with the flat of his sword the other day. bidding them go home, and tell their mothers he sent them to be trounced? By my faith!" he continued laughing, "it must have hurt the youngsters worse than if he had used the edge. Who would have thought a Moor had such wit? Saint Iago! if he ever falls into my hands he shall have Christian treatment an' I have to fight all the churchmen in Spain to save him. But that will not be needful, for her Majesty, who hath a knight's heart in her woman's bosom, hath given order that Abrahen Zenete and all his kith and kin, goods and chattels, be spared in the city's sack because of his knightly act, and any caitiff that offers harm to either shall be hung as high as Haman -was it Haman or the other one? You ought to be churchman enough to know."

I think only some such allusion to the life I dreaded

could have saved me from betraying my joy at his previous words. As it was, I was able to bear what followed with complaisance because of it.

- "What is this you have done to set the Fathers of the Holy Office against my Captain?" he asked anxiously.
 - "What mean you, my lord Duke?"
- "Know you not that there is talk of sending my banner to the rear because of thee?" he asked. "My faith, I think the true reason is that it flaps uncomfortably plain in the eyes of the Marquis de Alcantara, and hath been advanced too far to please the Master of Santiago. like not to see the banner of the only noble in Castile who was not summoned to the war by their Majesties, but who came of his own accord, and hath brought his own army, greater than any other subject can muster and which serveth under his own command, so much nearer the walls than any other hath been pushed. But they charge that thou art sacrilegious; that thou makest mock of the miracles of the Church and holdest secret commerce with the Moor. What mean they by these things? Thou hast been a good soldier, but thou art a stranger, and the Duke of Medina-Sidonia hath too many enemies at court to permit one of his Captains to be impeached."

I told him of the incident of the Nigromancer, and that the dart which slew him had been thrown by my attendant.

"God's death!" he exclaimed angrily, "thou art as pretty a fool as ever stood in his own sunshine! Sawest thou not that the Holy Fathers were bent upon having a miracle? What mattered it to thee who killed the cursed santon? Thou hadst only to drop on thy knees, roll up thine eyes an' thou wouldest have been the best fellow in the camp, and the Holy Office had been thy fast friend ever after. Thou hadst been haled before the King ere this and a pair of gold spurs put on thy heels, too. Indeed, until Torquemada got the King's ear, that was

the intendment; and, moreover, the niece of my Lord the Archbishop, did importune the Queen that she might buckle them on: whereat the Archbishop was wroth, claiming that it was unseemly for one so recently wed to show such favor to a man who openly made love to her as thou didst on the march hither. And withal I am to bear the blame for thy folly! By God and His Saints! I had rather lost a million maravedis than that thou hadst lost thy head at such a time! But how about the Moor? Thou knowest that since the attempt on her Majesty's life the orders are very strict and there is small hope of pardon for one who speaketh with them in secret or admitteth one within the lines."

"I chanced once upon Abrahen Zenete, what time the simoom overpowered my men and I kept watch and ward alone, and we did exchange some words, but none touching the siege or the armament within the city, and none but baptized believers hath passed the guard with my knowledge; nor have I known of any such attempt."

"And thou art willing to swear to this?" he asked, suspiciously.

I drew forth my sword and, falling upon one knee, kissed the cross upon the hilt and began:

"In nomine Jesu Christu et--"

"That will do! That will do! Heavens! Dost thou think I want to hear thee mumble Latin like a priest? I believe, but I fear no one else will. He that denieth with an 'if' getteth credit only with a 'but.' Where got you that blade?" He took it from me by the hilt and scanned it slowly. "I have heard of that sword before. How comes it that you have so rare a blade and wear not the one his Grace of Toledo did present you?"

"This was my father's gift."

"Thy father is then a person of consequence?"

I was silent.

"Speak! Why dost thou not answer?"

"I serve here without his leave, and choose not to use his name."

"Thy name is not del Porro, then?"

I did not answer.

"Very well; it is thine own affair. I am thy debtor, whatever thy name; but the Duke of Medina-Sidonia standeth on too slippery ground at court to be known as the patron of one who trusteth him not with his patronymic. At the same time, if thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt find another than that thou hast, an' that soon. Torquemada hath a long memory, and no man can stand in Spain on whom he looks with disfavor."

"I am then discharged from your service?" I said, astounded at the suddenness of my fall.

"Let it be so," he answered. "The Duke of Medina-Sidonia is debit in thine accompt for succor at sorest need: but it were well for us both that thou shouldst quit his service, and if thou remainest in the realm let it be under another name. I will speak to Gonsalvo de Cordova in thy behalf. He knoweth thee and thy merit, and standeth too near the throne to fall under suspicion. present thou wilt return to Seville with a company of mine which goes as escort to many persons of rank, but especially a monk from the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, who came hither by special command of our Sovereign Lady of Castile and returneth of his own motion, as I believe. It might be well to make him thy friend, for if I mistake not her Majesty will have farther need of him. Thou wilt command the escort and in such duty will accommodate thyself wholly to his wishes."

"And after that?" I asked, as he paused.

I suppose I ought to have been cast down by what I had heard, but I was not. It seemed to me as if some saint had intervened for sweet Xarifa's sake. What was I that my advancement should stand in the way of her happiness?

- "How much am I in arrear to thee?"
- "If anything, I know not: I have never served for hire."
- "Thou art proud enough to have been a Spaniard," he answered with a smile. "Well, I like thee none the worse. Write for me the name thou wilt wear when thou hast quit my service."

He pointed to a table on which were writing materials. I sat down and wrote, "Tallerte de Lajes," and handed the scroll to him.

"It becomes thee better than the other," he said, "though it be a pity to lose so stout a soldier as Del Porro. I will see that thou art not forgotten. If thou wilt call upon the Sacristan of San Marco on the first day of each month thou wilt learn of anything that may be to thy advantage. In the mean time, while in Seville, show thyself in public as little as may be. Thou wilt have need of money; let me supply it. My almoner will accompany the train and furnish whatever may be needful for the escort. My secretary will bring thee written orders."

He handed me a purse, and with "Santa Maria and Saint Iago, speed thee!" bowed me out.

An hour later I had bidden adieu to those who had served with me and not without a feeling of bitterness, was ready with tent and equipments packed, to turn my back upon the dreams my unexpected success had inspired. The news concerning Abrahen Zenete. had made my page more blithesome than I had ever seen him before, and this brought consolation for my own ill-fortune. When the officer to whom I was to resign my command arrived, I found it was none other than that De Ullana, who had married the Dona Guadita Mendoza. When the transfer had been concluded, he took me aside and said:

"You are no doubt surprised, as I am, Senor Capitan,

at this exchange of duties. Until last night I had supposed that I was to escort the caravan to the command of which you are assigned. With it goes my wife, the Doña Guadita de Ullana. I am not unmindful of the great service you rendered her, nor of the tender sentiments you expressed for her, but I have no fear for my honor with such a wife and such a cavalier as El Capitan Artis del Porro."

I bowed my acknowledgment.

"I only desire," he continued, "to notify you of the profound esteem in which you are held both by myself and the Doña Guadita, and to assure you that certain revelations you may have made to her when the fever of your hurt was upon you are quite safe in her confidence. At the same time, being aware of the hostility which has arisen in certain quarters against you, it has seemed to us possible that this change of duties has been made with the purpose of exposing you to danger through your supposed weakness for her. There is no doubt that one or two Familiars of the Holy Office will travel with you; in what guise I know not, but we fear their purpose is to spy upon your actions. The Lady Guadita, therefore, begs that you will be very cautious lest in any manner you expose yourself to unfriendly report. She suggests also, that you may find it profitable to journey much of the time in company with the holy monk, Francisco Ximenes, who is likely some time to be the Queen's Confessor. we counsel, because of our profound esteem and earnest good will for a soldier who seems beset with secret enemies."

I thanked him most earnestly for his friendship and assured him that his counsel would be observed. I could not understand, however, these repeated warnings against hidden danger which came to me from various sources. But for Xarifa, I thought, I would have stood my ground and defied my enemies to do their worst.

But who were my enemies, and why were they such? Why should the Holy Office seek to destroy me? I shuddered as I thought how relentless were its decrees, and what agencies it had for their enforcement.

As we rode back through the lines of the investing army on our way to the point whence the train was to start, I could but regret that the triumph which was now assured by the growing weakness of the besieged, would bring me no honor as the reward of my effort, and, when we halted for a moment on the summit of the hill where the great cannon known as the "Seven Sisters of Ximenes" were planted, I could not keep back my tears as I saw the flag above the salient I had commanded, and realized that when the assault came I should not be there to plant it first upon the shattered walls.

I looked around and saw tears also in Xarifa's eyes, but I knew she wept for sorrow at the fate that impended over her native city and for joy that she would not see the woe of its destruction. Below, the plain was full of tents and armed battalions, horses and caravans with supplies, of shops and forges, while the dull roar of artillery came at intervals through the noontide heat and dust. Beyond was the sea and the clustering masts of the investing fleet. It was a picture that can never fade—the theater of a young soldier's initiation into a military life.

While we tarried, one mounted on a mule in the garb of a monk and the bare feet of an anchorite rode up and halted near. He was a man of middle age, slender and tall, with a high forehead and great dark eyes that lay restless and keen beneath heavy brows. His face was pale and his mouth showed unfaltering decision. His lips moved and his face twitched, as he sat with the sun shining on his tonsured head and gazed back upon the beleaguered city. He fingered his beads as if unconsciously, and I wondered for whom he prayed. It seemed to me

that the besieged were most in need of prayer, but I doubted if they found place in the monk's petitions. At length I heard him say:

"Why will ye die! Why will ye die? Is the gate of heaven to be forever opened only with blood and tears?"

Turning to me after a time, he said, with a swift glance at my mount and equipment:

"This is the Capitan del Porro—or I do mistake?"

I could not help showing some surprise as I assented.

"It is not to be wondered at," he responded with a smile of exceeding sweetness. "I am the Fray Francisco, who is to journey with thee. In sooth, it was thy horse I knew, rather than thee. Whoso bestrides a son of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's barb Achmet, which was presented to him by the king of Granada himself, must not expect to remain unknown. It is an honor few can boast."

"It was a present from the Duke," I answered with some pride.

"So have I heard; he was, moreover, the Duke's own steed, the very choicest of Achmet's sons! You are fortunate. Yet," he added with a keen glance, "you were weeping that you could not stay and share the slaughter."

I confessed his words were true.

"I can understand," he said, musingly, "—I can understand—in part. That is the way God teaches submission to soldiers as well as to priests."

Nothing of moment happened during our journey, which fact the good Fray was kind enough to attribute to my vigilance.

"Because thou wert faithful over a few things, Capitan," he said, gayly, when we saw the towers of Seville in the distance, "if ever I have need of an army, thou shalt command it."

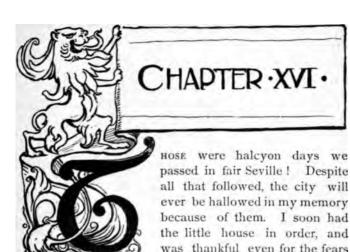
"And if I ever part with Achmet," I said, "he shall be yours." For the Fray loved a good steed despite the

license his profession had, under Castilian law, to ride a mule, which other men were forbid to do.

"I pray thee tempt me not," he replied. "An' such a steed as the Son of Achmet were at my command, I fear I might lack grace to ride an ass!"

We both laughed, little thinking what changes time would bring about.

During the whole journey I had scarce spoken to the Doña Guadita de Ullana save in formal greeting. Now, I rode to her side and with lips and eyes thanked her for her consideration, and she in turn gave me great praise for my prudence and care, and promised whenever occasion should serve to repay my zeal with kind remembrance.



it as a hiding-place. I had no longer any apprehension. When I turned over my command on arrival, "Del Porro" disappeared. Now I was plain Arturo Lac, once more. Only Xarifa and the black son of Achmet knew of their identity. To the Sacristan of San Marco, alone, I was known as Tallerte de Lajes. Through my friend Jacobo, we soon secured servants and a companion for Xarifa,—the Doña Maria Valerez, a worthy and discreet widow. Xarifa, was no longer Xarifa, for her name like herself had assumed the Spanish habit, and for almost the first time since it was conferred, she was known by her baptismal name, Carita de Zenete. It had a Moorish flavor, but what mattered that? One-fourth the people of Seville were Moriscoes, and few of the remainder were without relatives of Moorish blood. When the Moslems overran Spain, they married their Christian captives instead of killing them, and this was continued even after the strife was renewed for their expulsion. it resulted that many of them, like Abrahen Zenete, had more Christian than Moorish blood in their veins, and

which had induced me to secure

were, in fact, more closely allied to the invaders than to the people with whom they fought.

Xarifa—I alone called her by that name, and I only when there was no one else to hear—was happy. her Christian faith and Christian descent, there was much of the fatalism of Islam in her nature. She did not sit under the shadow of the future. "What is to be will be," saved her many a pang. Relieved of fear that her father would be killed or degraded by his captors, she gave little heed to the perils of battle he must encounter. For the beleaguered city and her father's people she seemed hardly to care at all. It was not strange. Her mother's faith had doomed her to more than ordinary seclusion, and the dream of her life had been that she might sometime return to her mother's people. This dream had been fulfilled. I was her kinsman. She was free to go with her companion whither she would in a Christian city. Some time we would go to our own people in beautiful, verdant England. This was all her thought. Of this she talked, of this she dreamed, and for this she prayed. I was to win honor and with that my father's approval; then we would be So she waited with an impatience almost equal to my own, for me to take service once more against her That my father would receive me into favor if I returned with a pair of gold spurs, won by my sword in a holy war, she was much more confident than I, who knew his nature and the theory on which his action was based.

I do not think she thought of me in any other relation than as a kinsman. She was young. The present was full of joy; for cramped as a Spanish lady's life seems to our English notions, it was freedom itself, to one reared as she had been. As for myself, I did not know how much I loved her. I shared with her the dream of a happy return to England, I with the honors of a successful soldier, and she to find a welcome among wondering

kindred. Perhaps the Queen would even make her a Maid of Honor as my mother had been. If I thought of marriage with her it was only as a remote and possible contingency. Indeed, I am not sure I did not think it would be a little discreditable for the son of an English peer, to marry the daughter of a Moor. I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I will not deny the truth. She was as a sister or a favorite cousin whom one never thinks of as anything more and never expects to be anything less. After all, I was only a boy, and all the more a boy because I had led so quiet a life, full only of dreams and a mother's love, with never a sister or a cousin, within the walls of Edgemont. Youth has strange dreams, and sometimes the most absurd are the sweetest and most honorable. Of nothing am I now so glad as that I was not wiser then.

"Will the daughter of Zenete go with her father to Oran or stay with her mother's kindred?" This was the message that came through the Sacristan of San Marco, after the fall of Malaga. Oran is a city of Africa near which her father had an estate. There was nothing more. For days after she heard this, Xarifa lay prone before the image of the Virgin in the little oratory she had prepared—fasting and praying. My heart was greatly troubled. I knew her love for her father. To go to him meant eternal separation, not only from me, but from all I held dear and sacred. Finally she came forth pale and weak, but calm.

"If I stay with thee, wilt thou always be my loyal kinsman in Christ Jesus?" she asked, looking earnestly into my face.

Then I knelt and taking her hand, which held the crucifix, in mine, I swore that I would love and serve her truly and faithfully as ever knight served a saintly mistress, and kissed both the holy symbol and the hand that held it, in attestation of my vow. I shall never forget the look of sweet contentment that came over her face, as she said:

"It is enough; 'whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God."

Then she withdrew to take much needed rest. I saw her no more until the morrow, and in the mean time the solemnity of the obligation I had taken on myself weighed upon me greatly. The purse which I had received from his Excellency, the duke, was well-nigh empty, and I knew not how long the monthly stipend I received from



him would continue. Indeed, I liked not to live upon his bounty, however much I might have deserved his gratitude. These things gave me great heaviness of spirit, and so unaffected were our relations that I did not hesitate to tell Xarifa all that I felt. She was sitting on a cushion with her head upon my knee, as was her wont, when we were by ourselves, for the Moorish habit was still strong upon her. When I had finished speaking, she rose, and asking that she might be excused for a moment,

went to her own room whence she presently returned and laid a package in my hand. When I unfolded it I saw it was a boddice of peculiar character, consisting of a broad. thick girdle fastened with rings to breast and back pieces and looped with a net-work of metal chains across the These parts were made of untanned skins, very thick, but smooth as glass, and so hard as to make it, when worn underneath her Milan corselet, one of the most complete bits of defensive armor ever conceived. too, how perfectly it was designed to conceal the feminine proportions of her form by filling its outlines and giving a boyish sturdiness to her figure, at which I had wondered much since she had resumed the garments of her sex. She no doubt divined my thoughts, for when I looked up, after expressing admiration for its exquisite workmanship, I found her face covered with blushes.

"It is very heavy," I said, balancing it on my hand, and extending it toward her. She gave a low, pleased laugh, and taking it from me turned it over, and with a deft movement opened one after another a dozen silklined receptacles hid between the inner and the outer plates of this unique boddice, which might have served Boadicea well, if she had only had Moorish workmen to fashion one for her. Each of these receptacles was filled with treasures—Moorish gold-pieces, jewels, pearls, and precious stones. Never had I seen so much value in so small a compass. I looked up at her in amaze.

"The daughter of the Moor did not come to her kinsman empty-handed," she said proudly.

I was glad to know she was so well-provided, but somehow, it hurt me to think she would not owe everything to me. I think no man likes to have those he loves enjoy what is not of his giving. That is the difference between man's love and woman's. Xarifa must have noticed my discomfiture, for she thrust the treasure quickly into my hand, saying:

"It is thine; take and use it as thou wilt."

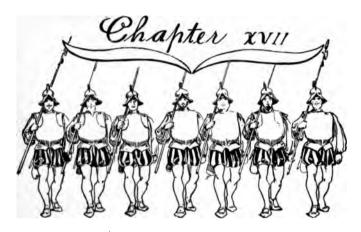
I had not thought of using it, though the knowledge that she had such wealth lifted a great load from my heart; but we agreed it was not wise that such a treasure should be left in so frail a receptacle. So, having procured one of those steel caskets, in making which the artisans of Toledo so greatly excel, having two locks and two keys for each, we deposited the greater part of her wealth with the Sacristan of San Marco, to be delivered up on the order of either of us, provided the person bringing the same should have a key which would open one of the locks, a key of the other lock being left with him; so that none could open it but with his concurrence, nor he without aid from another.

Instead of a receipt, he gave us two round pieces of stiff. hard parchment, each inscribed with the date and a number. One of these, to occupy my leisure, I ornamented after the manner of a dial, and affixed the key thereto in such a manner that, if at any hour the figure representing that hour were turned toward the sun and the key placed half way between that and the noonmark on the dial, it would show the direction of the pole-star as surely as a lodestone. It was a trick which I had learned from Signor Caboto, who said he had often used it at sea, when he feared the lodestone had become distempered, to verify its testimony. And thinking of these two, I covered the whole parchment with quaint forms which I had noted on their charts, little thinking what evil might result there-Xarifa took it finally and put it in the boddice where the rest of the treasure was. The other piece I kept myself, while the second key of the other lock, we enclosed in a stout parchment wrapper and with it a letter to my father containing a full account of all that had occurred since my departure from home and also a heavy signet-ring which Xarifa desired to send him as a present. In this letter I told him that if he wished to know what service I had rendered he might ask whom he chose what sort of a soldier was El Capitan del Porro.

It was a foolish boast, but I was only a boy and anxious that my father should know I had done something of which he need not be ashamed.

This letter was given to Jacobo to be sent to Master Flemming by the next ship that should sail to Bristol from any convenient port. I wrote also to Master Flemming, but not very fully.

These things done, I grew impatient to be again in the field, for one with the instinct of a soldier is aye weary of ease when he hears the trumpets blare about him. I was glad, therefore, to get, soon afterward, a peremptory order from the Duke of Medina Sidonia to report to the Chevalier de Cordova at his palace in the city.



GONSALVO DE CORDOVA was not then "the Great Captain." though he was already spoken of as "the Prince of Cavaliers." Handsome, gay, of a reckless daring, true to his friends, loyal to his King, and a prime favorite with Queen Isabella; of luxurious habits but able to undergo inconceivable fatigue, he had, also, the very remarkable distinction of having fewer enemies than any man of our time-perhaps fewer than any great man of any time. United with these qualities, was a strange winsomeness of manner, which caused men to accept his leadership in battle or advice in counsel, without argument or suspicion, and a genius for military affairs as unobtrusive as it was His long service with the Spanish armies had shown him their defects, and without discussion or advice he set himself to make those changes on which his future fame so greatly depended. He was one of the first to recognize the fact that a foot-soldier is better and cheaper than a horseman, if he is so armed and disciplined as to develop his full capacity.

When I was first ushered into his presence he sat in a sumptuous chair having high carved arms, over which was thrown a lion's skin. It was of a fashion said to have

been modeled on the throne-chairs of the Moors, which was at that time much in vogue. He was attired in a suit of rich brocade and velvet. At his right was a small table, the top of which was a single slab of that rich stone, shining like emerald, only a paler green, as if it had caught the light by lying for ages under the waters of the sea, as indeed some say it hath, which the plunder of Moorish palaces had introduced into Spain. I had seen pieces of it before, but never one so large, and indeed only in the palace of the Alhambra have I seen its equal since. On this table were writing materials and a book to which he now and then recurred as if it contained memorandums of what he had in hand. Back of this, at another table, sat a secretary who took notes of such matters as he was directed to record. He was evidently engaged in the dispatch of business, for while I waited in the ante-room more than a score passed through the double velvet curtains into the room where he sat, only to come forth after a brief interview and hurry away as if charged to use dispatch in executing the orders they had received. last, there was but one remaining with me, a small slender man of about my own age, with regular features, a piercing eye and a composed manner. While others chafed at being required to wait, he stood quietly looking out of the window. I was greatly impressed with his youth and grace, both of which were enhanced by the slightness of his form, which, however, was compact and wiry. were bidden to enter together, and he led the way as if entitled of right to precedence. I noted the fact with a smile, as characteristic of the Spanish people to whom, though the most fastidious people in the world, self-assertion seems altogether consistent with gentle manners.

The Chevalier Gonsalvo looked up as we entered and watched our approach with a steady glance. I was becomingly arrayed and knew that my appearance was that of one accustomed to a military life, so I felt no discom-

posure in coming into the presence of the great Captain. Motioning me to one side with a gesture that was a request in its gentle courtesy, he addressed my companion:

- "Your name, Señor?"
- " Alonzo de Ojeda."
- "Your wish?"
- "To serve in the corps you are recruiting."
- "In what capacity?"
- "Such as you may assign me."



- "What can you do?"
- "I carry a sword," touching the hilt lightly.
- "What service would you prefer?"
- "What others shrink from."
- "If I give thee a spear?"
- "Thou shalt never find it out of line."
- "Bring me twenty spearmen and thou shalt be an ensign."

He waved his hand and the other withdrew.

"And now, Señor, by what name shall I call you?"

There was something in his tone and smile which satisfied me that I was recognized; but I answered gravely:

- "Tallerte de Lajes, at your lordship's service."
- "Tallerte de Lajes! Good sooth, a fair name, but I remember it not. May I ask if you are a Biscayan?"

I bowed my head but made no reply. He made a sign to his secretary, who left the room and we were alone.

- "Thou wishest service?"
- "That is my desire."
- "In what capacity?"
- "Where I may serve with credit to myself and advantage to the cause of their Catholic Majesties."
 - "What induces thee to seek service?"
 - "There be many reasons."
 - "What is the strongest?"
 - "A pair of spurs."
 - "What other reward dost thou expect?"
- "Faith! I know of nothing, beyond reasonable pay and good equipment."
 - "Rank? Favor? Place for others?"
- "I seek nothing for myself, beyond the distinction of a good soldier, and have neither family nor friends for whom-I need ask favor."
- "And if thy service be one of which few know the merit?"
- "If Gonsalvo de Cordova counts it important, and it be worthy of a soldier, I am content."
 - "And how about the reward?"
 - "I leave that to thee."
- "Hark ye, Señor; I am making up a body of footsoldiers. It is on them we must rely hereafter, regular foot-battalions, not a horse among them. I mean to arm and drill them on a new plan; every third file to carry long pikes like the Swiss infantry and the other two, sword and buckler, with perhaps a short spear. What think ye of it?"

- "If well trained they should be effective."
- "I mean them to be pikemen against cavalry and swordsmen against infantry."
- "Why not all pikemen at need?" I answered. "Short pikes in the front and long ones behind them?"
- "God's death, Señor!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Thou hast my thought exactly—a combination of Swiss pikemen and Asturian spearmen with bucklers and swords. Say one spearman to two swordsmen!"
 - "That should make a strong line and a flexible force."
 - "That is it; the Swiss pikes are too heavy."
- "The Moors ran under them in the pass of Malaga and made short work with those that held them."
- "Ah, thou sawest that? Yet the Swiss infantry bids defiance to the best cavalry in Europe as long as its formation holds. What we need is a union of heavy spearmen and light swordsmen—the one with shoulders like thine and the other with legs like mountain goats."
- "Was that why you proffered a spear to the Señor Ojeda?" I asked with a smile.
- "If he is content to bear a spear he will deserve a sword."

This was the key of "the Great Captain's" success. He knew every man's merit and how to make it available.

After a moment he added:

"I am raising such a corps. There must be no rank or favor in it. A swineherd shall stand on a level with an hidalgo in opportunity, if intelligent and brave. There must be one uniform rule of merit; and only courage and skill be of any avail to secure preferment. To assist in its organization I want one who has some idea of discipline and some experience as a soldier, but who knows no one in all the realm and is willing to remain unknown to the very end. Rank and favor are the curse of our Spanish army. Their Majesties have given me full control in this matter. Are you minded to take such place?"



"What is the place?" I asked, quite dazed by the offer.

"You will be the Adjutant of Infantry in my household. Everything concerning the equipment, drill, discipline of this corps, will be done through you. You shall have clerks and couriers as many as you require, and any equipment you wish. Gonsalvo de Cordova is not niggardly with them that serve faithfully. But you will act only in my name; I would you might be wholly unknown, except as my Adjutant."

"It is only a matter of a basinet and a visor," I responded, musingly. "How large is the corps to be?"

"I am granted leave to muster ten thousand, and hope to get five; perhaps no more than three!"

"I will try to fulfill your wish."

"Good. I will make order for your maintenance, forthwith. If you do not object to wear a basinet with an open visor, so much the better. It is a sure bar to prying eyes, even if it do not cover all the face. My armorer shall make one under my direction if you will allow him to take the necessary measurements. I think one might be made that would become thee well. Thou shalt have a liberal provision, and if thou servest to my satisfaction, I will gladly charge myself with providing the golden ornaments thou wishest for thy heels—if thou be of noble blood, that is," he added cautiously.

"If it be not equal in honor with thine own, your Excellency, I will ask naught," I answered, a little proudly.

"Indeed!" he responded with more consideration than he had before shown, "when shall I learn by what style thou art entitled to be known?"

"When thou hast no farther use for an Adjutant of Infantry," I answered.

"Agreed. When that time comes, I will let thee know. When wilt thou begin thy duty?"

- "To-morrow, your Excellency."
- "Till to-morrow then, adios."

He extended his hand; I touched it, bowed and withdrew, no longer wondering that the Queen had said it was "worth the trouble of being a sovereign to have one such subject as Gonsalvo de Cordova."

From that day until the fall of Granada, I hardly unhelmed a score of times in the presence of a stranger. Once was, when the Doña Guadita de Ullana, bathed in tears for the loss of her gallant husband, begged the soldier who had rescued his body from the Moors, at the very gate of Baza, that he would lift his visor that she might know for whom she ought to pray. When I complied with her request and she saw who it was had risked his life to rescue the brave knight's body, she thanked God because it was as the dead, to whom she had vowed eternal widowhood, would have desired. When she asked what guerdon she could give I craved only the kerchief Whereat all applauded, and she stained with her tears. vowed that any request I might make consistent with her honor, she would grant if it were in her last hour.

The Infantry of Gonsalvo de Cordova made its mark in that savage war, and won for its chief much honor; also for some of its "Captains of Fifties," more than one of whom was there trained for victory and renown in lands which were then undreamed of, save by that white-haired giant, who, without helm or salade, cut his way with a huge two-handed blade into the midst of the turbaned throng, which made a stand about the Holy Fountain, in the Orchard of Baza. But for Gonsalvo's Infantry there had been an end then and there of all attempt to reach the Ind by sailing westward.

Some of the glory won by the new corps shone by reflection on the Adjutant of Infantry, but no one spoke his name or gave him other recognition. He was simply an upper servant in the military household of "the Prince of

Cavaliers." Yet I enjoyed the duty that devolved upon me, and not seeking nor expecting promotion or any personal advancement except the knighthood on which my heart had so long been set. I was content to do my duty without regard to consequences. This was all the easier from the fact that though I did everything and suggested many things, all was in Gonsalvo de Cordova's name, and I acted only as his instrument. The position was exactly fitted both to my temper and preparation. It was half-clerical, which suited my studious habits, yet of a character requiring administrative ability as well as giving scope for that sort of military knowledge which is gathered from hearing battles and sieges, arms and armies, familiarly discussed by those who have not only borne arms but exercised high command. This I say, not to praise myself, but because the memory of that time brings back a proud day when Gonsalvo de Cordova publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of his fame to my efficiency.

Nevertheless, there was one who had not forgotten Del Porro. Riding at eventide across the plain that lay without the walls of Granada after service in the conquered city had become monotonous, I spoke to one whom I overtook, somewhat bitterly of the wrongs imposed upon the subjugated people and the rapacity of the Holy Office, who, when the war against the Moors was over, began at once the spoliation of the Jews to fill the depleted treasury. As if shaped out of the gathering mist, an unshod mule came softly over the white dust to my side, and a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed in cold, harsh tones:

- "Who art thou that speakest thus lightly of the Right Hand of God?"
- "And who art thou that makest such demand of a soldier of their Majesties?"
- "Men call me the 'Pillar of Fire,'" was the calm, exultant reply.

"God have mercy!" shouted my companion. quemada!" Thereupon he put spurs to his horse and I never saw him more. As he had spoken quite as harshly as I, he had equal reason to fear. I did not attempt to fly: not because I did not fear, for I felt a chill as of death creep down my back under my armor, though it was midsummer and the breath of the south wind was stifling. But I knew it was useless to try to escape from one who had ten thousand eyes and ears at his command in Spain, and who held King and Queen in mortal terror of his wrath. Only guile could serve, and of this there was little hope. Even then a dull flame just visible to the right of the road we traveled, showed where another victim, "delivered up to the civil authorities," had expired in the flames of the Quemadero, which was set up without the city, almost before the cross had been reared within it.

"What is thy name?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, sternly.

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "my words were but lightly spoken. A soldier abhors bloodshed except by the sword and in open strife."

"The Holy Office sheds no man's blood," he answered with the self-complacency of one whose wit avoids the curse but gloats over the accomplished fact. "The Holv Word declares an unqualified curse against every one by whom man's blood is shed: 'by man shall his blood be shed.' It is not seemly that the servants of the Most High should be exposed to this anathema, in their efforts to rid the world of error and unbelief. In all that they do, therefore, care is taken to shed no drop of blood, even of the unworthiest while probing his soul for sin and compelling assent to the truths he hates. Even when found incorrigible, the sentence of destruction is never executed by the agents of the Holy Office, but clothed in the garb of the impenitent, the unhappy one against whom eternal doom is pronounced, through the faithfulness of their

Catholic Majesties, is executed by the civil authorities by burning only; in order that even by implication no drop of blood may be shed by our action."

Who shall tell the horror inspired by this man's unconscious exultation in his pious duplicity! As if God could be deceived by such shallow pretense! I have wondered often that I did not draw and then and there do what in me lay to rid the earth of one of the most horrible monsters who ever filled happy homes with woe in the name of God and the merciful Christ! If I had known what a brief period was to reveal, I had surely made the attempt, though it was said that a coat-of-mail which he wore under his priestly garb had more than once foiled the hand of vengeance. I managed, however, to command my voice enough to say:

- "I doubt not thou art right, Holy Father; I am no casuist and shall willingly do penance for my words."
- "Aye, thou shalt do penance, of that be assured; but thou were not so modest about thy casuistic skill a little time ago, methinks. What is thy name?"
- "Men call me Del Porro," I answered as calmly as I could.

But now it was my listener's turn to show surprise.

- "Del Porro! The Duke of Medina-Sidonia's Captain!" he exclaimed. "Where hast thou hid thyself so long?"
- "In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "you must not blame a soldier if you find him not, because he is in the front of battle rather than with them that chant the victory."
- "But thou mightest have heard the King's trumpets! Knowest thou not that for a year proclamation hath been made for thee in every camp and a reward offered for him that should find thee dead or alive! That every Familiar in Spain hath special order to seize thee and bring thee before their Majesties without delay or intervention! God

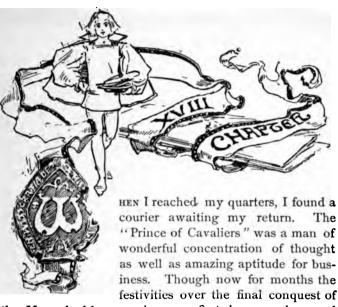
and Saint Dominic be praised for this good fortune! Come thou with me, my son!"

He reached out his hand to take my rein, but the bridle of Achmet's son was far beyond his reach before he could touch it with a finger. Ere he could recover, my sword was out and though I would not turn its point against a man of his calling, I thought it no harm to send it into the neck of his mule just where the jointure leaves the marrow exposed, whereby the good Father was suddenly rolled in the dust.

"Good-bye, Holy Father!" I shouted as I spurred away. "It will be more than two years ere thou seest me again!"

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou art fleeing from! I will forgive thy sacrilege and impicty!—I will absolve thy offense, if thou wilt but wait and hear me!"

Achmet's hoof-strokes drowned his voice as we fled away into the darkness.



the Moor had been going on, first in one place and then in another, and he all the time in attendance on their Majesties, yet never once had he failed to send the weekly packet of orders for the scattered companies, which were almost the only representatives of the sovereign power remaining in the conquered territory. Of course, those who had been given castles and towns, in reward for services, had garrisoned them with their own retainers, but the only armed body subject directly to the royal orders, was Gonsalvo de Cordova's Royal Infantry. It was dispersed in small detachments all over Granada, and my duty was to forward to each the orders sent by the Commander, supplemented by such minor directions as might seem to me needful to make, but not requiring specific reference to him.

I opened the packet and hurriedly ran over its contents.

It was by this means that I had heard occasionally from Xarifa, and I always hoped each package might contain a message from her. We had never been lovers in the sense of the word which implies an amatory correspondence. I had written to her as a kinswoman, and her letters had been full of anticipation of the time when I should receive the reward of my service and we should go to our people in dear, verdant England. I knew that she, as well as I, was getting weary of the delay which still deferred the recognition for which I had stipulated, and which had been expressly promised by Cordova, in the name of his sovereigns.

Except this, I had nothing of which to complain in the conduct of my patron. The terms of our contract had been generously observed on his part, in other respects; but among all the honors conferred by the sovereigns, after the close of the long war there had been no mention of my name nor any indication of purpose to reward my I had begun to fear that the place of an upper servant in the household of the "Great Captain" was no exception to the general fate of the servant whose master has no farther need for his services—to be paid his wages and discharged without a character. My interview with the Chief Inquisitor had not served to quiet my apprehension. I had now an open and ruthless enemy who would not fail to pursue me while my feet rested on Spanish soil. Nay, I remembered with some bitterness that he had lately been given control of the frontiers of the kingdom, so that no one could leave any port or go into any adjoining kingdom without a permit from him or one of his satellites. The Inquisition was charged with the execution of the edict against the Jews, and, in order to prevent them from carrying out of the realm money or jewels, it was necessary that the ports and barriers should be strictly guarded by Alguazils of the Holy Office. This man who, as I believed, had already prevented my advancement, now

stood not only between me and preferment, but between me and escape.

These thoughts swept through my mind as half-unconsciously I scanned the contents of my dispatches. Among letters for the captains and officers, orders, dismissals and the general routine of a Commander's duty, was one addressed to me in a lady's hand. It was not Xarifa's, however, and I opened it wondering from whom it could be. It read:

"Dear Friend and brave: I ought, perhaps, to beg indulgence for what may seem an unbecoming act; but I cannot forbear, both because I owe more than life to thy valor, and also because thou wert his friend whom my soul still loves and didst rescue his body from the hands of the Infidels and receive the last words from his lips. I have reason to fear that thou art in danger. Proclamation hath been made in all the cities for one Artis del Porro and one Arturo Lac, and I am told that strict orders have been given to all magistrates, especially at the ports, to secure his apprehension and delivery to the proper authorities. I cannot learn the reason of it, but we know what such an order means.

"I am only a weak woman, but if thou canst reach the Castle de Ullana, on the Gaudiara, which my dear lord did leave in my control in evidence of his love, I will assure thee safe-hiding until something may be done to avert thy peril or a way be found for thy escape. Though it be near the city, I beg to assure thee that it is very far from the Court; so thou mayst remain here perhaps more safely than in a more retired place.

"And this I pray thou wilt accept as a token of friendly regard from one who hath no longer any heart for aught beside.

"Doña Guadita de Ullana."

So I was already in the toils. I opened the dispatches.

Among them was a copy of the proclamation addressed to me in the Prince's own hand.

I read:

"Whereas one Artis del Porro, sometimes calling himself Arturo Lac, hath, in defiance of our royal will, refused to discover and reveal himself when thereto commanded by due proclamation made, now therefore, to all officers of the realm civil and military to whom this shall come:



"You are commanded to apprehend the said Artis del Porro, or so-called Arturo Lac, using such force as may be necessary, but no more, and bring him with all dispatch, but without unnecessary constraint into our presence, that he may be dealt with as he hath deserved at our hands."

Then followed a description, at which I could but smile, for few would recognize the

awkward soldier of Malaga in the elegant and luxuriously equipped Adjutant of Infantry of the Prince of Cavaliers. Without express orders, but with the desire to please my patron, albeit noway against my own will, I had fallen into the lavishness which marked his household, and in arms and clothing was more like a military exquisite than the somber figure described in the proclamation. While I was wondering why my patron had sent

this, my eye fell on a letter to Alonzo de Ojeda, now a lieutenant of one of our Companies, and of all our officers the one with whom I was on most friendly terms. His rise had been rapid. Though of insignificant stature he was of amazing strength and fortitude; of a courage nothing could daunt; skilled in all that makes a soldier; of a grace and courtesy withal that could not fail to please, and of a kindly considerateness that bound all under his command to willing service. He knew nothing but obedience, and friendship would no more stand in the way of duty with him than danger or sloth.

This letter was endorsed with direction to deliver it into his own hands. This was not unusual with orders of special importance which I was expected to read before transmitting. I opened this, thinking all the time of what the Doña Guadita had written, and not once guessing that I would have any interest in its contents. One can imagine my surprise, therefore, when I read this in the handwriting of Gonsalvo de Cordova himself:

"You will apprehend the Adjutant of Infantry, at his quarters in the City of Granada, and bring him with all convenient dispatch, but without violence and without giving information of your purpose to any one, to my palace in the City of Cordova, permitting him to speak to no one until you shall have safely delivered him into my hand."

[Signed] "Gonsalvo de Cordova."

And this was the end! Even the patron I had served so faithfully, had turned against me and ordered my arrest. And I hoped to win a knight's spurs in his service! I would be fortunate now, it seemed, if I saved the heels without the spurs. Strangely enough, I laughed over this

combination of misadventures. Not that I felt no disappointment or underestimated the peril of my situation; but there are times when one may as well laugh as cry, and when the very act of laughter seems to clear the brain and enable one to make a harder fight with fate. Anyhow, I laughed, even as I decided that instead of waiting to be haled to Cordova, I would make my way to the Castle de Ullana and see if, by hook or crook, I could not slip through my enemies' fingers.

There was little to do. Putting the order to Ojeda in the breast of my doublet, I wrote another directing him to take charge of my office; called a sergeant and informed him that I had been ordered at once to Cordova, and, with a single attendant, mounted on a stout gray horse which I rode in order to save the Son of Achmet for the last stage of the long journey that lay before me, set out at midnight to follow the course of the swift, winding Jenil till its waters meet the Guadalquivir, a hundred miles away.

Three days afterward, without further mishap than the weariness that comes from so long a ride in full armor in midsummer, I reached the Castle de Ullana, and giving the Son of Achmet to the warder's care with strict injunctions to provide for his comfort, followed a page to the presence of its Chatelaine.

Doña Guadita had passed the first year of her widow-hood, and was nearing the close of the second. Her brief wedded life, with the affliction that followed, had added to rather than detracted from her charms. She had acquired a repose and sweetness of manner which well became her widow's garb, and as she crossed the wide hall into which I was ushered to greet me, I thought I had never seen a more queenly or attractive woman. Mayhap, the fact that I was able to make this observation was conclusive evidence that she no longer made the same impression on my heart that she once had, and this

was probably evident from my manner, for the slight embarrassment which had shown in hers, soon wore off and never reappeared. The truth is, my mind was so full of Xarifa and how we might escape out of the kingdom that I was not able to interpret the look of tender inquiry with which she greeted me.

When I had unbraced and partaken of refreshments, the Doña Guadita would have had me retire for rest, but I was too anxious to know what was before me to sleep, and protested that I was not in the least weary; and, as she seemed not less anxious to hear than I to tell, she was soon in possession of my story.

"There is something mysterious about the matter," she said, when she had heard me to the end. She wrinkled her brows and patted her fair cheek impatiently with her fan, which is the Spanish lady's inseparable companion, as she considered my story and compared it with what she had otherwise learned. "I cannot understand why such extraordinary effort should be made for your apprehension. You do not seem to have done anything which could be regarded as prejudicial to the realm."

"There is the matter of St. Félipe de Malaga," I suggested.

"San Bagatelle!" she retorted, contemptuously, "begging the Saints' pardon for adding such a name to the calendar. Ferdinand of Aragon is a pious king, but he doesn't concern himself with the whims of priests. He is willing enough to furnish fuel for the Quemadero, but he does not use the power of the realm to hunt up and bring to punishment those who are so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the Holy Office. He makes use of the Inquisition to fill his treasure-box, but does not do its work. But in this matter the King shows as much interest as the Holy Office. You are to be brought before His Majesty, you will observe, not the Council of the Inquisition. I cannot understand it."

- " But Torquemada---" I began.
- "O yes, I understand that this last offense makes Torquemada your enemy. If it were not for that I should advise you to remain here until we could get at the bottom of the matter. But Torquemada never forgives and never forgets. If it were anything else we might smooth it over, but an assault upon the Grand Inquisitor, or at least upon the Grand Inquisitor's mule, is the rankest kind of heresy!"

She spoke with a seriousness that almost hid the sarcasm of her words. Indeed, it may be doubted if they were meant to be sarcastic. The Inquisition hath such hold upon the people of that country that they see little difference between blasphemy of the Holy Ghost and disrespect to the Holy Office.

- "Besides that," she continued, thoughtfully, "the Chevalier Gonsalvo de Cordova has turned against you, which shows that you have powerful enemies outside the priests. I have known the ways of the court almost from babyhood. Being the niece of the chief religious dignitary of the realm, I have had abundant chance to learn the character of every one connected with public affairs. Of course, I withdrew after the death of my husband, God rest his soul! but even during my year of mourning I easily learned whatever I wished to know, for my uncle remains so fond of me that he almost as often makes his home at the Castle de Ullana as at his palace in the city."
- "Suppose he should take it into his head to come here now?"
- "I wish he might, but unfortunately he is absent at Toledo, so that I cannot consult him on your matter. But as I said, it looks serious that Gonsalvo de Cordova should be against you after your long service with him, and the obligations every one knows he is under to his Adjutant of Infantry. He is the especial favorite of the Queen and

reflects always the sentiment of their Majesties. He is not untrue nor unjust of his own will, but their Majesties' displeasure would make him throw over his best friend. From this I fear some charge against your loyalty or your honor as a soldier. Could there be anything serious made out of your connection with the pretty Morisco? Who knew of your interview with her father?"

- "None, save the Duke of Medina-Sidonia," I replied. She shook her head decisively.
- "He would not have betrayed you; besides, I happen to know that he is as much puzzled over the inquiry for you as any one. He was even interrogated by his Majesty himself about you, and had to confess that he had dismissed you from his service. What have you done to make Ferdinand of Aragon so persistent against you?"
 - "I cannot imagine," I replied.
- "Nor I. He is not given to the indulgence of animosities and rarely concerns himself with irrelevant matters. What interest has the crown of Aragon in your apprehension? You cannot imagine any? Yet you may be sure, that in some way he considers you dangerous to the realm, and that makes it important that you get beyond his power, for awhile at least, without unnecessary delay. The King is not the best sort of a friend, but he is an enemy it is better to avoid than to oppose—at least, in his own dominion."
- "The question is how I can get out of it?" I suggested, with a shrug.
- "So it is," she responded, thoughtfully, "so it is. There is one way—if there were any chance of his coming back—but that is not to be thought of."
- "To what do you refer?" I asked, attracted by her hesitation.
- "You have heard of this crazy fellow who has bewitched the Queen until she has fitted him out to set sail across the Ocean Sea in hope of finding a new way to

Ind. Her Majesty expects to measure her pearls and diamonds by the quart when he returns."

She laughed pleasantly at the conceit.

"You mean Colon—Cristofero?"

"The same. Their Majesties have made a bargain with him that he shall be Admiral of the Western Sea; that he and his heir in perpetual succession shall be Viceroy of all the lands he may discover, and have one-tenth of all the revenues derived therefrom forever—all conditioned on two things: first, that he shall discover new lands, and second, that he lives to get back, which nobody believes he will, except a few as crazy as he,—saving, of course, our Sovereign Lady," she added, cautiously.

"And is he really going?"

"Aye, if he can get men enough to work his ships. That, I understand, is the great difficulty. They are fitting out a fleet at Huelva, but nobody cares to embark in such a crazy venture."

"But it is not a crazy venture."

"That is what Doña Juana de la Torre says; but she is just as infatuated with him as the Queen. The ladies of the Court vow their Majesties were induced to grant him the outfit as the cheapest way to get rid of one it was impossible to discourage and who was always threatening to go to some other prince with his dazzling offers.

"Did you ever see him?"

"Never. From what they say, I should not dare look at him unless my ears were stopped before he spake. I am told he is an old man with white hair and a preternaturally young face, who looks as innocent as St. John of Jerusalem is always painted, but who, if he once opens his lips carries all before him—all the women and priests, that is. I can understand his captivating women—a man whose mouth is full of pearls and rubies must be very hard to resist."

A woman who is young and beautiful cannot avoid a certain vivacity even in her most serious moments, and as she said this, the Doña Guadita's fan went up to her face and her dark eyes sparkled over its topmost edge with all their old witchery.

"I would not take him for a man who would be perilous to women's hearts," I answered. "He must be nigh upon sixty."

"Ah, you men never think that a man is always as young as he feels, and this Colon evidently feels young enough. At an age when others are preparing for death, he is setting out for new adventures. It is said that one noble lady hath so fallen beneath his sway as to have brought disgrace upon her family. Perhaps, though, his jewels and his titles will cure that—when he gets them!"

"But the priests—surely he hath not made love to them?"

"O, the priests! They drive me to despair! Do you know, even my uncle believes in him. They are full of mysterious hints, as if there were something behind what they say. I cannot imagine what it is; but there are two persons who have not yielded to his persuasions."

"Who are they?"

"His Majesty, King Ferdinand, and Torquemada." Again she broke off into musical laughter.

"I do not know what the King says of him; but you should hear Torquemada and see the look that comes over his face when he speaks of Cristoval!" she answered gayly. "You know the Inquisitor-General thinks nothing true which is not found in the Bible and approved by the Church, and the fact that the Admiral, that is to be—though they say he already flaunts the title and has made himself a pennant like nothing ever seen before on land or sea—bases his hopes on a passage in the Apocryphal book of Esdras, was enough to stir this 'lion of the faith' to the very bottom of his fervent nature. He is a saint despite

his savageness, and thinks himself foreordained to save Holy Church from destruction through the weakness of believers. He not only counts this exaltation of Esdras a blow at the Church through the accepted canon, but is in his heart assured that the white-haired namesake of St. Christopher has dealings with the wicked one. It is said he would soon stop the Admiral's vaporings if he were not afraid the Oueen would revoke the decree against the Jews if he laid hands on her purveyor of pearls and diamonds. The King is known not to favor the project, so the venture is to be the Queen's own, and all the new realms that are found are to belong to the kingdom of Castile and Leon without any interest to the jointure of Aragon."

"And does Cristofero Colon find it hard to get men to embark in this enterprise?"

"Hard? They have opened the doors of the prisons, forgiven debtors their debts and criminals their crimes—they have even granted to a Jew exemption from the decree of exile—and yet they cannot get enough to man three little ships. But why call you him Cristofero? He is called Christobal Colon now; though when he first came and paid court to Doña Beatrix Enriquez, being then a married man, though since become a widower, it is said, he called himself Colono, and perhaps Cristofero."

Then I told the Doña Guadita about Bartolomeo Colon and his long stay at my father's house, and showed her the scrap of parchment he had given me, which I had kept about my person, as one will sometimes preserve the veriest trifles.

"And you think he will succeed?" she cried, with that charming inconsistency which enables a woman to shift her faith as easily as the wind changes direction on a summer sea. "You believe in him and would be willing to embark with him? How fortunate! You shall go! and when you return you shall bring me my two hands

full of pearls! See? Pish! If they were only larger, now!"

She stretched forth her hands held cup-shape, her fan clattering to the floor as she did so.

"See? As full as they will hold! If one little one is lacking—look you, you shall not kiss my little finger! Do you hear? Not even if you have been gone a whole year! Shall we call it a bargain?"

She gave me her hand to kiss as I restored the fan.

- "Well, you shall go! It is the very way to get out of your trouble. I will arrange it! And while you are gone, I will straighten everything. The Court leaves for Toledo in a day or two and I must hasten, for the matter does not admit of delay. I must go to the city this very night."
 - "I will go with you."
- "You will remain here! When I return we shall know more." She rose to call a servant.
- "But—" I said interrupting her, "what will become of—of——"
- "Ah, yes, I know—the little Morisco—what is her name?"
 - "Carita."
- "Ah, certainly—Carita"—with an arch look—"but she must have some other name?"
- "Carita de Zenete; it is so she was baptized. You will find the record in San Marco."
- "So she is a Christian? I half-thought you were telling me a romaunt—is not that what they call a pretty madeup story? Is she really your kinswoman?"
 - "In very truth."
 - "And you expect some time to—to wed her?"
 - "Perhaps-if God will to keep us both."
- "I like you for that," she said, heartily, extending her hand. "You are a true man. I told my lord that, and he did confirm it often in the letters which he wrote.

When he sent you to me with his last words, ne knew of my esteem for you, and perhaps he thought—well—no matter what he thought. Because you were true to him, I will be true to you. Now listen. You must leave Carita to me, for your matter brooks no delay, both because of your danger and because I hear the expedition is soon to sail. I will arrange for your departure, and then will bring the maid, Carita, here, and together we will pray the Virgin Mother to send you safe return."

I knelt and kissed her hand again as she withdrew.



saw her mount and leave the court a few minutes later. and for the first time since I had read the letter of the Chevalier Gonsalvo felt hopeful of the future. I staggered off to bed and fell asleep, invoking the saints to bless the Doña Guadita. The day was far advanced when

I woke, and then it was but to take refreshments and fall to sleep again, so great was the weariness resulting from my long ride.

It was night when I was awakened by a summons to attend the Doña Guadita, and followed the servant to a room, where she sat with her companion. She looked flushed and excited, but pressed her fan to her lips, and with a look warned me not to speak until the servant had retired.

"I have just returned," she then said. "Here it is the order for your enlistment—signed by the Queen's Treasurer, who has charge of the expedition. You are safe now, but it is needful that you make haste, for the fleet sails in three days or in four or five at farthest."

She handed me a paper as she spoke, and anxious as I was to show my gratitude, I could only ask confusedly: "How—how—did you get it?"

It is hard for a man to thank a woman for so great a favor—I esteemed it nothing less than a new lease of life—when the woman is one to whom he cannot offer the life she has saved. Perhaps I ought to have offered it to her; she certainly had a better claim to it than any other could have, for she had saved it. It might have pleased her to have had me done so even if she could not accept, and I have sometimes thought she expected as much. However she answered with a sigh, whether of weariness or disappointment at my stupidity, I know not.

"O, I went at once to Doña Juana de la Torre, the Prince's nurse, you know, to whom nothing is ever denied that can possibly be granted, and told her I had a friend —a friend of my lord's that is—who was a great believer in her Cristòval Colon, and wanted nothing so much as to sail with him. That he was an Englishman by birth, but had lived in Spain so long that he was a true Spaniard at heart, and nothing would please me so much as that he should have his wish, for he had promised me a cup full of pearls on his return—and—and—well, I don't think I said anything more, and if she imagined there was more that might be said—I am sure I cannot help it." she added demurely. "But fancy her like to have upset all our plans, by interposing an objection I had never thought What do you suppose it was?"

"You would never guess," she continued with a laugh, "and yet it nearly took my breath away, for I saw no way around it for a moment. Then I made my wits do gallant service, and if they overran the truth, it was all her fault for having tempted me. At the worst, I did,

not tell a lie, but only what I did not know to be true. She was overjoyed to hear of some one that wanted to go with the Almirante, as she calls him, never doubting that the title will soon be his, without being compelled to do so, but instantly she clasped her hands in despair and the blood flew back to my heart cold as ice, for I thought it must be the ships had sailed.

"'O, my dear Doña Guadita,' she exclaimed, 'why did you not come before? Now, it is too late! There is no place for a gentleman—your friend is a gentleman, of course?' 'The son of a great hidalgo,' I answered. 'So I feared; and there is no place—every little place is filled—there are only sailors needed now. O, I am so sorry you did not come before; he should have had anything you chose to ask.'"

"What did you say to that?" I asked, as she paused in her narrative.

"At first, I did not know what to say; but just then I saw Gonsalvo de Cordova riding by, and I thought it was your life that was at stake, and if you did not choose to go you could remain. At least the leave to go could do no harm. So I said, as lightly as if it were the least thing in the world: 'A fig for the place, dear Doña Juana. My gentleman is not one that goes into the adventure on a beggar's conditions, nor to avoid those whose money he hath eaten, but for love of adventure and belief in the brave Admiral. If there be no place, trust him to make one for himself, and be in no man's way when a strong arm and a stout heart is wanted. Besides, he hath studied navigation and is one whom the Admiral could trust to stand by him to the uttermost."

"'Would God the Admiral had more such about him!' the good Doña Juana said, in a tone that told how she worships the very plank of the ship's poop on which he stands. Then she hurried off to the Queen and returned with your safe-conduct from the chief of Alguazils and the order for your recruitment from the Lord Treasurer."

"How can I thank you, dear Doña Guadita?" I asked in confusion.

"Well," she answered archly, "you may kiss me once—just once before you go—may he not, Doña Cerezo?" to her companion, "But you must leave tonight. I dare not have you wait until morning lest it be too late."

"But—Carita?" I asked, ungraciously enough.

A frown passed over the Doña Guadita's face.

"Can you not trust me? To-morrow I will look out for her; I had not time to-day. But I have news of her, though not from her. I met by chance the Queen's Confessor, who is the same Fray Francisco Ximenes who journeyed from Malaga with us. You remember I gave you a hint of what might be then, and am glad you followed my advice. You have a friend in him. He spoke of you at once and told me of your kinswoman, who, after vour departure, went to San Juan de los Reves at Toledo to confess to him. It seems he was her mother's confessor, before he became a monk, and he is much interested in her. He was anxious to know if I could tell him what the Capitan del Porro had done that the realm was so stirred up about him and seemed greatly troubled in your behalf. I thought at first that I would tell him all, but as I saw he knew nothing of your present name, I was afraid He is one of those people who have a conto do so. science and such it is not always wise to trust, for one never knows which way their consciences may lead them. However, he's your friend and I should judge, a good one to have at a pinch."

"If you keep on, I think I shall soon have more friends than enemies," I said with feeling.

"That is better," she exclaimed, approvingly, "a woman liketh a man to have his tongue at command, even when she knows his words do not mean as much as his silence. But I have more news for you. I saw the Chev-

alier de Cordova, and as soon as he could get a chance for a word he said: 'I think your lord was a friend of my Adjutant of Infantry;' and then without waiting for reply, he went on: 'Do you know anything about his origin or family or why in the devil's name they are raising such a row about him? I have ordered him under arrest and am going to keep him a prisoner in my palace until the thing blows over or I can get him out of the country. I have ordered the most reckless man in Spain to bring him in, and expect him to-night or to-morrow at the farthest. What message shall I give him for you, Doña Guadita?'"

"And what did you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him," she answered, saucily, "he might give his prisoner my best love. 'Your very best, Doña Guadita?' he asked, in affected surprise. 'The very best I have to give, Don Gonsalvo,' I answered: 'did not my dear lord abjure me with his latest breath to count him ever as a brother? God judge me if I ever forget it.'"

"What answer did he make to that?" asked Doña Cerezo, with enthusiasm.

"At that," said Doña Guadita, with a blush, "he bowed low, with his hand on his heart, and said: 'I am glad, Doña Guadita, to have the honor of being your countryman."

"And well he might," I rejoined.

"Yet even then I was deceiving him," she continued, thoughtfully. "But I did not forget that something was to be done as well as said. I knew it would not do for you to seek enlistment in such clothes as you now wear, so I bought a modest Andalusian costume, which you can wear over your chain corselet and be one of the people. You will find it in your chamber. Now, I have ordered supper and after that, your horse with a trusty servant, will be at the gate. Go at once to Palos and if you make yourself known to the Admiral I doubt not—but there, I will not say it, I do not trust him,

and if you follow my advice, you will say nothing you do not care to have known, until you are out of sight of land."

"If ever I can do aught to show my gratitude, dear Doña Guadita——" I began.

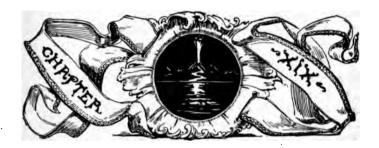
"Hush Señor," she said, solemnly. "I am only paying my debt and the debt of the dead. Have no fear for thy kinswoman: I will care for her. Kiss me now,—we may never meet again."

She offered me her cheek in the Spanish fashion; but I took her in my arms and kissed eyes and lips and cheeks as I strained her to my breast, my own tears mingling with hers upon the pale upturned face. Her companion turned away, but I think it was only to weep. This much I know, the noble lady's own dear lord, the brave de Ullana himself, might have looked down on that embrace with approval. All my life long, I shall be grateful that I knew the Doña Guadita. The Spaniards say that women are either saints or devils. The Doña Guadita de Ullana was too human for a saint, but would have put more devils to flight with one glance of her eye, than all the saints in the category by their prayers.

She wiped away her tears, took my arm, and we went down to the refectory, where supper awaited. When I rode out of the gate of the Castle de Ullana some hours later, just as the moon rose, I saw her face at the casement.

I wrote a letter to the monk Francisco Ximenes, to be delivered, when sufficient time had clapsed after my departure, along with the Son of Achmet, which I asked him to keep until my return, well knowing that his asceticism would not allow him to indulge in such luxury as the ownership of such a horse. In this letter I told him of Xarifa, and begged him to protect her should she at any time require the aid of a friend. I wrote also to Xarifa and told her, if I should never re-

turn, to do as the Confessor, who was likely soon to be a Cardinal, might advise. These letters I left for Doña Guadita to transmit, so that when three days afterwards I reported, with my order of enlistment, to Rodrigo Sanchez, the Inspector of the expedition, albeit somewhat fearful, there was little chance that any one would discover in the sturdy Andalusian lad, the Adjutant of Infantry, or question whether the bundle around which his red blanquilla was wrapped, contained a Milan corselet. a basinet and a Toledo blade, or only a sailor's silly They were too anxious for men to ask needless questions, for though the Pinta and the Nina had their full quotas, who had shipped from the country round about, with their old neighbors and trusty seamen, the Pinzons, the Admiral's ship was still so short-handed that he dare not hoist sail; and every day the list of deserters grew almost as fast as the tale of enlistment. A man who looked as if he could pull a rope when ordered and have breath enough left to do some cursing of his own accord when the wind blew from the wrong quarter, was very welcome on the Santa Maria.



Our course was laid south by west for the Grand Canaries, five hundred miles away. This was to be the last point of the known world at which we were to touch. Thence, we were to plunge into the unknown void which stretched toward the West—the unmeasured, unguessed expanse of the Sunset Sea!

It brings a strange thrill, even to one who has no special sense of fear, to set out on a waste of water, not only unable himself to tell where he is going, but knowing also that no living man knows the way; what perils of wind and wave may be encountered; where the landfall will be; what adventures may await on unknown shores; or when and how he may return, if, indeed, return be possible. I could not wonder at the terror my companions experienced, though, for myself, I felt a strange sense of exhibitantion from the very moment our sails filled and we had green water under our keels and a fair seaway before our prows. I think the love of the sea is inborn. All day long the waves, as they raced boisterous and rollicking down upon our starboard quarter, dashing in seething bubbles against the sides, lifting the old hulk along and laughing in riotous glee at the leeway she made as they swept by, seemed charged with pleasant messages from the green shores of Severn. The

Pinta and the Nina easily outfooted us, and the Admiral was constantly signaling them to take in sail and keep under his lee, as if even then he feared they might steal off and find the Golden Chersonesus before he could come up with them. The weather grew thick after a day or two, and the wind hauled into the west and blew as if the spirits of the unknown deep were aroused and meant to cast us on the coast of Africa for having dared attempt to uncover the mysteries of the Western world. was that we first got a taste of the true quality of the The man who had seemed absent and dreamy. Admiral. gazing off to the westward and taking little note of those about him while the ship kept her course without special care, no sooner heard the wind howling through the rigging and felt the seas dash madly against her bows, than he became transformed into a very king of the Never have I seen one who so loved a sloping deck or heeded so little the perils of the tempest. pleasant weather he kept close in his cabin or paced the poop silent and absorbed or flushed with unspoken dreams. Then he pored over his charts, wrote for hours in his journal, and spent other hours at his devotions. storm came he was everywhere: his voice rang out above the turmoil: he directed, encouraged, compelled: and was never at a moment's loss to know the best thing to be done or the best way to do it. He seemed to have no more fear of wind or wave than the gulls which tossed so easily about in the very teeth of the storm. times, he had the strength of a giant and his face shone with the wild light I had seen upon it when he swung the huge two-handed blade upon the hill of Baza, while his white hair tossed unconfined upon the wind, for like most Italian sailors he did not like to wear any headgear in a gale.

When the Pinta's rudder broke away, leaving her helpless before the wind, nothing would serve but he must go aboard of her, though the sea was a perfect smother through which we could hardly see the little cockle-shell as it tossed up and down on our larboard quarter. Alonzo Pinzon was as brave and capable a mariner as any that sailed from a Spanish port, besides having a greater pecuniary interest in the voyage than any other. Yet at once the Admiral seemed to lose all confidence in his Captain and insisted that the accident was a trick to enable Pinzon to return to Spain. He called for volunteers to man the long-boat, and such was the influence of his example that men even rose out of the lassitude of sea-sickness to go with him on this wild venture. ing me into the bow he took the steering oar himself. When we reached the Pinta, he scrambled on board, leaving us to drag by a line, which was dangerous enough. considering the sea and the way the caravel pitched and swung before the wind. He brought her head to with a drag anchor and then must needs go over the side to see what had loosed the rudder. In fact, there was nothing the matter save that the Pinta was not made for a rudder, though one had been lashed in place just to satisfy the Admiral's notions, her Captain and owners protesting against it, because it dragged her down too much by the stern, and was likely to come loose by wearing off the cables, which had indeed proved to be true.

We got back on the Santa Maria without serious mishap and even hoisted the boat aboard, which is still more wonderful, but I doubt if any other man could have made the trip in safety. He had the quickest eye and truest hand that ever watched a swell or held a steering oar. I have no doubt the drag-anchors which he showed us how to make, saved all the fleet; though we beat about before the wind for many days, so that it was three weeks after we sailed before we made an offing at the Canaries. The crews were sadly weather-worn by the storm, and it is not strange that those who contemplated the fact that

· the five hundred miles of well-known sea which we had passed had consumed twenty days and more of inconceivable toil and hardship, should have their previous doubts confirmed, and shrink from a voyage of two thousand miles-for that was the very least it was reckoned to be-over an unknown sea. Accepting the Admiral's own estimate, they said, the voyage promised to be one of five or six months' duration at the least: and they declared it was impossible for the ships to carry food and water for the crews, even short-handed as they were, for that time. Had it not been for the confidence in the Admiral which his skill and conduct during this terrible storm begat, I am satisfied the crews would never have allowed him to proceed farther upon a voyage filled with such dangers as we guessed and such wonders as we met before our eyes were again gladdened by the sight of land.

Another incident which tended greatly to strengthen the general belief in the Admiral's knowledge of the seas as well as his wonderful readiness and self-command in the presence of the unexpected, occurred on the very night we made the harbor of Palmas on the Grand Canary. It was about the middle of the second watch, when all except those required to navigate the ship were sleeping soundly after the buffetings of the long tempest, that all at once, great confusion arose on deck. There were cries of alarm, shouts for the Admiral, prayers and moans intermingled with threats and curses. Hurrying on deck with the other frightened sailors from the waist, I beheld a sight never to be forgotten. The sky was of pitchy The hot African leste blew steadily from the There was only a ripple on the sea, as we knew by the lap of the black waters against the sides of the ship as it sped hissing through them on an even keel. The rigging creaked and mounted in the dry, hot breeze. Almost dead ahead against the inky western sky, was a

river of flame bursting out of the dense murk and running down to the sea. Its glare lit up the rippling waves until they seemed a river of blood. Off the larboard bow the Pinta and Nina were making signals with their lanterns. The deck was covered with kneeling figures mumbling prayers. All was confusion. With or without order, some had clambered up the rigging and were taking in the great bonnet-sail upon the foremast. The Admiral came out of his cabin. I saw the glare of the mysterious light fall on his face. Not a muscle moved to show surprise.

"Peace!" he commanded, lifting up his hand. "Let all sail be set! Would you lose a favoring breeze after such head-winds as we have had?"

Every one looked at him in amaze, the master, Juan de la Cosa, who was one of the greatest pilots of that day, among the rest seemed stupefied at his words. Not a hand was lifted to obey his order, but all waited dumbly for what would come next.

Stepping back to the helmsman, the Admiral asked:

- "What course hast thou?"
- "West by north, one-half west," came the answer.
- "Make it then due west," said the Admiral, "and we shall come to anchor before the day is three hours old in as fair a roadstead as any man hath seen."

At this a shout went up, and our monk who had lost his frock before he sailed, but had taken on a fresh supply of piety with every day of the great storm, began to intone the Salve Regina in which all joined with great fervor and gladness. The other ships having slackened sail, were by this time within hail, and their Captains, who were likewise much troubled, asked for orders:

"Steer due west!" called out the Admiral, "and look out that you do not run upon the Gran Canarios before sunrise!"

They then answered also with a shout, and the Admiral calling all hands about the companion-way said:

- "That which you see yonder no man living hath seen before. It is a beacon which the Blessed Virgin and holy St. Christopher have set in the sky to prevent our running past the Grand Canary in the darkness, as we might otherwise have done, to our great loss and inconvenience; for there we must land to repair our ships and take in supplies for the westward voyage before us."
 - "But what is it?" asked Juan de la Cosa.
- "That is the burning mountain on the Island of Teneriffe. It hath not cast out fire before this within the memory of man, as I well know, having climbed to the very summit; besides, that is the tradition among the Guanches whose dead are buried in the caves upon its sides."
 - "And the harbor of Palmas?"
- "Is on the Grand Canary, fifty miles or thereabout, to the southward of the burning mountain."
- "And you were able, Master," said the Pilot with admiration in his tones, "to lay our course thither with exactness after all the buffetings we have passed through?"
- "Nay, nay, my good Pilot, I did make a mistake of half a point, which might have run us on the rocks of Grand Canary had not God and His blessed saints hung yon beacon in the sky to teach us that He has us in His care and smiles on our undertaking."

His words sank deeply into the hearts of the crew, who hung over the bulwarks watching the dread spectacle and listening to the waves that lapped the ship's sides as she sped softly along through the murk night, impelled by the hot wind that blew off the Great African desert, and when a little after sunrise we let go our anchors in the harbor of Palmas there were few who did not look upon the Admiral, not only as a navigator of wonderful skill and a sailor of marvelous resource, but as one under Divine guidance and protection.

The Pinta and the Nina remained here to refit, because there were better opportunities to careen and recaulk them than in any of the other islands, while the Santa Maria went on to Gomera, where, the Admiral said, supplies were cheaper and more abundant and the water better. Hardly had we left the harbor of Las Palmas when I was summoned to the cabin of the Captain-General, for such was his true title until he should discover new lands.

"Thinkest thou thy school a hard one in which little is taught and much required?" he asked with that smile with which he won those he would conciliate, so easily to his own views.

"I count it a brave school with a noble master," I answered with sincere reverence; for his demeanor during the voyage, together with my remembrance of what the loyal Bartolomeo had said, had quite banished the flavor of suspicion aroused in our first interview.

"Thou art right," was the grave reply. "The art of navigation cannot be learned from books. The sky, the wind, the waves are the volumes one must study; and, above all, his ships. No man is fit to command a ship until he knows every plank and girder in her hull, every spar and rope in her rigging, and is able to do everything he requires his men to do, better than they. There is nothing like rough weather to teach these things. every puff of wind and every pitch of the laboring craft is a lesson so stamped on the mind by danger, as never to I have had my eye upon thee, lad; thou be forgotten. art older than thy years, and hast had good schooling before you shipped with me. Thou hast a stout arm, a brave heart, and a quick eye, which be three parts of a good navigator. Knowest thou the other two?"

"A knowledge of the sea will be one, I doubt not."

"Nay, that cometh by experience; trust in God and a readiness to learn what His works do teach, be the other two. The navigator goeth always in the dark, knowing little and trusting much. When he hath done the best he knoweth, he must for the rest abide without

question or doubt. The sea be the place to do stout things, not to solve hard problems. Thou art a soldier, methinks thou saidst?"

- "I was, your Excellency; I am a sailor now."
- "The first lesson of both callings is the same—to obey without question. Thinkest thou thou hast learned it?"
 - "By that I won the right to command."
- "Thou hast held command, then?" he asked with a sudden show of reserve. "What was it?"
- "Knowest thou him who came to thy aid when the Moors were pressing thee somewhat too close, at the fountain in the orchard of Baza?"
- "Aye, Gonsalvo de Cordova's Adjutant of Infantry, with a dozen stout ones at his back. Served you under him?"
 - "I am he."
- "Thou art!" he exclaimed in surprise, eyeing me keenly. "But now I remember thou hast his build. An' I had known that, thou hadst had charge of a watch rather than have served in it."
- "It is better so, your Excellency, if thou wilt pardon me; it had not been wise to give a stranger command under thee."
- "Perhaps thou art right," he answered. "The Spaniard looketh not with favor upon the people of another land. What is thy desire?"
 - "To become a navigator and discoverer such as thou."
- "That cannot be. A navigator thou mayst indeed become, and I trust a good one, but not like me; for though I have yet discovered naught, when I shall have shown the way to Ind, there will be no more room for discovery. Thou believest I shall succeed?"
- "I believe thou wilt find new lands and return to confound your enemies."
- "God send your trust be not vain," he answered, crossing his breast and bowing his head, while his lips

moved in prayer. Looking up after a moment, he asked, "Hast thou any arms?"

"Such as thou hast seen before," I answered, meaningly.

"They will suffice. Now look you; we must wood and water and take on supplies of all that can be gotten at Gomera. The people of that island like not strangers. I have lived among them and must go on shore to buy. Juan de la Cosa will command the ship in my absence. Diego de Arana will have charge of the parties that go



ashore for supplies. They will not be armed. Canst thou pick out half a dozen stout fellows, to guard them while at work, see that they are not disturbed and that—that none forget to return?"

The Admiral uttered the last words with a droll emphasis which told better than words could, his well-grounded apprehension that the men might desert. His face gave no response to my chuckle of appreciation, however, and he added in the most deliberate tones:

"The boats will be left ashore each night. Thou wilt take charge of the oars and see that no one taketh the boats from thee under any pretense."

It was evident that he trusted not even the Chief Alguazil, and, indeed, with good reason, as the fate of La Navidad thereafter proved.

Thereupon I chose Irish Bill, a Galway lad to whom I had been drawn by the fact that he spake the English tongue after a fashion and Spanish in like manner, though much less readily. His father like mine had followed King Henry from Milford Haven to Bosworth, and he had been drawn to Spain by the hope of adventure in the Holy War as well as I. Despite his good nature and ready wit, he had stumbled from one mischance into another among the solemn-faced Castilians, until he desired nothing in the world so much as that he might never see the shores of Spain again. I chose also three others whom I judged to be the staunchest of the crew, including the unfrocked priest whom we called Mentiroso. So well was our duty performed that when ten days afterwards we weighed anchor, not one of our men was missing and the ship was abundantly supplied.



It was with strange sensations, such as no man will ever know again, that we prepared to leave the pleasant roadstead at Gomera. We felt that we were bidding adieu to all the KNOWN WORLD. Where were we going? What should we find? Should we ever return? Would the world know what might befall us?

These were awful questions; faces blanched and long-drawn sighs burst from manly breasts as we asked them, not of each other, but each of himself. Few words were spoken, and there was none of that tempest of curses and prayers which had characterized our last night at Huelva. Partly, this was due to the fact that a month's experience of wind and storm had made sailors out of many who had hardly smelled salt water before, and partly because our confidence in the Admiral's skill and courage as a sailor and knowledge as a navigator had increased many hundred-fold. I doubt if many believed the golden prophecies which filled the speech he made to us just before

we weighed anchor. There was something so incredible in the magnificence of his words as he walked back and forth upon the poop of the lubberly ship, the two caravels a cable's length away, himself clad in the scarlet robe he wore on great occasions, as if he were already Viceroy of the Indies, with subjects unnumbered and tribute incalculable, that by its very extravagance provoked doubt and discouragement rather than confidence and hope.

The soft east wind lifted his long white hair, his cheeks flushed, his eyes had a far-away look as if they consumed the leagues that lay between and beheld the very wonders he described. I think he forgot the crews who were gathered on the deck as he paced back and forth upon the narrow poop and told in words no memory could recall, of wonders none who heard could ever forget. hundred leagues to the westward, he declared, we would find land! Not only land, but Cathay! The land of Marvels and Miracles! Gomera with its sweet waters, its bosky dells, its soft breezes was but an antepast of the delights of that wondrous land! The water of Gomera was the sweetest in all the known world—so sweet that it would not grow rank or bitter in our casks—but its purity and sweetness were as nothing to that of fountains whose waters ran over golden sands, cured all diseases and gave new life and renewed vigor to those who tasted them! The figs and grapes of Gomera were delicious, but in the Wonderland to which we were going, fruits and flowers hung always on the vines, needing no cultivation, and many sorts of fruit grew on one tree! The most beautiful of women waited to welcome us with their embraces. and as for gold—the yellow gold was everywhere! It sparkled in the sand, shone in the clefts of the rocks, the mountain peaks glowed with its radiance! It was so abundant that the people cared nothing for it and would exchange a pound of it for a hawk's bell or a few bits of broken glass! We would load our ships to the very gunwales

and every man should have enough to make him rich all his life! And spices and myrrh and frankincense were so abundant there that Spain would catch the fragrance of our cargo before we passed Cape Vincenzo and know that we were coming! We would all be lords of Ind, and all the world would marvel at our wealth and splendor! The poorest would be peer in wealth with the richest grandee in Spain!

As to the objections which had been urged against the voyage, it thrilled one with a vague terror to listen to the boastful way in which he spake of them. God had chosen him, Cristoval Colon, he said, to show the way across the unknown sea. In this latitude where he had brought us, the wind blew always westward: farther to the North it blew always eastward. This he had learned by sailing every sea from the Gold Coast to Ultima Thule, This great truth he and noting the winds and currents. alone had perceived. It was this secret which he would never impart to others, for on it the success of his voyage hung. The winds of Ultima Thule and the Azores blew from the west. That was the reason no one could go to Ind by that route, though many had tried it. That way we would return; for God had made the winds to blow different ways in different latitudes, so that there could never be a point to which if a man sailed he could not sail back again, if he did but know the courses of the winds, and which way to steer to find those in his favor. There need be no fear, even if we could not return in our ships, for the Grand Khan to whom he bore letters from their Catholic Majesties, would send us home in safety, laden with presents of gold and precious stones, if we were compelled to abandon them. It was strange, indeed, if a hundred Spaniards could not safely find a way where Marco Polo, the Venetian, was able to travel alone and unarmed.

It was in this vein he spoke. With this was mingled

Scriptural phrase and cosmographic speculation, all told with the same wrapt intensity which showed the speaker's firm faith in all, the probable and improbable alike, and produced a strange sense of doubt in them that heard as to whether a prophet, a philosopher, or a mere visionary spoke. Especially did he dwell upon the fact that we would without fail find land within the distance of seven hundred leagues at the farthest, because the prophet Esdras had so declared.

"Hear the words of the prophet," he said:

"UPON THE THIRD DAY THOU DIDST COMMAND THAT THE WATERS SHOULD BE GATHERED INTO THE SEVENTH PART OF THE EARTH. SIX PARTS HAST THOU DRIED UP AND KEPT THEM TO THE END THAT SOME BE PLANTED."

And again:

"UPON THE FIFTH DAY, THOU SAIDST UNTO THE SEVENTH PART, WHERE THE WATERS WERE GATHERED TOGETHER, THAT IT SHOULD BRING FORTH LIVING CREATURES, FOWLS, AND FISHES; AND SO IT CAME TO PASS."

"You all know that wise men have declared that the earth be about eight thousand leagues in circumference. This be greatly beyond the truth, for I do contend that in this latitude it be instead, less than seven thousand leagues. But even if it be as much as the greatest estimate, we have the word of the Prophet of God whom note may gainsay, that only one-seventh of the whole earth is water and the other six-sevenths dry land; so that within seven hundred or at the most seven hundred and fifty leagues, we shall reach the shore of Cathay even if we miss Cipango and the Great Archipelago, which lieth somewhere between. Seeing, therefore, that success be sure and that

honor and glory and great wealth do await each of us, it behooveth us to address ourselves stoutly and with brave hearts to the performance of duty, seeing that thereby we do hold our fate in our own hands."

There were no cheers when he concluded by ordering the Salve Regina to be chanted and the anchors raised. Every one sank on his knees, intoned the anthem mechanically, and went silently to his station. The crews of the caravels clambered quietly over the bulwarks, and went aboard their own vessels as if they had heard a ban rather than a golden prophecy. The fear and wonder the Admiral had inspired were greatly increased by this, but I cannot say that confidence in his expectations was made stronger, for I have noted that whatever is most clearly proved by Scripture is aye the most easily doubted. my own part, I will admit that my trust was lessened. for I saw that he was one who believed whatever he wished,—what he dreamed as well as what he saw,—and to whom nothing inconsistent with the theories he had formed had any existence or any claim to be considered. He was one who deemed it impossible that he should err or his conclusions fail, and counted all who differed or The very magnificence of his doubted as his enemies. promises cloved expectation and chilled belief, until even my faith was dulled and with a shiver of apprehension I was compelled to echo in my thought the words of Doña Guadita: "I do not trust him!"

But it was a bright day. The ships had been refitted and well-provisioned. Of bread and wine we had enough for a year, it was said; and of the sweet waters of Gomera, sufficient, without mishap, to serve for a much longer voyage than the Admiral expected ours to be. The course was laid due west; the wind was well astern, light but steady. There was a merry ripple under our bows; the water swept by with a pleasant murmur, as the well-trimmed ships sped on with even keels. The dark, wooded

hills of Gomera sank into the sea and then Hierro with its gleaming cliffs, and we had bidden adieu to all the earth which any Christian eye had ever seen. There were few that did not whisper an "Ave" as we looked our last upon the land—a thing we might never see again.

The chill of the Admiral's speech passed off as the day grew older, and there was little speculation about the outcome of the voyage among the men, until the setting sun showed a path of gold before our prows. Then, Irish Bill started it most fortunately with a jest.

"Faith now, me laddies," he said to a group standing by him in the forecastle, "ef all that away toward sunset yonder was pure gould as thick as the mainsail, an' we could have it fer the gatherin' up, what think ye we'd do?"

- "Load the ship and make sail for home," answered one, "just as quick as the wind would carry us."
- "Sure ye moight do the likes av that," retorted Bill, with infinite scorn, "but the Admiral wouldn't think av it."
 - "Why, what would he do?"
- "Do? Sure, he'd go on till the place he tould us about the morn, where there's rocks an' mountains of the yellow stuff, an' so save the trouble av loading, don't ye see?"

This sally brought a laugh which seemed to lighten the gloom and reconcile each with whatever might befall.

- "Did you notice," said the whilom monk, after the merriment had ceased, "that he didn't say a word about the conversion of the heathen?"
- "Why the divil should he, Fray Ananias?" asked the Irishman, good-humoredly. "Who is there aboard, exceptin' your riverence, that cares a baubee whither the haythen be converted or not. Sure, it's their gould that needs convertin' more than their souls. There it is lyin' out doors with the rain batin' down on it and blinking his

eyes out belike, with the glare on't; more's the pity an' the sin on't."

"He never forgot the heathen when he was speaking before the Queen and wanted her Majesty, God bless her, and the Holy Mother Church, to back his venture," said the other. He was sitting on a coil of rope looking out to the westward as if he saw the people of the unseen islands stretching out their hands for the Bread of Life.

"Av course, he didn't; sure it's the fashion av the Coort payple to be pious, and her Majesty must needs do something to make amend fer the law agin the Jews. Ef she's so hard down on payple that won't be Christains whin the way is open to 'em, she can afford to be a little saft on the pore craythurs that niver's had a chance to be Christains, at all, belike."

"I am sorry he forgot them," said the sometime monk with a sigh. "And I don't understand why there's no priest aboard. Surely, if we are going to convert the Grand Khan and his people, we ought to have a messenger of the Church to baptize them."

"Sure, I think the Admiral's expectin' to do that job hisself. Can't a layman baptize as well as a praste?"

"That is only when the party is in extremis, and a priest inaccessible," answered the other sadly.

"An' whin the nearest praste is thousands av miles away an' that across an up-hill sea, don't ye call that in-accessible? Perhaps he'll give ye the chance, seein' as ye've had experience."

"Nay, nay," said the other smiling pitifully, and putting up his hand as he turned toward the banterer, as if to repel the suggestion. "I am forbid—I am forbid! If all the souls in Cathay were thirsting for salvation, I might not put the holy drops upon a single brow. Peccavi! Peccavi!"

He bowed his head, and his lips moved in prayer.

"Niver moind the prastes, shipmate," said the

Irishman, touched by the other's grief. "I'm thinkin' there'll be plenty of them, an' Dons and soldiers too, as soon as we pore divils get back to show the way an' let 'em know whether we have found any birds worth pluckin'."

"But the Queen is anxious for the salvation of the heathen," persisted the unfrocked.



"Sure she ought to be," responded the Irishman. "Wan that has allowed so many of her subjects to be burned because they believed too much or too little. and has ordered the Iews out of the kingdom because the prastes think 'em not good enough for Heaven. ought to be anxious about the haythen, an' no mistake."

"Well," said another, "if the Admiral forgot to say anything about

converting the heathen, he didn't forget their goods and chattels."

"Or their lands, tenements and hereditaments," another added, whom we called the Notary because he had been a clerk and was charged with some irregularity as such.

"He didn't forget the women either," said another,

coarsely. "If things be as he says, there is little danger of the Fray going back with us."

This hit was greeted with a roar of laughter, for it was reported that the reason the Friar was aboard, was because he was one of those priests, who having taken a wife without the form of marriage and contrary to his vows, as had become the custom with many of the clergy of Spain at that time, had refused to give her up when commanded to do so by his superiors, but had chosen instead to surrender his living and declared his purpose to marry the woman who had not scrupled to sacrifice herself for his sake. act of contumacy he had been cast into prison. Queen had interfered to save him from the Quemadero and allowed him to enlist for this voyage, on the ground that it ill became a queen to permit a priest to be burned for standing by a woman he had wronged. He seemed a weak man and his terror of the sea had made him at first a ludicrous spectacle. Some wag among the crew had dubbed him "Fray Mentiroso," or the liar. The rotund formlessness which comes from long wearing of the priestly habit, together with his heavy features, full lips, and the tonsure which premature baldness had made permanent, gave point to the taunt. He had taken kindly to the performance of his duties, however, and was one of those I had selected to guard the boats at Gomera, though this had been more from pity than with any belief His habit of praying and fasting, howin his efficiency. ever, made him invaluable as a watchman, and a certain unlooked-for gentleness had made him a favorite with the little company, who constituted what was derisively termed the "shore watch," not that others were not allowed on shore, but we had remained there during our whole stay at the Island. Irish Bill still pointed a jest at him, in a good-natured way, now and then, but everybody knew that the two were warm friends. of the crew he was still merely the unfrocked priest, the most despised and shunned of all men in every Christian land,—perhaps the only sinner it is not allowed another sinner to pity. No one was surprised, therefore, when the warm-hearted Irishman rose and shaking his shockhead turned threateningly to the speaker and said with a snort:

"None of that, shipmate. It's bad enough to twit the poor fellow about the frock he's lost; but it's not fair to pick on him fer lovin' a woman more than he ought. Methinks, there's not many aboard, from the Admiral down to the cabin boy, Diego, that doesn't need absolution fer sins o' that kind."

"So you stand up for him, do you? An unfrocked monk and an Irish thief go well together," sneered the Notary.

"Be a little aisy wid yer tongue, now, or ye may need a docther an' a praste, too, "said Bill with dangerous coolness. "I ain't denyin' that I did ask a gintleman that seemed to have more money than he could convayniently carry, to let me help him wid his load. An' by the same token, the unmannerly cub wint an' reported to the judge that I'd robbed him of the thrifle he'd made me a prisent of. But hark ye, Senor Nothary, I didn't steal nor thry to steal, a widdey's portion nor an orphan's inheritance by forgin' av a will!"

There was a little murmur of applause at this, for a crowd always likes to see a cur get his deserts even if they are no better than he. Besides, the Notary was not popular with the crew.

"Why don't you confess to him and get absolution?" hissed the clerk with white lips.

"Sure I would ef I needed it," answered Bill, with a laugh, "beside av the loikes av ye, that is, that has done little with yer breath but blaspheme God Almighty an' cool the broth that ought to have choked ye, syne the verra hour we set sail."

"When we get to the place where there are so many

pretty women, the good Fray will probably desert and set up a church of his own where priests are not forbidden to marry," said the Notary, perceiving that the way to worry Bill was to attack his friend.

"Will he now? Git out yer pen, Misther Notary, and take down me words. I make a prophecy, here an' now, an' I'll bet me share in the profits of this v'y'ge agin half a ration of wormy peas that, if we iver do git to that part of Cathay where the women are as foine as the Admiral says, the Fray Pedro Corbacho will be the only married man in the ship's company we won't have to bind wid cords to get him aboard an' started back to Spain. Ye see he's the only man here that's showed that he loves his wife betther than himself."

At this there was a round of applause, and the poor priest sprang up with an apologetic gesture and ran across the deck.

"An' as fer bein' shrived by him," continued Bill excitedly, "belike a good man's prayers may be as safe housel as a worse man's ordinance. How many prastes did the good Francisco Ximenes—God bless him for a saint as he is—find in the same boat with our Fray, what time he went through the province barefut sweepin' em out as wid a broom? By the Houly Virgin, I'd sooner trust a man's religion that 'ud stick by his wife, even if he lost his sowl, than the prayers av one that ud kape his coat an' cast off his wife. An' that I fancy was her Majesty's notion, too, else she'd never have allowed him to come on such a pious errand with sich a respectable company! An' he the only praste on board, too!"

A half-hour after, I saw the poor Fray leaning over the rail amidship, and looking down into the water which showed a glistening furrow, in the sultry darkness. Fearing he might be contemplating a plunge, I went to his side and laying my hand on his shoulder said:

"Never mind, Padre, never mind; the rascals are not worth noticing."

"God bless thee, my son," he answered in the habitual tone of the priest, and there was a hint of tears in it that "Thou art very kind. I have made it a true benison. not deserved so much as I receive from thee-and from him," he added, with a gesture toward the forecastle. "But they are right. I have sinned and must suffer. was she—Teresa—who showed me. Teresa who suffers without sin—a lamb misled by her shepherd. That is why I She is-not well, you know; and she thought if I came I might tell the story of our holy religion to the heathen and perhaps God would incline them to hear me; and perchance, when I returned, they might forgive my contumacy and restore me to my function, whereat she, looking down from heaven, would be glad. This is why I was troubled because the Admiral said nothing about the conversion of the heathen; but I should not have spoken. I have brought shame enough on Holy Church already, and ought to have known I would be misunderstood."

He turned and looked over the side again. Whether there were tears fell into the flashing brine, I know not, but I am not ashamed to confess that there were salt drops upon the deck as I walked away.



winds and in varying currents off the shore of Africa. Thrice every day now, we did take the way, and by estimating course and distance did make up a reckoning on each vessel of the day's westering. The Admiral, Juan de la Cosa, the Master, who was also a pilot, and Sancho Ruiz, who, though denominated the pilot, was, like myself, more a learner than a navigator, albeit a sailor of experience, and I, were commonly present on the poop at such time. This the Admiral entered in his journal, and I wrote it down in the book kept open for the inspection of the crew. It was not much

to do, and was the only duty that distinguished me from the other seamen in my watch.

When the weather was favorable, Juan de la Cosa, one of the gentlest of men, though the stoutest of mariners, who had taken a liking to me for some reason, used to converse with me upon navigation and seamanship; he also showed me how sea-charts were drawn, in the preparation of which he was greatly skilled, working upon a planof his own which is as simple and more comprehensive and reliable than any ever before practiced. He taught me, likewise, how to reckon latitude by the tables of Regiomontanus which had lately been prepared, and also the use of the backstaff in taking observations; not failing to impress upon me that all methods employed for this, were so defective that no man could sail by them with certainty, any more than by dead reckoning, which can never be made reliable because of the variableness of the winds and the uncertainty of the currents. As he was the officer in charge of my watch, I had many such opportunities and derived much information from the kind old Pilot, who loved the sea as only those who are familiar with all its moods and phases ever do.

The way was taken, as I have said, three times a day on each of the vessels, and on each ship the reckoning was made up according to the method its Captain chose to It is a difficult matter to determine with anything adopt. like surety, how fast a ship sails, both because the winds are variable and because there is no fixed point with which comparison can be made. A current may be running with the vessel, or against it, and in either case it will, of course, affect the relation of any floating body to the motion of On the Santa Maria, the way was taken by a new method which the Admiral had adopted as being more accurate than any other. I do not know whether it was of his own invention or not, but his great skill in the use of sea-anchors, shows that he must have thought much of

the principle involved, and I see no reason why he should not, naturally, have given it this application as well as another.

This method consisted of a piece of wood, cup-shaped, with a line attached in the center, which was allowed to drag astern, the line running free, while the Admiral held a sand-glass which required just a half a minute for the sands to run through it. This glass, he told us, had been tested by the great clock which Prince Henry of Portugal

had caused to be constructed b y the most skillful horologist of the world, in the hope of obtaining an accurate measure of time to secure certitude in the astronomical observations made by him. When the sand had all run out the line was hauled in and the knots upon it, which were



regular intervals, counted. Knowing then, how far the ship had gone in one-half a minute, it was easy to find how far she would go in an hour and in a day, by taking the average of all the trials for the day's rate.

I had been accustomed to measure time by count, in drilling our spearmen, so that they might become accustomed to an even step and leave no intervals in the line, and was greatly pleased to find during the first days out, how near my count came to the time found by the sand-glass, never varying more than one or two beats, and I usually had

"thirty" on my tongue when the Admiral would cry. "Hold!" After we left the Canaries I was much puzzled to find that I was always two or three, and sometimes four or five beats behind the glass. As it was my duty to check the line, I had no chance to look around, until one day when for some reason another took my place, I happened to note that the Admiral held the glass so that none could note the falling of the sand but himself. flashed upon me that he was purposely making the reckoning less than it really was for purposes of his own. was soon confirmed by the disagreement of his reckoning with that made on the other ships, which he said was due to the less accurate methods they employed. I did not blame him very much, knowing the uncertainty of the voyage on which he had set out to go where no man had sailed before, but I could not help seeing that the time might come when the default might be laid upon me; for he made great show of having taught me how to take the way and estimate the run, and every day when he did announce the reckoning, he would say:

"How much dost thou make the day's run?"

To which I would answer as I had worked it out; and he would reply:

"I make it the same," or perhaps a little more or a little less. But all the time, it was I who counted the knots and made report thereof; so that any mistake might well be laid to my charge.

This troubled me all the more, when I remembered his manner at the time he assigned me to this duty. I cared nothing about it then. All I wished was to get clear of Spain and beyond the reach of the Familiars of the Inquisition. Now, I wished to live, for every day the thought of Xarifa had grown dearer to me, and the dream of flight with her to some unknown shore, more and more definite and delightsome. It is strange how that which seems most impossible becomes most precious of all things.

While I had looked forward to the reward of my service against the Moor as a certainty, and had no serious question that I would return to England, I did not doubt that Xarifa would some time be my wife. Then instead of being over-anxious for the day to come, I merely regarded it as a thing pleasant enough to contemplate, but for which I had no consuming desire that made delay seem insupportable. From the very moment I knew an apparently impassible barrier had been raised between us, the thought



of her was never absent from my mind. My whole being and all my desire for life centered upon her. This made life precious and I dreaded anything that might interfere with my safe return.

At length, I determined to tell Juan de la Cosa what I suspected.

"It would not surprise me," said

the worthy Pilot with a sigh, "indeed, I have thought the same and have feared for thee, my son. I misdoubted from the first, when he gave into your hands a part of the Master's duty. Not that I cared to keep the reckoning; but I saw the Admiral wanted one who should record what he chose to have him enter, rather than make up what the Master might think the true distance his ship had sailed. The Pinzons be good sailors and men of experience, and it does not stand to reason that their reckonings be always too great. The

Admiral says it is the fault of the method they use, but I misdoubt his machine and the way he useth it. Thou shalt take no harm. Go on as thou hast been doing, only each day mark down what thou thinkest the difference between the reckoning agreed on and what may be the true one."

When I asked him if he thought the Admiral ought thus to deceive us, he said with a shake of his head:

"It be a dubious venture in which we be engaged and the crew be not of the best. While a navigator ought not, as a rule, to make false entries to mislead those under his command, it may well be that the success of the voyage shall depend upon it. As long as he himself knoweth the true reckoning, there be little harm that can come of it, unless it be to impair confidence in him, which is of all things, the most important to be maintained. I misdoubt if the Pinzons will believe themselves in the wrong when the difference comes to mount up into hundreds of leagues as well it may before the voyage be at an end."

After that time I added a column to the right of the day's run, in which I put the correction as I did estimate it, and when the Admiral asked what I did make the reckoning, I always answered:

"If the sand-glass speaketh truly, it be so many leagues."

When next he examined my record and asked what the new figures were, I told him I did but guess at what the reckoning of the Pinzons would be. Nevertheless, I think he suspected that I had discovered his artifice and liked it not, yet would not openly blame melest I should give voice to my distrust. Withal, I was well content, for I felt that I was learning scamanship under its greatest master. Every day I felt the knowledge gained from Signor Caboto and Messer Bartolomeo was being extended and made clear by experience, and more than once I caught myself wishing that with a stout British ship under my heels and a faithful English crew around me, I too, might

make a run into the West, in search of such adventure as might betide.

I did not doubt the Admiral would succeed, unless it should happen that his crew might compel him to turn back before the end was reached; and, though I liked it not that he should regard me with suspicion, as he seemed to do, I was consoled both with the thought that I had given him no ground for such feeling, and the fact which I observed, that he had no greater confidence in others. He could not endure that the Pinzons should get a ship's length ahead, though, as their vessels sailed more freely than ours, it was hard for them to keep always just abeam. He seemed, also, fearful that Juan de la Cosa, who was his stoutest and most loyal friend, was only waiting an opportunity to supplant and betray him. Seeing which things, it dawned at length upon me, that the Admiral was one of those unfortunate men who can never wholly trust another, and are perhaps for that very reason, seldom fully trusted by those in whose company they long remain. To such it happens that, however many new friends they may make, the falling away of old ones leaveth them at length with little following, and that not always of the best.

It was here I learned that most valuable lesson to him who would build on other men's co-operation, that confidence is the loadstone which draweth to a man the trust of others. The lack of this, more than all things else I think, was the cause of the Great Admiral's ultimate misfortunes. He was unequaled in concept, daring and skillful in execution, but he could not hold the confidence of others in the justness and fairness of his purposes. When a man asketh others to embark with him in great ventures, it is needful that they should think he hath their interests in his heart if he would have them carry him faithfully in their arms. This one thing the Admiral lacked, and of all men under his command I know not

one that loved him or trusted him, save only him who had least reason of all, the unfortunate Fray Pedro Corbacho, who counted him God's divinely-ordained instrument to bear salvation to the heathen who sit in darkness, and blessed him with every breath because of it, while he prayed without ceasing for his success.



o we sailed on, steering ever due west; the sea calm, the sun hot at midday, but balmy as May at morning and evening; the waves liquid amber by day and glowing ripples by night.

And still the sails needed not to be shifted. Of the two men at the rudder there was need but for one. Light winds aloft caught the bonnets and topsails and bore us steadily and smoothly, as if indeed we ran down the side of the world, as some did fear, the more especially as we found currents setting to the southwestward which strove continually to veer the vessels from their course. For though we had seen the great skill of the Admiral, and there were none of the crew who did not believe that whatever mortal man might do to baffle wind and tide that he would do, yet there were many who held that those light winds aloft blowing alway from the east, with cloudless skies and currents running westward, were certain indications that we were passing softly down the earth's western slope to where the waters would fall off and the winds wholly cease. Which fear was not without reason. That the waters remain on the upper side of the earth even if it be a sphere. is not a strange thing; but why they do not fall off on the nether side, I do confess, I cannot yet understand. though I have proved by my own experience that it be so.

However, I think it was the lightness of the wind and fear that it might fail rather than any doubt of the water under our keels, that troubled the Admiral. He wished that the wind would blow strong astern while the crew were praying that it might shift, if but for an hour to dead ahead, in order that they might be rid of their fears. We saw many new fishes, as was natural, in these unsailed seas, and one dark night a ball of fire fell into the sea, between the Santa Maria and her consorts.

But nothing very wonderful occurred until the tenth night out when my watch came on deck and I went to take the rudder from Fray Pedro. I had instructed him in the use of the compass, so that he had become an ex cellent steersman, of which there was great need because of the few experienced sailors in our crew. He was all the better because he was not without some learning and his habit of wakefulness and earnest desire to do his duty made him very reliable. Besides that he was strong though not being braced up by regular exercise, he seemed but loosely put together. But I saw him afterwards, often enough in the worst of storms, his face full of rugged purpose; his bare feet clinging to the heaving deck; his short, strong fingers knotted about the rudder; his uncovered head swaying to and fro, and his great brown eyes flashing back and forth from binnacle to bowsprit, when I thought him the very picture of a faithful helmsman. And never have I known a man whom I would sooner choose to have on the other side of a swaying rudder in a heavy storm on a dangerous coast, unless, indeed, it were the Admiral himself, who, in addition to an arm as strong, better knowledge, and more experience, had that rare and valuable quality for a seafaring man, eyes which, though they blinked by day and shrank and wept when the sun's rays fell upon them, saw at night almost as well as others do in the daytime.

My watch came on at two hours after midnight and I

took the rudder from Fray Pedro whose mate was always half asleep against the bulwark or gone below before the relief was called. We always exchanged pleasant greetings, and not unfrequently he remained conversing with me or wrapt in his own musings for an hour or more, until I urged him to go below that he might get sufficient rest.

On this occasion, he seemed much excited, and when I would have taken the rudder from him he waved me off and said in a low voice, pointing to the binnacle, lighted by its rush-lamp: "Pray thee, look there, Don Lajes." He called me always "Don" as did the others of the crew, taking it, I think, from Irish Bill, who being from the same country was supposed to be good authority upon my right to be counted a gentleman, and persisted always in referring to me as Don "Latches," a form that fitted his lips better than the Spanish aspirate. "Prithee, look there, and tell me what thou seest."

I stood on the larboard side of the binnacle and glancing across the compass face in the direction of the polestar, saw that the needle pointed exactly towards it.

- "Keep her up," I said, supposing he had let the ship fall off her course while speaking.
 - "She is up," he answered.
- "But that cannot be; the star should be five points to the westward!"
- "So indeed, thou didst teach me; but look for thy-self!"

Examining more closely, I found it was indeed true. The pole-star and the compass were in exact conjunction. I looked to see what had caused it, but the needle was working freely. What could be the reason? Up to that time the star had been five degrees to the eastward of the line of the needle or a little less; now they were the same. I have never known such terror as took hold upon me in that moment when it seemed that our only guide over the

trackless unknown waste was itself likely to prove unreliable.

"What thinkest thou it means?" asked the Fray.

I shook my head.

"Doth it not mean that we have passed beyond the limit where the laws that govern the upper world abound, into that nether half we know not of?"

There was a strange light in his eyes as he asked this question, but not of fear.

- "In truth, I know not," I answered. "How long since thou didst observe it thus?"
 - "An hour agone."
 - "And thou hast spoken of it?"
 - "Only to thee."
- "It is well; I will acquaint the Master, an' thou wilt do me the grace to hold the tiller a moment longer."
 - "Willingly."

Juan de la Cosa was leaning over the bulwarks amidships when I found him. Asking him to come aft, I pointed to the binnacle and took my place at the tiller.

- "What! What!" he exclaimed as soon as his eye fell upon it. "Who hath changed the heading?"
 - "It is due west," I replied.
- "Why, so it is—so it is," he responded, glancing at the course, "but what does this mean? Never did I know the pole-star and the needle to agree before!"

He examined the compass minutely, and with a troubled countenance. "I have heard of slight variations before, but thought them most likely fancies. This is five degrees or more, and I know not what it portends. Who knoweth of it?"

- "None, save ourselves."
- "Let it be so still. It will be day before the next watch cometh on, so they will not note it. There be no need to wake the Admiral."
 - "He getteth little enough sleep at best," said the Fray.

"That indeed he doth," rejoined the Master. "He is aye restless upon a voyage, especially if the sky be overcast; but I never knew him like this before. It seemeth ever as if he thought the darkness might bring us some disaster. I will tell him on the morrow."

"Nay, my good Master, thou wilt tell me now."

It was the Admiral's voice. He had come upon us, walking softly with bare feet. It was thus he loved to wander about the deck at night, making no sound and coming upon the crew unawares, so that no one whose duty it was to be alert dared sleep, from fear lest he might be found remiss by the Admiral, who was not one to pardon such offence. "What is it thou wouldst hold from me until the morrow?"

Thereupon the Master informed him what we had discovered. After careful verification he said:

"This is not to be wondered at. I had already noted that the needle was approaching the pole-star, but did not know they were yet in conjunction. It but confirms my belief that the earth is not spherical, but that there is a great protuberance upon one side, up which we are now sailing, which is also the cause of the cooler weather we have for the last three days experienced. I think the earth be pear-shaped rather than round, with the larger end toward the Antarctic."

It was impossible, listening to the words of the Admiral and noting his composure, to doubt that he had really contemplated this very contingency. But I soon became satisfied from his changed demeanor and the frequency of his inspection of the compass at night when the star was visible, that it was as new a matter to him as to the others, and that the explanation which he offered was improvised, in true Italian fashion, for the occasion. I was the better satisfied of this because, though I considered it carefully, I was unable to see how such protuberance of the Antarctic explained the variance of the needle and have never yet

found any one who could find any relation between them. It was evident that the Admiral himself was equally unable to apply this theory, since not more than a day or two had passed before he substituted another, which was that the pole-star itself was subject to change, which, if it be not true, is, in my opinion, much nearer the truth, the experience we afterward had, as well as other observations in the same seas, serving to make clear to my mind that the steadfastness of the needle dependent not upon the pole-star but on some earthly force which in some latitudes lieth toward the star and in others varies from its direction. But what causeth the attraction and whether the same be constant or variable, I do conceive that none will know until the nature of it be more fully apprehended.

On the next day attention was attracted still more to this variation, which had become known to all on board by reason of the Admiral's disquisition upon it, by the ships entering such a mass of floatage as was never before seen; at least, that was the opinion of the most experienced sailors among the crew, and even the Admiral did admit that he had never beheld anything like it before. the whole surface of the sea as far as the eye could reach. and was so thick that the birds did light upon it as on Moreover, it was so dense that there were no waves where it lay, only dull heavy swells, which raised it in great ridges, coming often in a direction whence no wind did blow. Upon the upper surface this mass of drift was mostly dull brown with many green spots, and when we did pull some of it aboard we found it was a sea-weed which sent down its roots many fathoms. All took this to be an indication of land, and the Pinta and Niña, which being smaller vessels were less hindered by the wrack. pushed forward in hope of being the first to make the ex-When, however, there seemed after a day pected land. and a night's sail, no indication of any shore, the Admiral signaled the Pinzons, who commanded the caravels, to come on board that he might consult with them, both as to this floatage and the action of the compass.

Then, indeed, it seemed they were all agreed that land should be found thereabouts, both because of the abundance of floatage and the fact that, on a chart they carried, a great island was laid down not far from where it was believed we were. Martin Alonzo, indeed, declared it could be nothing but the mouth of a great river and swore he expected to run the Pinta ashore before another sunrise. Thereupon, the Admiral ordered a bucket of water



brought upon the poop, and after tasting conceived it to be fresher than it should be in mid-ocean. But Vincente Yanez Pinzon said he had no thought there were so big an estuary in which one might sail for days and not see land. Thereupon, Juan de la Costa reminded them that some cosmographers had held the better part of the nether world to consist of shoals and swamps, and asked whether there were not danger of becoming involved in some such water whence with light winds we might have difficulty in getting out. Then it occurred to them that no one had

thought to see what depth of water there was under our keel, and the Admiral called out to heave the lead. Which being done, and two hundred fathoms having run and no bottom found, he exclaimed to Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who had predicted there were not fifty fathoms:

"Aha, my good Captain; there be enough water to float the Pinta yet! What sayest thou now to steering north-westward to get out of this entanglement?"

"Thou hast ever sworn that on this latitude we should first find land," they all answered. "Why leave it when every indication showeth land to be near?"

Then he asked if they had not noticed the action of the compass, and all gathered about the binnacle to hear the Admiral's explanation. Which, when he had stated it, Vincente Yanez Pinzon said he felt greatly troubled by it, for he could not help thinking that if it already varied five degrees it might soon vary ten, and then twenty, and perhaps, presently lose all stability of purpose. In that case, he said, we would be like a blind man who had lost his staff, afraid to go forward and unable to know when he is going back.

Juan de la Cosa then upspake, and first advanced the notion that it was the compass needles which were at fault, having lost the efficacy derived from the lode-stones on which they had been rubbed.

But Martin Alonzo, who was a sailor of the old-fashioned sort, who had less care for astronomy and charts than the younger men, swore stoutly that he cared little what might befall the cursed bit of witchcraft, anyhow. Roger Bacon and the Devil had invented it, he said, but neither Bacon nor the Devil should scare him back, after he had come thus far, until he had either found land or seen the smoke of hell, at the very least.

Whereat there was a great shout from the men, for sailors are ever fond of one who, as the Spaniards have it, "spareth not the garlic" in what he hath to say.

"And as for losing our way," continued the Captain of the Pinta, "I see not how that can be as long as we know not where the land is that we seek, save that it lieth to the westward. As long as the star is in the north by night and the sun riseth astern and setteth ahead, I have no fear but the Pinta will find her way westward, and if there be any land there, by Saint Jago, she will find it! I will lay you a ducat to a maravedi on that, even if the compass dance a jig round the whole box every blessed day!"

There was something hearty about the old sailor, who, though he did not profess the Admiral's learning, had even more confidence in wind and tide. However, when we had sailed three more days in the dull sea of floatage seeing nothing of land, there came up a storm; the Admiral turned his prow northward and the others were fain to follow. This took us out of the Sargasso, as we had named this sea, which though a mass of weeds upon the surface we found no bottom in, even at five hundred fathoms. The wind came from the westward now, and blew a hurricane almost, for three days, so that we scarce made any head against it. Thereby all fear that there would be no wind by which we might return was dispelled.

Then we sailed westward again, for ten days finding no land though often thinking it near and sometimes thinking we did see it. Then Martin Alonzo Pinzon insisted that we should follow the birds that we saw flying to the south-westward, and turned the Pinta's prow in that direction, we following his lead. Five days thereafter we did find land beyond a peradventure. Strangely enough, it was from the Pinta it was first perceived, though the Admiral claimed to have seen a light thereon the night before. While it be true, that he could see in the night almost like a cat, as I have remarked before, there was none who believed that he could have seen

a light on shore when we were ten or twelve leagues away, and the only reason the pension was granted him, which he afterwards enjoyed, seems to have been that he was Captain-General of the fleet, and Rodrigo de Triana only a common sailor. The fact that Triana returned in the Pinta with Martin Alonzo Pinzon was against him, too, as also the fact that he was a converted Jew or one of those "New Christians," so little in favor in Spain, despite the ardor of the Queen to increase the number of true believers. It is hardly to be wondered at, that one treated so unjustly should abandon his native land and new religion, to seek shelter with the Moors, whom he counted less inclined to take from a poor man his just deserts.



Those were marvelous months we spent in the new lands we found,—lands which rose up as if by magic out of the Sunset Sea under our very prows,—of which no man had dreamed until the dim light of that early morning, when, with the young moon rising out of the dark sea that stretched away to the eastward, the converted Jew, Roderigo Triana, sitting in the crow's nest on the Pinta, spied a darker cloud that clung upon the western horizon, and sang out, "Land ho!" A gun was fired and we lay to, with sails furled waiting for the day.

It did not need much knowledge to perceive that these were not the lands the Admiral sought—either Cipango or Cathay—for they had none of the civilization of which the world had been certified by those who had adventured into those lands or had received credible report therefrom. But the Admiral could think of nothing but the Archipelago which lay to the eastward of Cipango, to which these islands, he maintained, did belong; so he sought only for the Grand Khan and the gold with which his realms abounded.

They were wondrous islands, full of miracles of sense.

The air was balmy, the seas benignant! The earth fruitful beyond all comparison! Flowers of the most intoxicating odor: fruits the most luscious: trees the most wonderful! Each new isle was a verdant bower, interspersed with rich meadows; mountains covered with vines; rivers clear as crystal. The woods were full of birds of brilliant plumage and unwonted song: the sea replete with strange fishes. Hardly tree or vine or shrub or flower or grain or fruit or beast or bird or fish that any one had seen before, greeted our eyes in those months of fevered search for marvels. Instead of gorgons and hobgoblins, which we expected, we found in these islands not a harmful beast, and only the gentlest and kindliest So that in all our three months of sailing of peoples. along their shores, not a man was killed by them, though we were not innocent of provocation. They were kindly and trustful; but only greed and lust inspired the intruders. We sought only for gold and spoliation. not say this to blame the Admiral. Not only had his dreams been of gold, but all his hopes hung on its procurement. Wealth, instant, without labor, without cost, unprecedented and incredible, was the allurement he had held out to his Sovereigns to induce them to embark upon this venture. "Pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, and spices "—these were the basis of the convention with the royal patrons. These were reserved for royal profit, onetenth only going to the Viceroy. In these things there could be no private barter.

I may well call it a fevered search. In those three months of coasting among islands which were like fairy-land, the crews were ashore hardly a dozen days. "Where is the Gold? Which way is Cathay?" were the questions asked of every dusky heathen: "God show us where to find the Gold," was the constant prayer of the disappointed Admiral. Unfortunately, he had none of that power which transforms subordinates and dependants into friends and

followers. He made no appeal to the loyalty of his men, except through their passions and their greed, and even their greed he showed little desire to gratify. He was loth to permit them to mingle with the natives on shore lest they should gather gold on their own account. He distrusted his subordinates, and would not allow the Pinta or Niña out of his sight, though they were well-commanded and better sailers than the Santa Maria. Of what happened aboard that ship, it is better not to tell. That there were jolly times, none need doubt. As there seemed to be small prospect that the men would have any chance to enrich themselves, they did not hesitate to enjoy such pleasures as they were allowed.

Every one seemed to have forgotten about the conversion of the heathen, except the poor "Fray Mentiroso," as he was still sometimes called, who might have been in orders, so faithfully and patiently did he labor to find the way to the hearts of the dusky heathen. How many did he not comfort! How many did he not shield from evil! But not one word did he utter derogatory of the Admiral; not an order did he disobey; not a duty did he neglect. If the crew jeered him because he reproved their brutalities, he answered only with prayers and beni-Some hated him for his reproofs, but all esteemed him for his gentleness. Save Irish Bill and myself, there were not many who might be called his friends. this was natural—we were foreigners, and had not the same horror of an unfrocked priest that a Spaniard hath.

It was enough to turn the heads of men—the wonders which we saw. Yet there was none of that magnificence which the Admiral had promised and no doubt fully expected to find. He was Admiral in good sooth now, and Viceroy also. Such were the conditions of the convention with the Sovereigns; and the first thing he did after taking posession of the first island with great formality, was to require each of the little company who went

ashore with him, and then each of the crew of all the vessels, to swear allegiance to him as Admiral of the Western Seas and representative of the lords paramount upon the land. Thenceforth, his will was law. Afloat or ashore, he had all power. There was no limit to what he might do, and any disobedience was treason against the Sovereigns he represented. This made a great change in his demeanor. He assumed much pomp and arrogated to himself great authority. He paid little attention to the



wishes of any under his command; and seemed all the time wrapped in dreams of his own greatness.

So we sailed up and down in Wonderland, going hither and thither, wherever a dusky finger chanced to point the way towards "the place where the Gold is!" We skirted the shores of hundreds

of islands, great and small. We learned that to the west and southward, others still more wonderful were hidden. Many times was the ceremony of taking possession performed, the Admiral wearing a crimson robe over his armor and the Royal Notary making formal record of the event; the naked Indians looking wonderingly on. To make amend for the little liberty they were given, the Admiral permitted the men to take of the Indian women such as they chose, "to share their durance" on board the ships.

For a fortnight, we had been searching for Babeque, "where the Gold is." For more than a month, we had seen naught of the Pinta. Had her Captain found the island of Gold, or had he returned home without orders? These were the questions which the crews discussed not less earnestly with each other than the Admiral with himself.

For repairs to the ship's bottom we had careened her upon the shore of that wonderful island, which the . natives call Cuba. It is a kingdom in itself of amazing beauty and fertility, but from it the Admiral turned away, though protesting it to be the mainland of Cathav. because there was little trace of gold. The brown fingers in response to his eager inquiries for the yellow metal, still pointed to southward, uttering strange, unknown words, "Bahio," "Yamaya," "Haite," "Babeque!" What unimagined wonders hid behind these names, each one an echo in the Admiral's fancy of some oriental marvel! But Babeque outshone them all and made the wealth—the inexhaustible wealth of the Cuban soil—seem cheap and insignificant to one who sought, not the seats of empire and prosperity, but gold. Babeque, the wonderful, it was said they picked up gold on the seashore by the light of torches by night, and by day beat it into shining bars! If we could only find Babeque, we would load our ships with gold and sail away to Spain! Fortunate was it for the poor Admiral that his dream was not realized. Had it been, I do misdoubt that he had so overloaded his ships that every trace of him and his discovery would have disappeared in the great storm they encountered on their return voyage.

No wonder the Admiral named the harbor where he lay the Holy Port, or that there came into his fertile brain the belief that somewhere hereabout must have been the Garden of Eden. Nowhere in the Old World was ever found such verdure, such fertility, such salubrity, nor withal such innocence. For although the women were as vain as any of Eve's daughters and would give anything for a string of glass beads, a red cap, a hawk's bell, or any trinket with which they might adorn their persons, they had little notion of using fig-leaves or aught else to conceal their charms.

It was a dream of Paradise, complete in all things, even to the devil whispering in the ear of Eve—only here there were many devils instead of one—jolly, laughing devils and many not unwilling Eves. So the hours slipped by full of languorous delight and inexpressible wonder. One day was like another, only now it was one bit of wonderland we saw and on the morrow another.



THE little cove where we lay swarmed with Indians, men and women, in their canoes, in the water, on the land; mild, curious, trustful. Nearly all our crews were ashore. bartering, chaffering, strolling with them into the forest that came dark and luxuriant down to the beach of soft. white sand. The Admiral, with his red cloak worn over his shining armor, guarded by a small company of arquebusiers, was trying to learn more about the gold, the great king of whom he thought they spoke, and whatever else he might inquire by signs, loud words, commands and threats. Juan de la Cosa, left in charge of the ship, sat dreamily watching the curious scene from the poop. few of the company who remained on board, were scattered here and there. Our decks were heaped with strange fruits and stores of cassava, enough to supply twice our number. Since we came among the islands, our supplies had hardly been touched, so abundant was the new fruitage.

The Padre was leaning over the rail in the waist, with a serious countenance, observing what went on. Everything was so strange, from the parrots in the wood to the great tortugas that floated by us in the water by day, or crept awkwardly up the sandy beach by night, that one could never cease to wonder at what he saw. But the Fray was even more interested in the people than in all the other wonders of these new regions. He was as anxious to save the souls of the poor, naked, yet kind and generous heathen, as the Admiral was to secure their gold, or the crews to abuse their bodies.

Having naught else to do, I strolled over and stood in the shadow of the mast beside him.



"The Admiral is having quite a parley with the Indians," I remarked.

"Aye," answered the good father, looking around with his accustomed smile, "he is trying to make them understand that this is the eastern coast of Asia, and to learn how many days' journey it is to the capital of the Grand Khan; and they are endeavoring to make him know that this is a great island named Cuba, which it would take him twenty days to sail around."

"Can you make out all they say?"

- "Not all, my son-but many things."
- "It is strange that you should master their language so soon."
- "Bethink thee, lad," was his modest reply, "that while others have been searching for gold I have been seeking for knowledge. Besides, I have prayed the Holy Saints for aid, and I think they have helped me."
- "Why does not the Admiral employ you to interpret for him?"
- "I cannot tell the stories he wishes to hear," was the Padre's reply. "Besides, he is not one to admit that another knoweth more than he."

He had a book open upon the rail before him, in which he now and then jotted down a word. The shore was hardly half a hundred yards away, and we could easily hear what was said; but in all the time we had been here I had not learned more than a dozen native words, while the Padre had whole pages full of them.

- "Why do you take so much pains to learn the language of these people?" I asked curiously, after watching him awhile.
- "I will tell thee, my son," he answered, closing his book and putting it in the breast of his frock. "It is because this is my one opportunity to secure the removal of the interdict that stands against me. Dost thou not see that he who shows the way to the hearts of these poor heathen, whereby the dear Lord Christ may come in as at an open door, will deserve well of the Church, and even though he be dead, will receive the reward of recognition? It is true I am forbid to administer any of the holy sacraments: but I am not forbid to teach the gospel and show the way of life to these poor children of darkness. you sail away on the return voyage I shall remain; I will learn their language, and if I may not be the apostle for their conversion, I shall make plain the way for his feet when he comes. And I shall have my reward!"

He turned away to hide his emotion, crossed the deck and stood looking out in silence over the sunlit sea. Presently he returned.

"Pardon," he said, "I would be glad to tell thee—to have thee know. One does not cease to be a man because he has been a priest—not even when he has been degraded. It was Teresa, the blessed saint, who foreknew this opportunity, and implored me to accept the Oueen's grace and enlist upon this voyage. The Admiral has opened the way with his thirst for gold and pride and pomp. This is not the land he sought. We know it is not, but he will not see or believe. It bodeth ill for him that his eyes are blind. A great empire lieth here—God knows how great—but he will never see it nor rule over He thinketh not of mercy, or justice, but only of If he doth not find it, or findeth it not in sufficient abundance, he will make merchandise of the souls and bodies of these children of the forest. Those graceful forms, with soft brown skins, like velvet to the touch will be rare merchandise in the marts of Madrid and Seville!

"But God, who knoweth all things, looketh beyond to-day. Had the Admiral been other than he is, he would never have found these lands. It was the hope of gold that gave him opportunity, and the glint of gold under his prows that maintained his courage. Now it blinds him. That is God's way. He sharpeneth His own instruments. The tool is dull and blind and cold in the hand of him that uses it. When it has done its work it does but tear and rend if it goes beyond its appointed limit. The Admiral is the path-finder; for that work he hath been prepared. He cannot rule, establish, or secure. All this expanse of beauty and fertility he would make a desert for the sake of a little gold. All these people he would destroy, now and forever, if he might but load his ship with gold to show to them he serves!

"God maketh every man for one thing; giveth him



one opportunity; traineth him for one service. The Admiral he hath fitted only to show the way to others, not to improve the opportunity. Already he hath estranged While none doubteth his skill and all those under him. wonder at his fortitude and daring, there be none who love him. He cares naught for any man's right or advantage save his own. Is it any wonder the Pinzons chafe under his suspicion and restraint? Have they not adventured in this enterprise more than he? Even the share he hath in it, does it not depend on their favor and confidence? Yet he treats them like children. must neither discover nor acquire anything. Not an island is named for them; not even the least portion of the vast domain assigned to them. They are to have no honor and acquire no fortune if he can prevent. Who but he in all the world would be so blind! If he would say to the masters of his ships, severally, 'This is thy principality. Thou mayest take and hold, have and possess, paying only to our sovereign Queen the share ordained, and yielding to me as chief feudatory and viceroy allegiance and such modicum of tribute as is just,' what liegemen would not the Pinzons and the gentle Juan de la Cosa be? How staunch in friendship and untiring in duty! And his men, having such hope before them, what retainers! But because his possessions are boundless he is only fearful lest some one should clip the unwatched edges.

"Such is ever the way. He that hath nothing, when his hands are filled to overflowing, begrudges others even a pinch of the sands that bound the shores of his thousand principalities. He will not allow his men to accept a grain of gold as a present from one of these children of the forest, or to buy even a nose-ring with any bauble he may have. It is all his—his and the Queen's! Is it strange that Martin Alonzo would not see his signals and hath gone off—none knoweth whither? Is it to be won-

dered at that of his crews none speak him well except for favor? Put them back in Spain to-day, and how many, think you, would enlist willingly with him again? They are not good men, I grant; neither are they all bad. Some are unfortunate, some vicious, some worthless, no doubt; but all men, good and bad alike, are won by the same qualities. He that would lead men must first of all be generous to them by whose aid he rises to power and He that conquers a kingdom must make his lieutenants princes and nobles if he would hold their allegiance. He who asks others' aid in great enterprises must give in proportion to his success to those by whose favor he wins. This is the test of greatness of soul and fitness for leadership.

"I would the Admiral had these qualities, not for his own sake merely, but because he hath brought me mine opportunity—an opportunity which had never come but for him -also for the sake of my shipmates who have shared the hardships and terrors of his voyage, and especially for the sake of these simple people whom God hath put into our hands to be dealt with as we would have His grace deal with us. My heart is wrung with pity for the woes I see in store for them! Who will teach them? Who will strengthen them? Who will fit them for the new condition that must soon confront them? O dear Lord Christ! Hast thou planted justice in no man's heart? Or must Thy name be forever but a cloak for greed and lust and oppression? Must all these perish because Thou hast died, and by Thy death become the inspirer of them that wrong and slay Thy children? Will Thy kingdom never come on earth? Will men never learn that he who seeks salvation in Thy name is barred by his own hope of heaven from wronging those Thou didst die to save?"

His emotion choked him. Tears fell down his face as he made the holy sign, and his lips overflowed with prayers. He rose and walked excitedly up and down the narrow passage on the cluttered deck. He had raised his voice in his excitement and Juan de la Cosa, nodding on the poop, opened his eyes and looked down in surprise.

"I tell thee," continued the Padre, lowering his tones as he caught the Master's eye, though his voice still thrilled with emotion, "it is my opportunity! I will go to them! I will teach them the way. It may not be for long-it may be only a very little seed, that will never blossom on earth, but it will bear fruit in Heaven, and the dear Lord Christ and Mary Mother will see it, and my sin will be forgiven. They will know that I loved my Lord, not less but more, for having loved Teresa. And she will be forgiven, because but for her I should never have had the wit nor the strength to have determined on this duty. Dear, sweet saint! She still mourns, thinking she did tempt me to sin and was the cause of my obduracy. was not so, though I could never make her believe it. ever bewails that beauty which did enthrall me, thinking it did drag me down. On the contrary, it did lift me up. I had fallen if I had never seen her; but I had never risen but for her love. I could not deny her to save myself. If we sinned together, I had shamed the Son of God had I left her to endure its scath and gone on in the discharge of my holy functions. Her love taught me to bow to the will of the Church, and endure patiently the punishment of my sin. It was hard for the popular priest, esteemed by his order, and loved by his people, to endure degradation and become an outcast; but I did not Her sweet courage kept me from that sin. murmur. But my superiors will one day revoke my sentence, and she will know of it, and be glad. I shall send her a letter by you, and also one to the Queen's Confessor, that Ximenes who is so harsh a saint and yet so just, and you must promise to deliver them with your own hands. you do it?"

"Indeed, Padre," I answered with a shrug, "so far as the Mistress Teresa is concerned, I make no question; for I would count nothing too much that would favor thee; but as to the Confessor, who may be Primate now, for aught we know, it might be putting my head in the lion's mouth to confront him."

"Tush, man, he knoweth naught of thee!"

"Pardon me, good father, but the monk Francisco Ximenes hath often held familiar speech with me, and he

is not one to forget a face that hath once claimed his attention."

"Thou art right in that; but I am surprised at what thou sayest. How came it thou hadst speech with the holy man?"

"No matter; an' thou writest the letter, I will see it be delivered—if not by myself by a sure hand, if that will content thee?"



"Truly, I may not ask for more. I did hope that one who could himself testify of my life during this voyage, might bear my petition to his Eminence; but I ought not perhaps to ask even that, considering what measure of divine favor hath been already granted me."

Seeing his great distress, I said, jestingly:

"But his Reverence never saw me in a sailor's jacket with an Andalusian cap on my head."



"Did he not?" asked the Fray, eagerly, "nor with a beard, either, belike?"

"No, indeed," I said, putting my hand to my face, "a beard is an ill thing under a close-fitting aventaile, such as I have been wont to wear."

I had not thought of the beard, which had grown since our embarkation, as having changed my appearance, and rubbed my hand over my face in some confusion in response to his inquiring look. These three months had screened my features almost as effectually as the helmet I had worn so long.

"I must look like a pirate," I said, as I felt the unaccustomed growth.

"I do not think even thy mother would recognize thee, my son."

Looking at his own face, which had been smooth shaven when we left Huelva, but now was hidden with a tangle of lustrous black, I could well credit his words.

"And thou thinkest in a few months more even his Eminency, the lynx-eyed Ximenes, would be at fault! Very well; if occasion offers I will make trial of thy faith, and, if my beard is not enough to preserve my incognito, my wit must give assurance for my head. Though before that time, there be some reason to hope, his Eminence may become my friend."

"God grant thy hope prove true," said the Padre simply.

Then, as we hung over the rail, looking down into the still, clear water, full of many colored fishes, which were ever darting about our hull as if bent on making acquaintance with some strange intruder, I told the Padre of myself.

"Thou hast powerful enemies, my son," said the poor Fray with much solemnity as I concluded. "It is a terrible thought that the weal of Mother Church demands

the use of such instruments to preserve her purity. I cannot believe it is the right way, yet it is not for such as I to criticise them that do her work and exercise the power to bind and loose on earth." He bowed his head and crossed himself.

The Padre was a man of strange ideas. He seemed to think that Christianity was one thing and the Church another, and that it might be possible both for a man to be a Christian without believing in the Church, and that the Church might exist without any hint of Christianity in its character or purpose, beyond the Holy Name and certain formal rites. He regarded the act for which he had been placed under ban as sinful, not so much I think because he was a priest as because it was a matter of injustice toward the woman who gave him her love, and I could never learn that he desired the removal of the interdict, for any reason except that it would pleasure her.

He was silent for a long time, then, as if suddenly awakening to the present, continued in a different tone:

"It may be there is a wall of fire about thee it is impossible to break through, but remember there be no juster man in all Spain than Francisco Ximenes, whom every bad man, and especially every bad priest, doth fear and hate. If thou canst make him thy friend thou mayest rest secure."

"Be it so, Padre," I rejoined, "if I go and thou remainest here, be sure I will not only find thy Teresa, but the Queen's Confessor shall know thou art doing more for the Lord Christ among the heathen in the new lands than all the priests of Spain in their fat benefices."

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed the Padre, looking around in alarm. "I pray thee do not endanger thyself to serve me. Such speech might anger him."

"A fig for his anger! If one is to be another's friend, shall he not stand by him to the end? I could never

measure my words. Besides, I doubt if the Fray Francisco liketh not to hear an unpleasant truth boldly spoken, better than a half-truth that needeth a cover to hide its deficiency. But what matter? I misdoubt thy staying. It be far more likely we shall all go back together. Then thou canst do thine own errands, and pray God He give thee good speed therein!"

- "Do not imagine it, my son; I shall never see Spain, nor ever exercise the priest's function again. I shall remain in these new lands until God calls me."
- "But the Admiral hath indicated no purpose to make a settlement here!"
- "The Admiral knoweth not what he would do. He dare not send one of his Captains home to announce his discovery, himself remaining, lest he get not the credit he thinketh his due; and he feareth to leave one of them here, lest such should pursue the search and chance to find the golden marvels in his absence. In that case, he well knows the subordinate, rather than himself, would reap the more substantial reward. If he had less vanity or more wisdom, he would leave to one of them the telling of his story, while he remained to find what farther research might unfold. But one might as well expect a peacock to allow another the spreading of his tail!"
- "For that very reason," I answered with a laugh, "I think we shall all return together."
- "The absence of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who is the second in command and, in case of his departure, would have control under their Majesties' order, giveth the Admiral great concern. He cannot well leave a part of the company without leaving one of his ships—and that he will never do."
 - "What then?"
- "Something might happen," said the Padre, significantly. "Remember the Admiral be an Italian,"

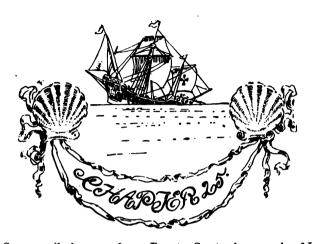
- "To the Pinta, for instance?" I asked.
- "Martin Alonzo is a good sailor, and commands his own ship. Nothing will happen to her that skill and vigilance can prevent."
 - "The same be true also of the Niña."
- "Yes, and more too; the Niña is the most seaworthy of the fleet—although the smallest."
 - "And the Santa Maria?"
- "The Admiral liketh not big ships and every one knoweth she is but a sorry tub."
 - "Juan de la Cosa is her owner."
 - "Aye, but the Admiral commands her."
 - "So you think-"
- "Never mind, my son; I think I shall remain with the Santa Maria on this side the Ocean Sea."
- "Be jabers, Padre, I'm wid ye there," said Irish Bill, coming up and catching the last remark, "only I stays whether the auld gurl does or not. Though I haven't a doubt yer right about her, too. D'ye moind how she grins with her ribs every time she gets a twist through the sails pullin' wan way an' the waves anither, in spite av the sluicin' av hot pitch the Admiral gave her the other day? An' her bottom, sure, 'twas like a garden—ye saw it when we had her heeled over—so rotten the Admiral was in a way lest she should fall apart afore we got her righted. The only fear is that she may take a notion to stop floatin' afore we're ready to go ashore."
- "And where would you choose to stop of all the islands we have seen?" I asked.
- "Divil a bit av difference it makes to me! The hale country suits me, foine; an' the payple, too. Av coorse they're not Christians, but they seem a dale kinder an' peaceabler than if they was. Sure, nothin' could plaze me betther than to have the auld tub swamped, and we be compilled to put ashore right here now, onless it wud be to have the two other crafts sunk wid her,"

- "And not have any of them return to Spain?"
- "Why should they? Isn't this good enough fer any-body?"
 - " Not for me."
- "Ah, bedad, you're thinkin' av yer swateheart! Here ye could have a hundred! An' ef the ships was sunk, ye'd jest have to stay."
- "Not if I could manage to save an auger from the wreck."
 - "An auger?"
 - "An auger and an ax."
 - "Phwat the divil wud ye do wid them?"
 - "Do? Do you see that big canoe?"
 - "The wan eighty fut long an but five fut abeam?"
 - "Yes; and with fifty people in her."
 - " Av coorse."
- "With a freeboard four feet high, light as a cork and stout as an oak?"
 - " No doubt."
- "Well now, suppose her to have a couple of masts with shoulder-o'-mutton sails, a good heavy keel, three inches of sand in her bottom, a rudder swung over her stern; loaded with calabashes of water and provisions, headed for Bristol—and short a hand; d'ye think you'd ship in her?"
- "That I would, me lad," answered Bill heartily; "and trust her to bate any one of the fleet in the home v'y'age, too! Ye see Bristol isn't Spain. An' is that phwat ye wud be doin' if ye was left here wid an auger?"
 - "That is what I would try to do."
- "Then bedad ye won't be left, or av ye be, there'll be no such thing as an auger left wid ye! The Admiral will niver lave that sort av a navigator this side the say—if he knows it, that is."

We all laughed, and our little group broke up as the

Admiral came over the side and the order to make sail was given.

A month before the Pinta had sailed away whither we knew not, but the Admiral feared he had already found the Golden Islands.



So we sailed away from Puerto Santo, in search of Babeque but found it not, though out of the Sunset Sea rose day by day before our astonished eyes new and more wonderful marvels. Among them was an island full of mountains, verdant to their very summits, sloping downward to the sea: their sides black with luxuriant growths, the trees tied together with knotted vines; green valleys intervening with sparkling streams of sweet waters; smooth savannas lay like fringes between the mountain ranges and the shore was dotted with fair harbors. one of these, land-locked and embayed in the verdant mountains' arms, the Admiral declared "a thousand caravels might safely ride." How it swarmed with swiftdarting canoes! How the men weary with their journeyings clamored for rest! But over against it two leagues away was a rocky isle. Perchance it was Babeque. Thither we sailed. It was not Babeque, but even Babeque there met with eclipse. "Little gold was obtained: but an old man indicated," so the Admiral and his so-called interpreters, who knowing his desire, heard what he wished to hear or pretended to do so—so they thought he said with words and signs; but the Padre, who had studied better the native tongue, thought it was not of gold he spoke but of the tradition of the origin of his people. However this may be, the Admiral, after many posturings and much mimicry, which if the Indian could understand he must have been brighter than we who looked on, declared with much pious thankfulness, that God had "finally showed him the way where the gold is." He said the Indian had told him that if he would sail "a hundred leagues in a certain course he would find islands where gold was so plentiful that it was bolted out of the sands on the seashore with a sieve, and one island which was all gold!"

The men listened doubtingly to the Admiral's glowing They had heard so many of them-each one more marvelous than the last! And all had been direct from God! The new myth certainly outcapped the Babeque fable, but why should they follow myths forever? Yonder was, surely, the fairest island man had ever seen. natives called it Haite and Quisquisca. We named it Española—though it was fairer far than Spain. rest there awhile? So murmured the crews, not believing the old man's story, as indeed there was no reason that they How should they know the Admiral was right in his interpretation, or how could the old savage know what a hundred leagues might mean? Yet I have heard from one who was with those who made lodgment on the coast of Veragua, that it is sober truth that the river's sands be indeed sifted for golden grains and that this coast lieth from Tortuga about in the direction, and not far from the distance, the old Indian declared. None hath yet discovered the island which is all gold, but of a truth there have been such wonders found in that region that it behooveth none to laugh at the Admiral's visions or at the stories which he

thought he gathered from the old Indian's lips. But nothing more did we ever hear of Babeque—golden Babeque, where they hunted in the shining sands by torchlight, for the yellow lumps which they beat into bars while waiting for another night to come! O fertile fancy of the Admiral of the Western Seas! How many Babeques did it not contain!

But the crew murmured. Not even the story of the island of Mantinina, whose people were all women, had any charms for them. It had been vaguely hinted at, almost from the outset, but now when it took definite form, it had lost all power to charm. The women of Española were fair enough, and no picture of license could be drawn which exceeded that already witnessed on this So back we sailed to Española, and coasting along its shores in a quiet sea, on a moonlight night the Santa Maria was wrecked! It was the Eve of the When I reached the deck all was in confusion. but amidst it all the Fray was chanting a Christmas hymn! A boat was lowered and rowed to the Niña. The masts of the Santa Maria were cut away. The wayes broke lazily about us. The moon shone brightly. The beach was smooth sand and there was not a capful of wind. But the seams of the old hulk opened and with many a moan the good ship sank into its yielding bed, the first of many wrecks upon the new world's shores.

When the morning came it was apparent that the ship which had been the first to cross the Ocean Sea would never float again. She was lying on her port side, hardly a bow-shot from the shore, the waves idly lapping her upturned side and creeping in at the seams which were opening wider and wider as she rocked gently in her sandy berth. The Admiral's eye took in her condition at a glance, as he sat in the Niña's boat. Juan de la Cosa with a dozen of the crew had remained on board the stranded vessel. She was his ship. The savings of his life had

been invested in her, and the sturdy navigator had the best of reasons for clinging to the hope that she might be repaired. In company with some of those on board he had already been over her side and taken note of her condition. To him, her loss meant not only shipwreck but insolvency.

- "I doubt if I ever sail in mine own ship again," he said, sadly, as he stroked his gray beard on his way to meet the Admiral, who clambered on board by the forestays which still held to the mast that floated alongside.
 - "She will have to be abandoned," said the Admiral.
- "I think she might be righted," answered the owner, protestingly.
 - "Well, if she could?"
- "If she were lightened we might get her ashore and repair the damage."

The Admiral shook his head.

- "Even if it were possible—" he began,
- "You know we have plenty of tools and extra rigging," interposed the other.
- "It would take too long. Who knows but Martin Alonzo Pinzon be already well on his way to Spain. I cannot wait here to make over an old ship."
- "Let me remain then. I will get her ashore, repair, and refit her."
 - "And then?"
- "Then I will cruise about, take possession of new lands in your name, and have all the coasts and islands hereabout explored and charted against your return."
 - "And the gold?"
 - "All that is found shall be faithfully reported."
- "No doubt, no doubt," said the Admiral, "but how much will be collected? Thou wilt sail up and down and find many new coasts, but the mines are not upon the shore, they are inland. Who will find the mines while thou art making the discoveries? Besides there is no use

of going farther. This is the place we are to stop. Yonder is the gap in the mountains where the mines are hidden." He pointed to a notch in the mountain-line of the interior as he spoke.

"Did I not tell thee that the king of this country yester-day pointed to yon gap, as the way to that country where they have plates of gold as large as his arms could enfold and golden banners larger than my standard? I tell thee I want no ships nor navigators to remain here. What I want is men to stay and gather up the gold and seize and work the mines, while I return to Spain and impart to their Majesties the wonders we have found."

"So you will abandon her?"

"Not at all, my good Pilot," answered the Admiral significantly. "If I should abandon her here, lying on her side in the sands, who knows but the people I shall leave might become so rich that they would float her off, load her with gold, and set sail for some other land? Dom João would be rare pleased to see her coming up the Tagus with a ton of gold on board!"

"A ton of gold!"

"Aye, a ton! Why, how long thinkest thou it would take to gather a ton of gold in that Cibao of which the cacique told me yesterday? From what he says, it is no difficult matter for a man to get a pound a day!"

"What does he know about a pound?"

"Nothing, of course, but would not one of the calabashes we drank from hold a pound?"

"And did he say a man could gather a calabash full of gold in a day?"

"More—much more!" exclaimed the Admiral, excitedly; "at least, that was what I understood him to say. But even at a pound apiece it would take but fifty days for forty men to gather a ton. It will require at least three months for me to go and return. In that time, they should have collected two ship loads or more. No, no, my good

Pilot, I am not going to leave a ship here, even with a broken back, to tempt any one to run away with my gold."

"What wilt thou do with her?"

"Do with her? Why break her up, man! And with her ribs build a tower on yonder spur of the hill the river winds about, mount her guns on it, and leave forty men to gather gold against my return!



"But she is my property, my ship," remonstrated the Master.

"She was thy ship, good Master la Cosa! Now, she is a hulk lying on the shore of an island of which I am Governor and Captain-General, as well as Viceroy of their Majesties. She is, therefore, subject to my disposal, to do with as I please."

"But the loss—thou wilt not take all that I have from me?"

- "Thou hast only thyself to blame. It was during thy watch that she sunk."
 - "But you yourself said---"
- "No matter if I did think special care unnecessary. It was thy watch and thou dost not need be told a sailor's duty. I might hang thee for neglect if I were disposed to be severe. An' I should report the matter to their Majesties, thou wilt be fortunate to 'scape punishment."
- "But if thou usest her timbers to build a fort, thou shouldst at least pay me for her."
- "Pay thee! That I will, good Pilot. Thou shalt have ten pounds of gold. Will that suffice for thy old, rotten hulk?"
 - "Your Excellency will give me a bond?"
- "A bond! What needs it? I give thee my word—the word of the Viceroy of the Indies;—is not that enough?"
 - "I suppose I am to remain here?"
- "Thou! Remain here? Juan de la Cosa, who knoweth every part of a ship from crow-nest to kelson as a mother knoweth her children! Whose hands are skillful with every tool; who hath sailed in every sea and charted every shore; who knoweth the heavens like an astrologer; who could find his way from Guinea to Thule without chart or compass! Thou remain here with tools and sails and rigging; with these wondrous forests waiting to furnish masts and ribs and planks for thee? Thou remain within forty miles of my Chersonesus while I go to be absent I know not how long? Truly, my good Pilot, their Majesties had done but ill to trust to my discretion if I were so simple as leave thee here with a crew but ill-disposed at best to return to the land from whence they came!
- "Do not think it, good Master. Them that I shall leave will have as little liking for the sea as a cat, or else have not skill enough to build a ship or wit enough to navigate one. It would be folly to trust them with my gold and

such a man as thou art under their control. Believe me, thou wouldst never see Spain again, and thy wife would miss thee sorely."

"But your Excellency also might be unfortunate. Remember, there are eight hundred leagues of rough water between us and the mouth of the Guadalquivir."

"Not so many as that, good Master, but enough; and I alone know how they may be overpassed. But have no fear. The Holy Trinity have me in their keeping. Nought will happen to me until I have taken gold enough out of Cibao yonder to equip the armies of Christendom for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. And I shall be their Do you hear, Juan de la Cosa?—I shall be their leader! For this have I been chosen among the sons of men, 'the most favored of God since the days of David,' Dost thou doubt it, good Pilot? Hath He not led me over the Ocean Sea, which no man ever dared attempt to cross before? Hath He not given all these lands into my hands, and all that may be discovered in these seas, to rule over as the Viceroy of their Majesties—I and my heirs male, forever? Is not the wealth of these lands all mine. save the paltry tribute to the crown of Castile? Is it not clear that God designs all this for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher, to which I have devoted all my wealth and power? Remember, the time grows short in which this 'Only a hundred and fifty-five years must be done. remain before the end of all things cometh, and ere that time the Infidels must be dispossessed, in order that the elect may be gathered at Jerusalem and the temple rebuilt in more than its ancient glory.' How shall this be done? I shall furnish the gold to arm, equip and supply the hosts. How else can it be done? Who else is there that hath any hope of such resources? It is for this purpose I have been sent to discover these new lands and virgin treasures."

- "But thou wilt soon return, and it would take many months to build a ship."
- "One would think, good Master, thou wert anxious to remain."
- "I would have something for my loss," said the Pilot, laying his hand impressively upon the bulwark on which he leaned.
- "Why, so thou shalt! Have I not promised thee gold for thy ship?"
- "But 'promises do not butter parsnips,' your Excellency."
- "An' I were not afraid thou wouldst build a ship, thou shouldst stay," said the Admiral, testily.
- "That would require many months," persisted the Master.
- "Many months! Give me half a dozen willing helpers and I will engage within a single one to make out of what lies ready to one's hand here on these shores, as stanch a craft as ever carried sail."
 - "How wouldst thou do it?"
- "Look ye, good Master, I have not been asleep. I knew thy ship was rotten; the Pinta and the Niña liable at any moment to give me the slip, and I gave heed to all I saw, that might offer means for our return should it become necessary to make a craft of our own; and I assure thee now, that were the Niña to hoist her sails this moment and lay her course for Spain, it would go hard if I did not overhaul her ere she came into port."

The Admiral spoke with the confidence of one who has no doubt of his ability to verify his words. The Master shook his head.

"Thou still doubtest? Seest thou you canoes?"

My heart came into my mouth. Leaning over the bulwark at a little distance, I had been an unheeded listener to all that passed between these officers. Had the Admiral come to the same conclusion as myself in

regard to these savage crafts? But I was soon to blush with shame at the weakness of my conception in comparison with the device his fertile brain had hit upon.

"Seest thou those canoes, good Master?" he repeated with significant emphasis. "Hast thou ever noted how strong and staunch they be? I know not how the savages do hollow them so evenly with only fire and the rude tools they have; but suppose thou wert to lay two or three of them alongside each other; fit a solid rathe between them from stem to stern and another within the outer gunnels; pin these to the bulwarks and then lay over the whole, crosswise, a decking of those slender pines which grow as straight as a measuring pole, in Cuba, forty and fifty feet tall and hardly thicker than your thigh, pinning each to the rathes beneath; a course of smaller ones above with a little cotton and pitch between to make it watertight, the whole held stiff by a split logpinned lengthwise on either side—what would be lacking? A mast, a shoulder-of-mutton sail such as the English use, and a tiller hung over the stern, and thou wouldst have a craft stiffer and stauncher, aye, and swifter, too, as I believe, than any of our fleet."

"An' wouldst thou 'tempt the Ocean Sea in such a craft?"

"Would I? If I had not determined to leave the better part of our crew here to gather gold and cut each other's throats—as belike they will—I should begin the making of such an one before the sun goes down to-day. Next to having found the way to Ind, would be the glory of crossing the Ocean Sea in a craft builded out of the products of the new land!" said the Admiral exultingly.

"By my faith," exclaimed Juan de la Cosa, "I would rather go in the Niña, even if it be a little overcrowded."

It was a lesson not meant for me, but which I had reason afterward to be full grateful I had learned.

Then the Admiral gave an exhibition of his wonderful

power of execution. Before nightfall the whole lading of the Santa Maria was on shore, well-housed under canvas, which, with four men under my command, I was set to guard. A thousand natives had helped us with willing hands at the command of their cacique, and I doubt if any trifle had been taken by them. A hundred canoes passed swiftly back and forth, while men and women swam to and from the wreck bearing lighter articles. Next day we began to break the vessel up and build the tower upon a hill overlooking a little bay at the mouth of a small river. In the mean time, there was feasting and reveling with the natives, though the Admiral took good care that few of them were allowed to taste wine, and that our men were not permitted to stray far from shore.

On the morning of the second day Rodrigo de Escobedo, the Royal Notary, was ordered to take the Fray in a canoe which the cacique furnished, with Indians to manage it, and go along the shore in search of the Pinta, which it was rumored among the natives lay in harbor some small distance to the eastward. He was directed on no account to be absent more than one day. It was a needless caution, for no man had ever greater dread of the sea than the Royal Notary, and as he crouched in the stern of the canoe, fearful by the least motion of his body to upset it, one could have sworn that his voyage would be a short one. So we were not surprised when at sundown he returned without having found what he was sent to discover.

By this time, it was known that forty men were to be left upon the island and almost all the crew of the wrecked ship were anxious to be of this number. There was not only the chance of obtaining great wealth, but the delights of living in these regions, as well as, with many, the fear of poverty or punishment if they returned. However it was, some for one motive and some for another, desired their names to be enrolled with those who

were to abide in Española. On the other hand, my anxiety to return had constantly increased, so that I implored Juan de la Cosa to intercede with the Admiral that I might not be included among those who were to be left here.

- "It is useless," said the Master, shaking his head. "I have already done what I might in that direction; but the Admiral is especially determined thou shalt remain."
 - "What reason can be have?"
- "He says that thou art an Englishman of good family and acquaint, not only with his brother, Bartolomeo, who he fears is already embarked on a similar venture, but also with all the navigators of the port of Bristol. So he avers, not without reason, I admit, that if thou dost once set foot on British soil, thou wilt not be content until thou art embarked with a crew of British seamen to despoil him of what he hath discovered."
- "Does he think he can keep me here forever?" I asked indignantly.
- "I doubt," said the Master, dryly, "if he expects them that remain to live always. Thou knowest what manner of man the Alguazil de Arana is?"
 - "A drunken brute!"
 - "Aye, and a vengeful one. And Pedro Gutierrez?"
 - "A much decayed courtier."
 - "Thou speakest truly. And Rodrigo de Escobedo?"
 - "A cowardly scrivener. But why speak of these?"
- "They are to command those left behind; and—well, thou knowest those they will have under them."
 - "What a prospect!" I exclaimed.
- "The Admiral saith he will make no haste to return," continued the Master, significantly. "He hath directed me to ask thee for the little book of courses and distances thou didst keep on the voyage hither."
- "I have not seen it since I left the Santa Maria," I replied, which was quite true, since I had placed it inside

my corselet when I came on shore to take charge of the lading.

- "I feared it might be so," was the grave reply, "and I have brought thee here the compass of my ship. It is my own, and I count it not the part of a good sailor to leave faithful shipmates in an unknown land, with only the chance of one poor ship surviving the perils of a voyage never before undertaken. If worst comes to worst, it may be of service to thee."
 - "Thou wilt take letters for me?" I asked, in despair.
- "Assuredly; and the Admiral bade me say he would take whatever message thou wouldst send to the Doña Juana de la Torre."
- "He is most gracious," I answered bitterly. "I care little for the Doña Juana, who will listen only to his words; but I would be pleased if thou wouldst take letters for me to the Queen's Confessor and the Chevalier Gonsalvo de Cordova, and see that they be delivered."
- "That I will, my son. Knowest thou these great people?"
 - "Thou wilt see."
 - "Mayhap, if the Admiral knew that he would relent."
 - "Or forbid thee to bear my message," I responded.
- "That might be. My heart misgives me, but I trust thou wilt come safe out of this. Thou heardst the Admiral's plan for making a ship of these canoes?"

I nodded assent.

"I thought thou wert listening. It seemeth not wholly impracticable, though I should never have thought of it. What a wonderful man he is—for ideas! Though they do not always comport with what seemeth the plain facts, they be ever such as none other would have conceived."



That which it now behooves me to tell, I had gladly left unwritten, were it not, in some part, at least, necessary to a due understanding of that which remaineth to be told, both of the present voyage and one that did come afterwards. It would ill beseem me to assume anything like prudery, or make pretence of being better than my fellows; but I do hold it unseemly that any man should boast of that he ought not to have done. I can truly say that what did happen was not wholly of my own seeking, though I will admit that had I known how the adventure would terminate, there be little reason to believe it would have happened otherwise.

Save the Padre, there was no man of our crew who did not, at least, "make eyes" at some of the Indian maidens who thronged about us in the scantiest of costumes and with the kindliest of smiles. Absorbed with my duty of stowing the dunnage, as it was brought ashore, and keeping watch over it when it was under cover. I had perhaps taken less part in these amorous episodes than most of the others, though I will not deny that I noted without displeasure that the regard of one who seemed to be the object of not a little reverence on the part of her companions and was the comeliest of all the native women, appeared to be

fixed especially on me. Some of my shipmates laughed about her manifest preference, but I was too busy to pay much heed to it during the day, and when the darkness fell, which it does very suddenly in those latitudes, she and her attendants disappeared.

When I awoke the next morning it was to find them that had the morning watch asleep, while the young girl who had attracted my attention the day before, was kneeling at my feet and gazing into my face with a look of unmistakable ardor. She had laid a wreath, fresh with dew, upon my head, the odor of which no doubt awakened me. I lay a moment watching her, then sprang forward, caught her in my arms, drew her to me and kissed her. her attendants, a half-dozen young girls, darted toward me with smothered cries of alarm. Their fear was ground-Hardly had my lips touched her cheek when she twisted herself from my embrace and fled with her maidens into the forest, which was yet dark, but whose feathered songsters were just breaking into that flood of sound, as often harsh and discordant as melodious, which is such a surprise to one accustomed to the moderation of singing birds in more temperate climes, when he first hears the vehemence of this greeting to the day burst out of the somber heart of a tropical forest.

Greatly amused at the romantic incident, I went to wake the Padre, but found him already at his devotions in a curious nook between two great rocks which stood up like signal towers beside the sea, with only a long narrow aisle stretching east and west between them, paved with clean white sand. Across this at a little distance from the eastern end, rose another rock which towered above them both and extended a little beyond them on either side. It was round the point to the eastward of our landing-place, and had been chosen by the Padre as a place for prayer and meditation, both because of its seclusion and some fancied resemblance to the transept of a church. These rocks

were almost milk-white, of a flinty character, with dark, gray seams running through them which reminded one of the leaden jointures in cathedral windows, so that we named them the Cathedral Rocks. As long as we remained in the island this was the favorite place of meeting for the Padre, Irish Bill, and myself. Here we were quite hidden, and from the intersection of the aisles could see any one approaching from any direction. We buried the compass of the Santa Maria in this place, and to prevent, especially the keen-eyed natives, from observing the displacement of the sands, built over it a fire, the brands and ashes of which effectually served for its concealment.

Here I found the Padre, and after joining in his orisons and taking a plunge in the sea, told him of the dusky Ruth who had waked me.

- "It doth misgive me, my son, that trouble may result from this," he said. "Knowest thou not that the damsel is one of the chief women of the tribe—the king's favorite sister?"
- "But I did her no harm," I answered, "and, indeed, offered her none. Surely a kiss was no more than carrying out her own jest in laying the wreath upon my head!"
- "I meant not that," said the Padre, "but rather the reverse. I noted how on yesterday, she had only eyes for thee. Suppose this escapade should come to the ear of her brother, the cacique? Belike he might take it ill that she should show such preference."
- "Then he should keep the lass at home," I responded with a shrug.
- "You must remember, my son, these simple creatures are not like ourselves. I wonder not that she should prefer thee, for, indeed, thou art young and comely, and despite thy dark hair, far whiter than we Spaniards, whose skins seem to have caught a Moorish tint either from the hot sun or mere proximity to our Paynim neigh-

bors. And it is the whiteness of our skins that most impresses them. They think we are gods who cover our bodies with clothes to keep them from beholding our perfections. Heaven grant they learn not from the blackness of our hearts our many imperfections! Be wise, my son, and keep thine own honor; thereby it may be that thou wilt find safety and be held back from wrong."

The trumpet sounded the assembly, and we strolled back to our morning meal. After that was over, we began the building of the tower out of the timbers of the Santa Maria, which indeed were so eaten up with that strange worm we named the teredo, which doth especially abound in these seas, that they would hardly hold together to be moved. One shuddered to think what might have been the consequence had we attempted to recross the stormy seas with her. It was fortunate enough that she stranded here, though they were not many who escaped doom thereby.

The first thing to be done that day was the bringing ashore of the bombards and culverins of the wrecked ship to be mounted in the fort we were to build of her old bones. Every one was good-natured, and here I will say, that there must have been something in the air of those new lands or in the character of the people, which affected our crews with unwonted joviality. They were more like children than men in their sportiveness, and while there was no little discontent there was a jollity which overbalanced it, so that all did their duty pleasantly. did it in a careless way, it is hardly to be wondered at: but I fancy that if the shores had been bleak, the climate harsh, or the inhabitants revengeful, there would have been quite another story to be told about our crews. was, by odds, the strongest man in the ship's company. I had always been strong, and my experience as a soldier, most of the time cased in heavy armor, had knit my joints and toughened my sinews. In our games on shipboard this had been a source of amusement and gratification. Now, when they had brought in the boat our heaviest bombard, until they were scarce two lengths from the beach, they were afraid to run the boat on shore, lest being weakened by what it had encountered, it might be stove by the weight of the bombard. So the crew



backed their oars and a number of the men, with a crowd of Indians looking on, made as if they would lift out the unwieldy piece of metal. standing where the water came about to the middle, and bring it ashore. But it was a difficult thing to lift, being of such shape that only two or three could get a fair hold of it at one time, and they were like to drop it in the water until Sancho Ruiz, who

had command of the boat's crew, called out to me in a jocular tone, to come and bring it to the shore. And I, in the same mood, responded:

"An' thou hadst in the boat men enough to put it squarely on my shoulder, I would like no better sport!"

Then there was much bantering back and forth, and many wagers laid, the upshot being that I did wade out to the boat, the crew put the cannon on my shoulder,

and I not only brought it to the shore, but did also carry it up the hill to the place chosen for the fort, the whole company following and applauding. Then, because I had done this which none of them could, my shipmates did insist in catching me up on their shoulders and running back with me to the landing. It was only a frolic, such as men who are strong and have good spirits, like now and then to engage in. But the Indians, of whom there were many standing by, looked on in wonder both at the weight I had borne and the attention paid me by my shipmates, not knowing that this was done in sport. It is hardly strange that they should have misconceived its nature, because among them, though strength as well as skill be highly honored, there be few who are really strong; and though many tried, not one of them could lift the bombard from the place where I had thrown it down. Perhaps nothing could have occurred so likely to produce the result which followed as this unintended All day I was the object of marked attention on their part, though I did not again see the pretty maid of my morning's adventure.

Toward the close of the day, Juan de la Cosa told me that the Admiral, who was feasting with Guacanagari, the cacique of that country, had sent him to relieve me of guard over the lading and say that he gave me leave to accept the cacique's invitation to visit the village, about a league distant, and remain as long as I might choose. The Master said the king, for such the Admiral had decided the cacique to be, had shown himself very friendly, and though a savage, was a man of high and chivalric notions. They could not make out, because of their imperfect knowledge of the language, what was the specific reason of his preference for me or why he so particularly urged that I should visit the village, which he had been very chary of allowing others to do. However, he was satisfied that no harm would befall me, though he advised

that I should wear my armor and by no means omit to take my sword. It occurred to him as probable that the king, who had witnessed my strength, might wish to have me bring in certain great masses of gold, of which he had frequently spoken, which he might deem too heavy for another to carry. If this should be the case, the Admiral desired me to know that I would be properly rewarded for such service.

My lips must have curled at the characteristic Italian cunning of this vague promise, as I said:

- "His Excellency said nothing about what the reward would be, did he?"
- "That he could not," answered la Cosa with a smile hiding under his full gray beard, "until the gold had been duly weighed and appraised, you know."
- "Perhaps he would even allow me to sail back to Spain on the Niña?"
- "More likely he might think thou oughtest to remain here and get more gold."
 - "Ah! Thinkest thou so?"
- "Well, thou hast an indefinite leave of absence to visit the king, and unless thou comest back with a bountiful supply of gold, I do not think the Admiral careth very greatly how long the visit may be. If thou shouldst remain on the island, the acquaintance of the chief may be of advantage. His people have abundance of canoes," he added, significantly.

I signified my assent and a couple of Indians who had accompanied the Master, bounded off into the forest, evidently to carry word of my acceptance. I thought they went to the king, but the Master informed me that the cacique was at that moment dining with the Admiral on board the Niña. However, I had hardly donned my armor and made ready for the journey when the runners returned, and with them two or three score more, all very jubilant, and more boisterous than I had ever seen them before. They

brought with them a litter on which they insisted I should recline. Which, when I had done so, was instantly caught up and I was swiftly carried through the forest by relays of bearers who seemed to vie with each other for the privilege. I was not altogether at ease, since I could not imagine what they intended do with me; but they seemed so merry and withal so solicitous for my comfort, that I could not believe they meant any harm. that these people might be man-eaters, like the Caribs of whom we had heard so much, and that their jollity arose from the prospect of a feast, more than once occurred to my mind; but I was young, and adventure, even with a spice of danger, was by no means displeasing, Besides, I thought if any treachery were intended they might find it harder to roast an Adjutant of Infantry, clad in a Milan corselet with a stout Toledo in his hand, than they imag-So I did not feel greatly alarmed, even when the darkness fell suddenly and another body of Indians, carrying lighted torches, met my escort and proceeded with them, singing and strumming on their rude instruments.

When we arrived at the village we found it in a great up-It seemed as if every one, male and female, joined our procession and added to the clamor. Yet all were very respectful. I sat up and returned the friendly salutations I received, as best I could. All seemed animated with a glee for which I could not account. They heaped flowers upon the litter, the men shouted, the women kissed their hands at me, and all sang and danced about I was at my wits' end to make out what this might mean, when suddenly my bearers came to a halt before a house made of fresh palm leaves on a new reed framework, situated a little apart from the rest of the village, around which the whole array of torch-bearers and others had gathered. They set down the litter, and when I rose up it was to find myself the center of a dusky circle, each bearing a smoking torch, but all suddenly grown

silent. Looking around in confusion to ascertain the cause of this, I saw in the door of the house, the princess, whom, to my shame, I had forgotten all about, decked with the greatest profusion of white flowers, her hands outstretched in welcome, and her face lighted up with a smile. She met me before I had reached the door, took me by the hand and led me within. As we crossed the threshold, the crowd set up a shout. She turned and waved her hand in acknowledgment.

Leading me to the center of the lodge, she placed me upon a mat of rare colored grasses and seated herself at my side. At a signal, one of her attendant maidens brought me water to drink, while others gently moved the air with large fans made of feathers of most gorgeous No one offered to relieve me of my armor, or takemy sword. These simple people wear nothing that is superfluous, so that courtesy does not demand the removal of any portion of the dress, and their arms are such that they may be deposited by the owner's side without inconvenience. The princess still held my hand and gazed upon me with a look I could not fail to understand; whereat I felt a blush burning upon my cheek, which, when she saw, her eyes fell modestly, her maidens clapped their hands, and the crowd of onlookers set up another shout. She acknowledged this with the most gracious inclination of the head, though her dark face was still suffused with blushes.

Then, at a signal from her, they brought food and set it before us, cassava bread smoking hot from the roasting ovens, fish and fruit, the eggs of tortugas, and the flesh stewed in wicker baskets with heated stones. Of all these things, the princess urged me to partake, herself taking the tempting morsels and putting them to my lips. The journey through the forest had given me an appetite, and, good sooth, the viands were savory enough. She ate with relish also, as well she might, since, as I afterwards

learned, she had fasted since the day before and vowed she would never take food again unless her brother, the king, brought me to her. So he had consented to dine with the Admiral in order to show by his presence on the ship that no harm was intended me. After we had eaten of these things they were removed and another dish of most repulsive aspect but most attractive savor, was placed be-It was the roasted body of that great lizard which the Indians call i-guana, not less than a yard long, and having a savage reptilian look that made me shudder with disgust. However, the princess attacked it heartily, tearing away the skin at the very point where the meat is daintiest, being at the thick part of the long tail with its spiny crest, and held it up to me with a look so assured of the gratification I would receive, that I think I should have adventured on it had I known it to be a piece of roasted devil, sweetened with the poison of asps. shut my eyes, opened my mouth, and with a prayer to be forgiven for my unnatural conduct, determined to swallow it, however my stomach might revolt. What was my surprise to find my mouth filled with the daintiest bit of meat mortal ever tasted! We had been rather short of flesh meat while in the islands, though the tortugas and abundance of fish we caught had gone far to supply the want. Perhaps this made the morsel more relishable, but certainly, I never tasted a more toothsome dish than this roasted lizard eaten with the fresh cassava cakes. we had finished they brought us calabashes of fresh water, with which we washed our hands and faces, and cotton napkins with which to dry them. Then hamacs were strung up in the house, and we reclined in them, while a bewildering torch dance was performed without. I was just growing drowsy watching the yellow flames and the light shining on the bronze figures, when all at once the doors of the lodge were flung together; the torches extinguished; the shouting ceased and we were left alone.

I sprang up and caught the hilt of my sword, for I was still upon my guard. Bending forward, I heard a sigh from the hamae by my side.

All at once the significance of what had occurred flashed upon me. I had espoused the Indian maiden and this had been the wedding feast.



HE next morning Abaya, for that was the name of my princess, took me to the cacique, or as we would call him, I suppose, the king. He was a brawny

savage with a look I hardly liked, though very polite. I did not yet understand the exact relation I sustained to savage royalty, and besides being a poor courtier at best, was greatly embarrassed by the sense of satisfied possession with which the princess introduced me to her august relative. Besides that, the Indian royalty was ill at ease. The Admiral had taught him to drink wine the day before. and he had found the tipple so much to his liking that he had been brought home during the night beastly drunk, startling his devoted subjects on his arrival by incoherent but vociferous attempts to reproduce a smutty doggerel which one of the sailors had sung for his amusement. Of course, he had no idea of the words or their significance, but he had caught the air, and, though his head was heavy with the effects of his debauch, he could not yet refrain from humming it and imitating the gestures of the singer. reception was a brief one and did not tend to awaken any particular pride in my new relatives, though, judging from Abaya's delight, it was altogether satisfactory both to her and the king. When I state that Guacanagari had 20

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minutely inspected my armor, cutting his fingers on my sword, and that I had carried three of his courtiers at once, one on each shoulder and another huck-a-back through the village, the reason for this will perhaps be more apparent.

When we had returned to our lodge Abaya's demonstrations of delight were unbounded. As she removed my armor and wiped away the sweat which bursts forth profusely in that moist clime upon the least exertion, her self-abasement and devotion were so extravagantly shown that I was reminded of the Padre's words that these people esteemed us gods or demi-gods, at the least. The whiteness of my bared arms seemed to dazzle her wondering eyes. Poor girl! She was as gentle as a fawn and her love for me was clouded with a constant fear that I might vanish from her sight. For this, as I found out, there were two reasons; the first, belief in our supernal char-They thought we had come from the sun and would return thither when we saw fit. The other arose from their own custom. Among these singular people the power of the king does not descend to his sons, but to the eldest child of that one of his sisters whom he may select for that honor. This favorite sister is never allowed to marry one of her own tribe, but no objection must be made to any one she may choose outside of it. band is rarely allowed to remain with the tribe after the birth of a child, lest he should conspire against the king; and the mother, who is regarded as a queen, must remain afterwards a widow.

Abaya was the favorite younger sister of Guacanagari and had reached the unusual age of eighteen years without manifesting a preference for any suitor. The fact that she had put upon my head the crown of white flowers which indicated that she had chosen me for that honor, caused great rejoicing among the tribe who had begun to

fear that they might be left without a ruler. She, herself, nourished the hope both that she might induce me to relinquish the idea of departure, and that, because of my great strength, the cacique would relax the ordinary rule and permit me to remain with her.

Savage as she was, there was never a more loving heart. How she learned to read my thoughts I know not, but almost from the first she knew them and made haste to anticipate them. I think if I had asked her life she would have given it without demur. Whether there was more love or worship in her regard I never knew. She followed me everywhere, yet knew instinctively when I wished to be alone. Whenever I visited the shore she would disappear before we reached the camp, evidently not liking the rude jests with which her appearance was She had a great aversion to all our men except the Padre, whom she instinctively recognized as a friend. With him she would sit for hours, telling him the Indian names of everything he might ask about, and watching while he wrote them down on the "talking-leaves," as they called our written messages. From him she learned. also, many Spanish words and phrases, surprising me every day with new ones. It startled me when she called me "Mio Caro," for only one had ever changed that endearment familiarly with me, and when she began to repeat an Ave Maria, crossing herself as faithfully as the best believer, I began to have strange qualms, whether of conscience or sentiment, I will not say.

As I have said, Abaya seemed to know my thoughts instinctively, and she soon realized that I was dwelling upon the possibility of returning with those who were to sail in the Niña. It was no doubt with the purpose of counteracting this inclination that she began to tell me about the gold. Though I had never shown any interest in the search for this precious metal, she well knew the

greed our people manifested for it, and judged it the most powerful incentive to which she could appeal.

One day when I was lying in one of the many-colored hamacs in her lodge, she showed me a piece of pure gold. in its native state, about the size of a hazel nut. nothing of the value of the metal, but judged there was enough to make two or three Spanish doubloons. strange what a fever possessed me when my hand first held this yellow pebble. It was not its great worth, but somehow its unwrought condition impressed me with the thought that it might be the harbinger of untold wealth. All the Admiral's wild visions flashed through my mind. and, springing upright, I began to question the simple girl by words and signs. I could hardly make out her meaning, but at length understood her to say that she would give me one of the calabashes out of which we drank, full of such pebbles, if I would remain with her. I had no doubt about the condition, for though I could not understand her words, she made it plain by gestures of the most tender and unmistakable character.

Up to this time, I had felt little of that raging thirst which gold inspires. Knowing that, however abundantly it might be found on the island, little of it could by any reasonable probability come to me, I had laughed at the fury it inspired in others, especially the Admiral. What it was that transformed me I know not, but even as I watched the gestures of the brown-skinned maid I felt the fire of hell in my veins. I had no idea what might be the value of such a mass of gold as she described, but I knew that to obtain it I would stoop to falsehood, treachery, and even crime.

I did not hesitate to make promises which I was already planning a way to break, or to seal them with kisses as false—the symbols of a love feigned only to deceive. Up to this time my life, if not always creditable, had been free from dishonor; but nothing could be more shameful

than the simulated warmth—the trembling eagerness inspired of greed with which I drew this innocent creature palpitating with love to my breast, pressed her lithe form, kissed her soft lips, and lavished upon her all those carcsscs which the human heart, savage or civilized, conceives as sacred only to the sincerest passion. How, I cannot tell, but I made it plain to this tender child of the New World forest, that if she would but show me this wondrous wealth, which was only tinsel to her, I would remain



forever her devoted lover. Transformed by my assurance she started up, seized the calabash, and beckoning me to follow, sprang off into the dark forest which fringed the village on every side, and parting the branches with a deftness none but the savage can acquire, dashed through them at a rate which compelled me very soon to beg that she would moderate her steps. She came back laughing at my awkwardness and the ease with which she had outsped me. After that she chose an easier path, and we

proceeded hand in hand along the course of a little stream which came dashing down the mountain, crossing and recrossing it, at points which she seemed never to miss, so as to avoid the clinging vines that hung in apparently impenetrable festoons across it as if to forbid farther progress. She wore only a short skirt of soft white cotton, while on her head was a coronet of flowers which she had woven that morning to win an approving smile from me. I was soon drabbled, and my doublet all awry where thorns and brambles had caught it in our swift passage through the wood, but not one of the flowers had been torn from her head nor was a scratch visible in the soft velvet-brown of her skin.

The wall on either side became more precipitous as we advanced, until finally we entered a narrow gorge hardly fifty paces wide. When we had gone something like a league, as I judged, the gorge widened and we came upon a basin, mayhap a hundred steps across. The bottom, so far as I could see, was formed of round white stones and sloped gently down towards the farther side beyond which rose a huge white cliff, which the still waters reflected as if it had been one of those icy bergs which Signor Caboto described, as floating about in the far northern seas.

Before I fully comprehended her purpose, Abaya had placed the calabash at my feet, removed her simple apparel, dived into the pool, and I saw her dark willowy form gliding with infinite grace through the bright waters just above the white pebbly bottom, toward the wall of alabaster beyond. It seemed very deep at the farther side, though owing to the whiteness of the rock and the brightness of the sky, one could hardly guess whether it were substance or reflection that met his gaze. On either side, a wall of verdure grew dense and high, flecked here and there with masses of flowers, while birds of gay plumage flew back and forth, all faithfully reproduced in

the still waters below. I could note every motion of Abaya's slender limbs as she sank down into this flawless mirror, framed in green panels decked with a profusion of bright flowers and trailing vines. At length I saw that she had reached the bottom and was groping about among the white stones which seemed to be but pebbles, though she assured me afterwards that they were rocks, worn smooth and round, but of considerable size, with lesser ones between, running down to clean-washed pebbles, no doubt crushed and worn fragments of larger ones which were unable to withstand the mighty forces which had made this pool as it were, an alabaster bath in which nymphs might disport themselves.

How this was done I was very soon permitted to see. and could then well understand why it was considered sacred and never approached by any except the king and members of his family. Even they came here only on rare and solemn occasions, except Abaya, whose nature seemed to be somewhat different from that of her people. She had been wont to bathe in the pool almost from her childhood, and had little fear of the demon who was thought to preside over its mysteries. the reverence her people had for her was due to this fact. Once every year the waters of the pool overflowed and the little stream became a raging torrent, the marks of which were clearly seen in the bowed and twisted growtlthat lined the bottom of the gorge, as well as in the bareness of the overhanging walls. During this period, which lasted but a few days, the earth was shaken with subterranean thunders, and a column of water burst forth, sometimes rising higher than the banks of the gorge. There was a tradition that it would sometime engulf the whole region, unless the evil spirit was restrained by love of some woman of the tribe. They were glad, therefore, that the king's sister should make it her favorite resort, though they were often alarmed for her safety, especially

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if they heard the roaring of the imprisoned monster and felt the earth quake with his writhings during her absence. It was by this means she came to know what few if any of her tribe suspected, unless indeed this tradition had been artfully devised to keep from them the baleful knowledge this mystery hid, the presence of gold in this haunted pool.

When Abaya rose to the surface she had her hands full of pebbles, some of which she threw away after examining them, then swam laughingly to me and deposited the others in the calabash at my feet. I stooped and scrutinized them with eager interest while she, having watched me a moment, quietly swam back for more. This was repeated several times, for swimming and diving were hardly more to her than to a duck. I can give no idea to one reared in a cold climate of the ease and grace of her movements in the water. During her absences I picked out and threw away the worthless pebbles, leaving only the golden drops which were of all sizes from barley-corn to hazel-nuts, but all smoothed and rounded as if they had been hammered into their respective shapes, as indeed they had, by what means I was vet to learn.

As this process began to fill the calabash I became strangely excited. My hands trembled and my breath came quick. I began to listen for footsteps and to peer into the bushes on either side in apprehension that some one might be playing the spy on my good fortune. The scream of a green parrot which sounded like a laugh, made me spring up and rush to hide my now heavy calabash in a cleft of rock overhung by a tangle of bushes a little way down the stream, which I had noted as we came. Abaya laughed at my cagerness and caution, when next she came and gave the yellow grains into my hand. She lay a long time stretched out in the shallow water at the edge of the pool gazing at me with curious

wonder, while I waited impatiently for her to continue her labors.

The calabash was now at least half full. It was nigh as large as one of the stones thrown from our bombards, and was so heavy that I had to carry it in my palm, not daring to trust the wicker handle. At length she swam across to the rock and, after waiting a moment, with her hand upon a narrow shelf just above the surface, after one glance back at me, sank down again into the water.

Then it first occurred to me that she was weary. flected that she was unaccustomed to prolonged effort, and determined that she should not go down again. At the same time, the greed which inflamed my spirit forced me to run and examine the calabash to note how nearly full it would probably be after that trip. I cannot imagine why I was so excited. It surely was not the idea of great wealth, for I remember thinking that all there was in the calabash would hardly make onza doubloons enough to have cashed my father's letter of credit, the possession of which had produced no such excitement. It may have been, as I have heard that some alchemists do contend, because there is some mysterious affinity between the yellow stuff and man's blood whereby the secret of life might be found, if only some potent resolvent of its powers were discovered.

While I was thinking of these things, my hand the meantime dallying with the precious particles, I heard a scream, and rushing back saw Abaya lying extended on the ledge I have mentioned, and gazing at me with a look of grief and disappointment which I could not comprehend. She was panting as from some unusual exertion. I made signs that I would come to her; but she shook her head and smiled. Then I called her to come to me. She gave a coquettish laugh and still refused. Presently she slipped off the ledge and I saw her after a moment's search lift

something from the bottom which seemed to require all her strength. Taking it in her right hand which she held close against her breast, she began to swim upward. It was with the utmost difficulty that she rose and deposited her burden on the little shelf in the white rock. Then she drew herself up beside it and panting and smiling, called my attention to it. I could hardly believe my eyes. It seemed a mass of shining gold almost as big as my head. I threw off my clothes and sprang into the water.

At the first hint of my purpose Abaya remonstrated in evident affright. Seeing my determination she slipped down, and when I plunged in was at my side with anxious proffers of assistance. She evidently thought I could not swim, as, indeed, I could not in comparison with her. Yet I was piqued at her presumption. Refusing to see the little brown hand outstretched to aid me, I pushed on in my own awkward fashion. But her anxiety was not to be baffled. Hardly had I swam a fathom when her dripping head rose beside my own, compelling my arm to rest over her shoulder while her swift strokes bore us both easily on. In this way, we swam across the pool.

There, upon the little shelf I have described, lay a sight which dazzled my eyes and made me hold my breath in wonder. It was a mass of gold, beaten by unseen hammers, veined with white translucent rock like that on which it rested. I was amazed at its weight, and wondered how she could have brought it from the depths below. Turning to ask if there were any more like it, I found that instead of sharing my excitement she was sitting quietly upon the narrow ledge, watching me as I clung by one hand to the rock, keeping myself afloat by strokes of my feet. The whiteness of my skin, seen in the clear water, was a matter of greater interest to her than the priceless yellow mass which held my eyes with a steadfastness which may well have seemed worship—

the very sentiment which I caught upon her face when I chanced to look around.

I had not realized the truth of the Padre's words, that these people regarded us as supernal beings, until that moment when I caught the eye of Abaya fixed upon me with such reverent devotion. I knew she loved me and had a profound admiration for my strength, for she was never weary of referring to it, and liked nothing in the world so well as to put a foot in my hand and be tossed to a seat upon my shoulder. But this could not account for the awe which filled her unconscious look. I felt at once that I was to her not only a lover but a god. When she saw me looking at her, she put her hands over her face, not from any sense of modesty, for these simple creatures have none of that feeling of shame which we claim to have inherited from our first parents. She only did it to avert my wrath which she feared to have aroused by sacrilegious curiosity.

It was despicable, the first use I made of this new Touching the yellow mass before me, I knowledge. pointed to the bottom of the pool, intimating that she should bring up more. She shook her head. I reiterated Slipping off the ledge with a gesture of my command. submission, she sank again through the crystal water. was perhaps five fathoms deep, but I could see that it was paved here, as at the other side, with white stones of various sizes heaped loosely on each other. I saw her pick up and cast away one after another of these. Finally she rose to the surface bringing another, somewhat less in size than the first, composed chiefly of white stone but having small veins of gold running through it in various directions. She made signs that there were no others. Drawing myself upon the narrow shelf, I took the precious sphere in my hands and started to creep along the face of the cliff to the shore.

For the first time Abaya raised her voice in protest. made plain to me that an evil fate had been predicted for any one who should carry away even the least of the white stones with which the pool was paved. She had long known that there were particles of gold among them, but had never taken any away. Now, with the desperate purpose of seeking to retain me with her, she had decided to risk the removal of the small lumps of gold. They were not white, she said, and it was the white stones it was forbidden to remove. But when I started to carry off the mass of gold mingled with the sacred stone, her fears proved too much for her resolution. It is probable that her belief in my supernal character would ultimately have prevailed to secure her consent; but even as I turned to speak, the very thing she feared occurred. The earth trembled with a sickening thrill. The rock against which we leaned tipped forward and swung back. There was a tremor in the air and the sun seemed shining through a mist. With a shriek she caught my leg and drew me off the shelf into the water, which was already boiling and bubbling with angry vehemence. As I fell, inspired with a frantic impulse of greed, I threw the mass of gold as far as I could toward the other side of the pool and had the satisfaction before the water closed over me to see it strike the shore.

With Abaya's aid the angry waves of the pool were soon passed and with an exclamation of delight I ran to regain my treasure. As I picked it up Abaya sank at my feet with a cry of despair. I could no longer doubt that the demon to whom the pool belonged was enraged at my temerity. It be not unlikely that gold hath special attractions for hobgoblins as well as men. I have since learned that in many mines the treasures are guarded by gnomes who often destroy those who venture into them.

The uproar within the bowels of the earth was now terrible. The birds flew frightened and screaming through the air. The great rock swayed to and fro like a ship

tossed by the wind: the waters sank away out of the pool with a gurgling groan and the white stones that formed its bed rolled down into a yawning gorge at the foot of Again the earth shook and with a roar the great rock. like ten thousand bombards let loose at once, the water burst forth mingled with stones and I know not what beside, and was shot into the air beyond the height of the Soon the basin of the pool was full to overtallest mast. The waters hissed and surged and great stones a hundred men could not have lifted, shot into the air, fell down like hail into the pool and rolled back into the gorge to be vomited forth again. I caught Abaya under one arm and ran, seeking some avenue of escape. consciously, I still retained the cause of offence, in the other hand. Hardly had I gone twenty steps when the hellish uproar was redoubled, and Abaya with a shriek burst from my hold and with a look of inexpressible horror pointed to the burthen to which I clung. Looking back, I saw the water was about to bear away my clothes. primal impulse of civilized men induced me to run back even at the risk of my life to reclaim my belongings. have often laughed at my anxiety to recover what was of so little value. However, when I had them and was once more clothed, much of my fear had passed away.

I had now no doubt that this commotion was the work of a malignant spirit, which would surely destroy us, if not with his strange artillery with which the whole pool was bombarded, then with the waters which were already rising in the narrow gorge. I did not question that the evil spirit was enraged because I had invaded his dominions; though I have since thought it more likely that it was because I had taken the treasure which he so highly prized. However, as Father Mendez had taught me that no evil spirit can resist the Holy Name boldly uttered by a true believer under the sign of the cross, I started toward the boiling caldron, Abaya clinging to me and entreating me

not to venture nearer. When we reached the edge of the pool, I crossed myself and crying out: "In Nomine Jesu Christu!" commanded the demon to cease from troubling the waters. Then, as the commotion still continued, I bethought myself of an invocation which Father Mendez did hold in little esteem, though I have been advertised of many cases in which mariners most sore bested have been saved by it, and I do think if he had seen what then occurred, he would never more have doubted. It is, indeed, a sore trial of faith, requiring that whatever one hath which he doth most highly prize, providing it have not life, be sacrificed without regret and in the Holy Name, with ten Aves said with closed eyes.

I knew our peril was most extreme. Already the water was at our knees and was still spouting from the horrid pit. I thought of Abaya sacrificed to my reckless greed; mayhap I thought of myself but I did not know it. Seizing the mass of gold, I marked the Holy Cross upon it with my finger from which the blood was dripping because of some trivial hurt in my excitement unnoted, signed it with the Holy Name, and with all my strength cast it into the great roaring column that reared itself between us and the sky, fell upon my knees, though the water came to my armpits, and closing my eyes repeated in a loud voice the Ave Maria.

The commotion which followed was even more terrible than it had been before. Ten times I repeated the prayer, not once unclosing my lids until the last word was fully spoken. Then the column of water had disappeared, and as I looked the great rock seemed cleft in twain and the outer part of it by which we had stood, fell forward sending the water in an immense wave clean over our heads. Then there were groanings and rumblings as if the whole island were in the throes of some great agony.

Gradually these sounds died away; the flow of water subsided; the sun shone out, and though there was still a

smell of sulphur in the air, the birds began to sing as after Soon the water receded, leaving the pool as it had been before, except for a portion of the white rock which rose above the surface in the midst. Then I made Abaya, who knelt beside me, fold her hands and cross herself, while I repeated the prayer again. God forgive me if it was sacrilege, but I did even dip my hand in the pool, sprinkle the water on her head, make the sign of the cross with it on breast and brow and repeat the formula of baptism. Heaven grant it may have been to the salvation of her soul, and, indeed, I be not without hope that even though irregularly administered, the holy rite brought grace, for she was ever after strangely subdued and submissive as if the Holy Spirit had entered into her and transformed her that instant into a saint.

I greatly marveled at the quieting of the waters, which was evidently because the demon was not able to withstand the Holy Name, even in the mouth of one so ill-Abaya regarded it with even greater wonder, deserving. and made me understand that the water had never before burst forth at that time of the year, nor ceased to flow until after a period of at least three days, which made the marvel even more marvelous. There be no doubt that from this pool there runneth an underground passage to some cavern where gnomes do dwell and whence most likely the gold doth come. I greatly wondered whether the same did not lead to that Cibao of which the Admiral spoke with such certainty. I felt no inclination, however, to inform him of what I had seen, both because I could see no advantage that would accrue to me therefrom, and also because I was planning to return some time to this region under very different conditions. not regard the value of the gold I had obtained as very great, but prized it chiefly as a voucher for the truth of what I might relate in regard to that day's happenings; but I had never dared to speak of having seen so large a

piece of the precious metal had not the scales already vouched for much larger masses of it in other parts of these new lands. So, too, I speak not of this as a miracle, the which can happen only unto holy men, which I assuredly was not. I only know that the uproar subsided when I did invoke the Holy Name, though it be quite possible, as the Padre, to whom I did relate this marvel, declared, that it resulted not from the action of malign spirits, but from the earthquake which at that time did affect the whole island. I did not tell him about the gold, though I did show him some of the smaller pieces I had obtained.

I saw little of my shipmates after I went to the Indian village, because the view which the natives took of my position had gotten abroad among them, and I did not relish the jokes that were made at my expense. The Admiral sent for me once and questioned me closely about many things, especially the gold. This being before my adventure at the pool, I answered him truly that I had learned nothing in regard to it.

The Indians were greatly excited over the bursting forth of the water at this unusual season of the year, and we found them invoking their heathen deities and watching the subsidence of the stream on our return. It seemed nothing less than sacrilege that Abaya, who had learned the Holy Name and signed the Holy Symbol, should take part in these rites, but her people insisted, and I had no power to prevent. In the mean time I hastened to the Cathedral Rocks, and having made a fire, the smoke of which was an agreed signal, I was soon joined by the Padre and Irish Bill. From them I learned that the Admiral was growing very anxious about Martin Alonzo, whom he believed to have already sailed for home, and would hasten his own de-Gutierrez, who no doubt desired the Admiral should leave the island, believing that he could easily dispose of the dissolute and arrogant Alguazil who alone would then stand between him and supreme command, had fostered this notion by his report that nothing could be learned of the Pinta. The Padre, however, who not only understood the language of the natives better than he, but had no motive to falsify, assured us that Pinzon was reported to be in a harbor at the eastern end of the island engaged in traffic with the Indians. The news that the Admiral would sail in a few days at farthest, hastened some preparations we had already begun.

Half a league to the eastward, in a sheltered cove, lay a canoe which Bill and I, with the aid of the Indians, had fitted up, intending to set sail for Cuba immediately upon the Admiral's departure, for we well knew that when Diego de Arana should become governor of the island, in fact as well as in name, our only hope for the execution of our project, would lie in instant flight. gathered here the tools, sails, and cordage required for building a craft upon the plan outlined by the Admiral, but found no chance to secure any others of the company to go with us. Rather than have us undertake the perilous voyage alone, the Padre had consented to accompany us. This, however, was sorely against his will and he now proposed that on the night before the Admiral was to sail, we should take the canoe with a full complement of rowers which the princess could easily induce the king to grant us, and make our way eastward in advance of the Niña, Then, if we two could manage in search of her consort. to ship with Martin Alonzo on the return voyage, the Padre was to take the canoe, and, keeping a sharp lookout for the Niña, make his way back to meet whatever fate might await him.



HE hour for departure had arrived. The Admiral was to sail upon the morrow. The sun was just setting, and beyond the point behind which our canoe was hidden we heard already the clamor

of the farewell festivities. To-morrow the Admiral would be on his way to Spain, and Diego de Arana would be governor of Española. Would the Captain of the Pinta consent to receive Irish Bill and myself on his ship without leave of his superior, or allow us to exchange with any of his crew who might wish to remain? That was the question we meant to decide. Padre would return alone; if not, we would return together, and as soon as opportunity offered steal away to Cuba, where we would build a craft to take us back to Europe, leaving De Arana and his reckless companions to such fate as might come. We knew there would be no pursuit because none of them who were to be left behind had any nautical skill, and we had no fear of the natives of Cuba, for not only were they of the gentlest character, but we intended to take the princess and a canoe-load of her most devoted subjects with us as peacemakers.

The first thing to be done was to find Pinzon. Where was he? It was nearly two months since the sails of the Pinta sank from view as we watched her heading before a fair breeze to the south-southeast, off the coast of Cuba. "In a bay at the east end of the island, as far as a swift runner can go in four days," was the report the Padre had brought back from his canoe voyage with Gutierrez. We

judged it two days' sail at the least, and had prepared to make it by the open sea rather than by crawling around the bays and headlands of the shore.

Abaya, my bride of a week, had lent her aid in securing everything that we required—rowers, provisions, and, above all, the best canoe the tribe possessed, which I had solemnly assured the cacique should be returned. no doubt, expected to go with us and had come down to the shore with a few of her attendants in high spirits, though the Admiral had especially requested that she should accompany her brother, the cacique, on board his ship that night. She had brought with her my helmet and the basinet attached to it which was made for me by order of Gonsalvo de Cordova. She very justly esteemed this piece of armor the most notable part of my equipment, not excepting the old Toledo for which, indeed, she had little fancy, being evidently surprised at my prefer-The helmet, however, I think she regarded as an emblem of my supernal character, and was never so happy as when allowed to carry it, or even to put it on her own dainty head. Thus accoutred she watched the preparations for our embarkation. The canoe was taken out where it could be floated without danger to the false keel I had attached to it; and Irish Bill and the Padre were already aboard, when I signified to her that she was to remain, but might keep the helmet against my At first her countenance fell, and she evidently feared my purpose, but when she comprehended that she was to retain the head-piece, doubt seemed to vanish and she cheerfully obeyed.

I am glad now, that I had the courage to kiss my princess before them all, at my departure, a thing I had never done before. Savage as she was, she was of a gentle nature and I never think of her without something of the feeling one must have who has betrayed the love of a white Christian lady. Of course, she was not white nor

a Christian—when we first met at least, though I am not without hope—but I will not speak of that concerning which the Padre was much fitter to discourse. It was a happy face, brown though it was, that shone through the swift-falling night as I waved my hand in adieu; for Abaya did not doubt that I would come again.

The rowers gave way and the canoe shot out into the As we rounded the point, we saw the Cathedral Rocks, standing out against the light of great bonfires which cast a weird glow upon the shining leaves of Men were hurrying to and fro, from the tower the forest. to the landing-place; the sea was alive with swimmers and canoes. Amidship of the Niña, swung on a long chain that hung from a yard sprung over the side, a great jack full of pitchy knots that flamed and glared, lighting up ship and sea. This illumination was in honor both of Guacanagari, the king, who was to dine again with the Admiral, and of the departure of the latter on the morrow. It was a strange thing: forty men exulted in the thought that they were to be left in an unknown land with only one little caravel to carry the news of their existence to the world, a thousand leagues away. And of these, by far the greater number secretly hoped that even this frail craft might never reach her destination.

If the revelers had been on the watch, they could hardly have seen the swift-gliding canoe as it shot out into the night that hung soft and starry above the placid sea, and if they had, pursuit would have been vain. I laughed as I thought of the heavy long-boat of the Santa Maria, with its clumsy oars, in chase of our canoe, with ten paddles on a side. Civilization may build ships that will make longer voyages, but for swift-moving boats the savage's canoe hath no rival.

Ours was no mean craft even for a longer voyage than we expected to take. It was a canoe sixty feet long, hollowed out of a single tree by fire, four or five feet amidships, with a high freeboard, that tapered finely at each end and had been rubbed and polished until the water slipped by its sides almost without a ripple. I had rigged it with a mast that could be unstepped at will, a three-cornered sail and a sort of keel composed of canvas drawn over a pole fastened at each end to the bottom and sprung outward in the middle. In a similar way I had made a steering oar or rudder to be lashed to the stern, very light but, as it proved, very effective. The Admiral's suggestions, which I had surreptitiously heard, had led me to adopt devices which would not otherwise have occurred to me.

We had twenty Indian rowers, and the canoe was provisioned for ten days with fruit, cassava bread, and calabashes of sweet water. She proved an excellent sailer, far outdoing my expectation and fully justifying the Admiral's predictions. The Padre knew the course we ought to take, and with the aid of the compass of the Santa Maria we were able to keep it. Both the wind and current were in our favor, and our dusky friends were delighted with the ease and rapidity of our progress. We had expected it would require two days at least to reach the bay in which, according to report, the Pinta was lying; but hardly had the sun risen the next morning when we saw her beating up into a sheltered roadstead, where she dropped anchor. The wind had freshened and the spray flew over us like rain as the light canoe bore down upon her. The place was entirely sheltered from the west and southwest, and well for us it was, for hardly had we rounded to under her stern when the breeze became a gale. We scarcely realized its force, because of the landlocked character of the bay in which we rode, but we learned afterwards it was so severe that the Admiral did not dare to put to sea with the Niña, and after it slackened, it had shifted so to the southeast, that he was held a prisoner for two days more and still another two days were well-nigh spent before he

sighted the Pinta's hiding-place. For that it was a hidingplace I was soon assured, and fully shared her Captain's hope that the Niña might pass us in the night time. Once satisfied that she had started homeward, he could then safely turn his prow in the same direction.

But Fate which had favored the Admiral so wonderfully, was still upon his side, as if determined, by filling up the measure of his opportunity to the utmost, to make more significant his downfall.

"Boat ahoy!" cried the Captain of the Pinta, looking down from the low poop as the canoe rounded up into the wind with her nose almost touching the stern of the caravel. "God's death! What kind of a craft is it? A mixed lot like her crew, but by my faith, she cuts the water cleverly and answers her helm as if she were alive! Throw her a rope there, some of you!" he shouted to the sailors who were bending over the gunnel agog with surprise. "Saints and devils! Were the crew of the Pinta born yesterday and shipped since sunrise? Lay her alongside, I say, before she drifts alee!"

Martin Alonzo Pinzon was a mariner of fifty-odd years, broad-shouldered, thick-necked and strong-limbed, loud-Great black eyes looked out voiced and plain-spoken. from under his heavy brows, while his wide forehead and sun-browned cheeks fitted well their framework of grizzled He was the Captain of the Pinta, under hair and beard. command of the Admiral, but in his own ship and with a crew enlisted among his own kinsmen and neighbors. was rumored in the fleet that he had loaded her at his own risk, and was entitled to trade for his own profit in all things except spices and the precious metals, in any lands we might find. He was a man of rugged nature who commanded the respect of those who sailed with him, though he spared neither words nor blows when excited. ing over the waist of the caravel, he caught my hand as we dragged alongside and drew me aboard.

- "I should know your face,"—he said, eying me closely,
 —"but the name—if I ever knew it——"
- "De Lajes, at your service. There be small chance you ever heard it."
- "Yet I mind it now," he said with a smile, giving my hand, which he still held, a hearty shake. "You had the



shore squad at Gomera. I remarked then that you seemed more a soldier than a sailor, and were over-young for the charge. The Admiral told me you had learned to command with Gonsalvo of Cordova—the flower of Spanish chivalry. It must have been a proud school."

"It was at least a thorough one."

"None other is worth a man's while to attend. Only he who has learned to obey is fit to command. Thou art welcome."

Irish Bill had clambered up behind me, and the crew crowded around us, all seeming to know him, though there were few of them known to me.

- "And when left ye the Admiral?"
- "On yesternight."
- "So near; then we shall overhaul him on the morrow, unless, perchance, he be already in your wake."
- "It be more than one day's sail for the Niña," I answered; proud of the craft I had rigged.
- "Aye, the Niña be a dull sailer. I noted that your boat finds her way—before the wind, at least."
- "Astern or abeam, I never knew anything that liked so ill the wind's pushing. I think we have come two full days' sail from the Admiral's ship since the sun went down yestreen."
- "So much? It be a strange looking craft, but she hath a sharp nose and slender waist like a grayhound," he said, looking critically at the canoe. "I need not ask who was her builder," he continued, "but would fain know where she got her rigging."

I told him, but admitted that a suggestion of the Admiral's had helped me much.

"And how dost thou keep her on her course?"

I motioned to the Indians to careen her over so as to show the false keel.

"Ah, I see," he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the rude wooden reve with its taut canvas cover. "A good notion, by St. Francis! I beg your pardon, young man; I know not how good a soldier you may be, but you are a better sailor. And in what plight left ye the Admiral?"

I then told him briefly of the loss of the Santa Maria and the building of the fort. In the mean time, the Padre, seeing the crew gathered about me, went ashore with the Indians, about two bow-shots away, the rowers carrying the canoe upon their shoulders through the breakers lest the keel should be broken.

"So we have these two little caravels only, and are a thousand leagues from home with only stormy seas between," said Martin Alonzo with a troubled look, when he had heard my story. "The Admiral is a great navigator, but it cannot be he will have the hardihood to risk both on a return voyage at the same time. The Pinta has sprung her foremast or she would be the fittest for the voyage. As it is, it would be better to leave me here to thoroughly refit, continue exploration, and look after those who remain."

I repeated to him the words of Juan de la Cosa, and the appointment of De Arana and his lieutenants.

"De Arana and forty thieves for a colony!" exclaimed the captain bitterly. "Is the Admiral mad? My men are true and staunch; no mutineers or grumblers among them. If I were left here with the Pinta, I could preserve order; so could my cousin Vincente Yanez. His men are true, too; but these who are to remain with De Arana—I beg pardon, perhaps thou art one of them?"

"Indeed I am, and for that reason I wish some private speech with you."

So we went into his little cabin under the poop, and I told him plainly what I desired, either to ship with him as a passenger or to exchange places with any of his crew who might prefer to remain.

- "And thy companions?"
- "The one desires to go also if he can make an exchange, and the other—the poor Padre—is bent upon remaining to lead the natives to Christianity."
- "He will find De Arana and his crowd poor helpers, I fear."
 - "The Admiral expects them to be busy gathering gold."
 - "Aye, that is always his hobby—to gather gold for

him. If he would give men leave to seek it on their own account, and only ask of them a share for their Majesties and himself, they would have some motive to be faithful; but men rarely serve well, when another hath the larger share of what their labor brings, and they none except by favor. Have they found much gold?"

"They have many reports from a place they call Cibao, in the interior of the island," I answered cautiously.

"Aye, it be always in the interior. But I think the mine lieth nearer to the sea upon the other side. We did get some pieces there—I did shut mine eyes and let the men trade their little wares for them mostly. The bits will yield them a few doubloons apiece, mayhap, when the voyage is over. I fear their hire of the Admiral is not over-sure, and I like men to be content when they sail with me."

"You expect to come hither again?" I asked.

"Who knows?" he answered evasively. "These new lands be all the Admiral's; aye, and the seas, too, so he says; and whosoever cometh hither may neither trade nor discover on his own account, but must needs serve under him and give him the better part of whatsoever he gaineth. I like not a hireling's place and have not been wont to see the power of Castile exercised by one with so strong an Italian accent. I see neither pleasure nor profit in such service."

"The sca is a wide gateway," I suggested.

"So it be, indeed; but the ports are narrow; and no one goeth out of them but with their Majesties' permission."

"The Admiral will have the ear of their Majesties when he returns."

"There be no doubt," moodily.

"Think you he will say aught in favor of the Captain who would not obey his signals?"

"Damn his signals," broke out Martin Alonzo. "God

and Saint Jacabo! Did he think I was to do nothing but tag at his heels as if tied to his tiller-ropes, with a thousand islands and God only knows what new marvels waiting to be found, while he dawdles along one shore and then another, exploring nothing, learning nothing, doing nothing, only inquiring for the Grand Khan and hunting for the island where gold be found without the trouble of looking for it! By Goddes Son! I be but a poor mariner who cannot live always on air and promises. Here be dye-woods and cotton and a hundred things that would bring money in Spain, but no prayer would prevail on him to let me take a cargo or sail by myself, whereby I might get some credit, if I made no profit. I saw not his signals, neither did my men. The Pinta's sailors be more wont to gaze where the bowsprit points than hang over the taffrail looking for signals, astern. Where should we have been and what lands would we have found if I had not disobeved his signals aforetime, and headed the Pinta southward when he would needs go westward on his meridian? As if the world was made to fit a geographer's lines and notions! How would he have raised the money for his one-eighth share in this venture if I had not opened my purse? Or how gained a crew, if I had not offered my ship and my name to get men to enlist with him? But these things are forgotten now, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon is only a servant, and the Pinta, which showed the way hither, must now keep under the lee of Forsooth, her Captain cannot even his rotten old hulk. give his men leave to go ashore! I am only a plain sailor, but one likes not to have a man who hath risen by his aid lord it over him with quite so high a hand!"

"The Admiral is in truth very jealous of his privileges."
"For that I blame him not. He drave a bargain with their Majesties, and if he hath the better of them, it be his good fortune and not any wrong. He played for high

That is all there be of the matter. stakes and hath won. But because he hath won, it be no reason why others should suffer. I did stipulate for a right to trade, an' if he be 'Admiral of the Ocean Sea,' now that he hath discovered new lands, it giveth him no right to defeat me of what I did engage to enjoy. I be no mutineer, and disobeyed no order, though I did not look back for signals. He told me that when he sailed he would steer southeast How could I know he would choose to go again to the southwest? I could not box the compass of his fancy. I sailed as he did order, and in the six weeks since that day I have used my right to trade to good advantage; in lawful commodities, mind you-not gold and silver and precious stones and spices, which belong to their Majesties and the Admiral—but in dye-woods and bright colored hamacs and paroquets and whatsoever my experience told would bring money in Spain. fancy to be declared a bankrupt on my return because the Admiral's hand is empty, and promises be not enough for them that have bonds. The creditors will let the Admiral off because of the King's favor and the chances of the future; but Martin Alonzo Pinzon would be sore bested if he should cross the bar with naught to meet his Thank God, the Pinta hath enough stowed under her decks to pay the outfitters when we touch Palos If I may not return here, I mean not to starve for helping a beggar off his horse."

- "There be other lands which have ports from which ships sail," I said, cautiously.
- "What sayest thou?" peering sharply at me under his bushy brows.
- "Alonzo Pinzon might clear from Huelva for the port of Bristol, I suppose?"
 - "Truly, if the two kingdoms be at peace."
- "And thence he might sail to any new land he should find?"

"Provided it be not within the limit of another power."

"Who shall know to whom a land belongs where there be none to defend?"

"True, true; a keel leaveth but faint mark on a shore line," he responded thoughtfully, and after a moment asked: "And art thou of the port thou namest?"

Then I told him briefly who I was and how I came to embark.

"And thou art minded to engage in such a venture?"

"If thou wilt take myself and comrade to Bristol, I will see that thou hast ship and crew for a voyage on thine own account."

The Captain had been sitting on a stool with a leg across one knee, his hands clasping the other while we talked. Now, he dropped his head in thought.

"I am subject to the Admiral on this voyage," he said at length. "If I knew that he had ordered thee to remain upon this island, I could not, in strict regard for my duty, permit thee to return on the Pinta; but as thou hast no certain knowledge of such an order, but only conceive it may be made, I see not any reason why, if some of my men should care to remain, thou shouldst not go with me in their stead. Of course your names will not be entered on the ship's register. I know there be some who would like to stay—and I should not be sorry if they did. I am going ashore to look for water and will take two of them along. If they desert, thou and thy friend will have to row me back."

Then we had in his coparceners in the caravel and its cargo, who were also kinsmen and sailors under his command, Gomez Rascon and Cristobal Quintero, who in turn consulted with the crew, for they were all neighbors and kinsmen, having nothing secret from each other concerning the voyage and their common interest, save two who, though standing on the same terms as to pay and profit,

were joined neither by blood nor neighborship to them. These were willing to remain both for the pleasure and the profit which a sojourn in this region promised, as they thought. The others as I learned were all the more anxious to return because it was whispered among them that the Captain was minded to come again on his own account and they chose to share his fortune rather than another's.

It did not take long to settle the matter. The young fellows who went ashore with us were even more anxious to remain than we were to go, were that possible, and when I took them aside one by one, and gave each a small lump of gold, with many injunctions to speak of it to none, but to search diligently among the gravel in the bottom of the river, on the bank of which the fort stood, if they desired more, their eagerness was such that I think they would have deserted if they had doubted our willingness to make the exchange. The sight of these bits of gold even staggered Irish Bill, though I showed only the smallest pebbles in my possession, but the hope of getting back to Galway and coming into these regions with an English craft and a British crew was too much for his covetousness.

I have often wondered what imp it was that tempted me thus to deceive those men who were doing us a favor, the value of which none could then understand, being nothing less than the gift of their lives for ours. Of course, there was no gold in the place to which I directed them; or if there was I knew it not, and I do confess now with shame, that there was no reason why I should have told this falsehood except the fear that they might discover whence it did come; for I had even then a purpose to return and secure whatever there might be in the holy fountain.

The men with whom we bargained were Rodriguez Bermejo, a sullen fellow of ill-repute, though a good sailor, who vowed he wished nothing less than to set his foot on Spanish soil again unless it were to meet a termagant wife he had left behind there. He, therefore, sold to Irish Bill for a small piece of gold the little store of things he had picked up in traffic, and "the mistress, too," he added with a shrug, "if he be such a fool as to go to Molinos for the sake of the sorriest jade that ever gave a man the jaw-fall."

The other, Juan de Sevilla, was a jolly young fellow, who wished to stay from mere love of frolic and adventure, and instead of selling his little store, desired it might be conveyed to his aunt, who had been at the expense of his maintenance since his baby days, he said.

They rowed back to the ship to get their dunnage and The Padre and I walked into the wood to sav farewell. be alone once more. I wish not to seem to speak too highly of him whose name I am scarce worthy to mention, but if in a long life I have met one man more worthy to be called a saint than any other, it is surely Pedro Corbacho, the unfrocked priest of Logrosa. however, till we came upon the new lands, filled with so many and such gentle heathen, that the true quality of the Padre revealed itself to us. From that day he was like one inspired—full of a burning zeal and holy inspiration, yet cast down into the very dust by the sense of his From the first, he listened to the softown unworthiness. flowing words of the unknown speech and set himself to catch and construe it. In this work he had been untiring, and was the only man in all the ships' companies who really knew anything of the Indian tongue. He not only gathered words, but had written them down and formed them into phrases, so that in a few months he hoped to make their thought intelligible to whomsoever would give heed to study what he had done. This was to be his By this he was to win divine favor, secure reinstatement in his priestly office, and so gratify the woman he loved. His was a simple, childish nature, but there be none sweeter in all the world.

"If I be but alive when the order reversing the interdict is signed it will be effectual, and I shall be again a priest, even if I never hear of it. This will console Teresa, though we never meet again, as I promised her that we should not."



This was his simple faith—hopeful that he might be freed from reproach for her sake whom his very love had harmed. So he was anxious to remain, that he might pave the way for the Lord Christ to come into the hearts of this dusky people, while I returned bearing his messages to the woman he loved so well, and to the ecclesiastical superiors whose approval he so earnestly desired.

"Is it all arranged?" asked the father, anxiously, as we halted under a great tree whose drooping branches and thick, shining leaves shut us out from the world as if we had been in a temple.

"All, Padre," I answered reverently. "I wait now only your blessing and your behests."

I knelt before him for the first time, as if he still bore the Church's commission, and laying his clasped hands on my head, he prayed earnestly that God and the Virgin Mother would send their holy saints to bring me safe through all dangers, and prepare a happy welcome for my returning footsteps.

"If only thou wert going also, Padre," I said as I arose.

"It may not be, my son. Our ways lie now apart. Thy duty is yonder; mine is here."

So he pronounced his own doom.

"If I might but administer the ordinances of the Church," he sighed, "how many souls might not be saved through my labors? But if I may not gather the harvest, I may sow the seed. God knows how many millions there be in the darkness yet eager for light! must not murmur; I may at least teach them the prayers of Mother Church; and with fasting and an upright life, bring them to believe on the dear Lord Christ and Mary I can learn the language, too. In the packet I have sent to the Fray Francisco de los Reyes, I have given the pronunciation and significance of near a thousand words and phrases. I have learned many more, but have not yet had opportunity to write them down. I have asked that these leaves may be given to the first priest who leaves Spain to bring the word to these poor souls; so that when he lands he may be able to make himself understood by them to whom he is sent, at least in a few things. If the Lord do but spare me, I shall have it all unraveled against the coming of one worthier to do the work. But only the good God knows what will happen. Shall I look for thee to come again?"

- "I cannot tell," I answered. "Thou knowest I am an alien in Spain with powerful enemies."
 - "But thou wilt deliver my letters?" apprehensively.
 - "Even if it should cost my life, Padre."
- "The good God confound thy enemies! Perhaps in this way He may have ordained thy deliverance. I think thou wilt return, and should aught happen I will leave a message for thee under the embers, between the white rocks where we did hide the compass."
 - "Thou wilt console Abaya?"
- "Oh, my son, my conscience smites me that I did not rebuke your sin ere it had proceeded so far. How shall the gentle princess believe in the true God when the one believer whom she loved hath shown himself false?"

I could only hang my head and dig my toes into the sand of the lonely spot where we stood in acknowledgment of the justice of this reproof.

"My son," continued the Padre, "thy sin hath found thee out even as mine found me. It is just that it should. Thy heart is heavy because of it. Thou hast no right to complain; neither have I. God has rewarded us according to our works; but who shalt make plain the mystery by which those whom we have wronged are made to suffer more than ourselves? I will, indeed, do what I may to comfort the brown maid who loves thee, but I would thou couldst go to thine own without this She may forgive and heaven may assoil thee, but one who has done evil to his fellow can never again be, in his own heart, what he was before. I fear we shall have dark times here in Española after the Admiral departs. None of those who are in authority command the respect of those under them, nor do they realize their respon-The natives are indeed friendly, but they be not without spirit, and arms and armor are of little avail without justice and vigilance. If the worst cannot be averted, it may be that I shall find it in the way of duty

to go alone or with such as I may persuade to follow me, to the mainland they call Cuba, where the wickedness of our own people will not hinder the spread of the truth. Remember thy promise to visit and console Teresa; and if ever thou comest into these regions again be sure to dig beneath the cinders between the white rocks in search of tidings from me, if thou hearest nothing otherwise."

The day was well spent when we returned to the shore. The Indians launched the canoe and paddled us out to the Pinta. We scrambled on board, and those with whom we had changed names took our places, the sail was hoisted and the canoe drew swiftly away. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and it was soon lost to sight around the point to the westward. When the Niña joined us a few days later, cautious inquiries were instituted among the crew, but we could not learn that anything had been seen of the Padre, or that our absence had been noted at the time of sailing. There were so many among the crew who had changed places with those who were ordered to remain that it was evident the Admiral was not likely to scrutinize very closely the men upon the Pinta; which, indeed, we found he did not, except with regard to some Indians whom the Captain had taken on board after consultation with his partners, no doubt with the purpose of selling them on his arrival in Spain. The Admiral commanded him to set them at liberty, because, he said, they were the Queen's subjects whom no man had any right to restrain against their will. Howbeit, when we did finally leave the island intending to no more return, he took even a larger number on the Niña where, from overcrowding of her crew, such addition must have caused much discomfort.

It was claimed, that they were intended to show him the way to the island of Mantinina, but the crew of the Pinta put their tongues in their cheeks and rolled up their eyes in scorn of this idea, which, indeed, had little probability. However, the Admiral, for this or some other reason, seemed especially desirous of keeping the crews of the two caravels apart; some said it was from fear that they might mutiny at the thought of leaving such delightsome lands, while others surmised that he was not without fear that the Pinzons, whose neighbors now constituted by far the larger part of both crews, might unite in some design Whatever the reason, in the two weeks to his prejudice. we were together before leaving Española there was little commerce between the men, and though Irish Bill and I had at first assumed to be sick, it was not long before we stood our watches openly upon the Pinta, as if we had always been a part of her company. Whether the Admiral took any note of us I know not; but I deem it most unlikely that he did.



It was a terrible voyage, that first passage from the New World to the Old. If the journey thither had been delightsome, it seemed as if the spirits of darkness who had so long held dominion over the lands we had invaded, were determined that none should return to show the way to others. We sailed northward at first, according to the Admiral's theory that, in this part of the Ocean Sea, the winds blow ever from the West—a theory which hath been often enough disproved since then, but which in that case did meet a confirmation so furious that we not seldom wished it had never occurred to him. Hardly had we reached the designated meridian and turned our prows due eastward when storms arose out of the west and waves beat upon us, the like of which no man had ever known. The two caravels were but as cockles floating in the spume. For days the air was dark with salty spray, and sea and sky were blent in impenetrable gray, a cable's length away. At midday we lost sight of the Niña. For thirteen days the wind drave on the ship, sometimes up and down the great waves' sides, and sometimes leaping from crest to crest, at least so it seemed, but all the time straining, groaning, raging on its castward course. We knew not where we were, how many leagues we had come, how many yet remained before our prows, on what coast would be our landfall, and worst of all we could not guess at what moment the water might not spring up beneath our feet through the holes the dread teredo was boring in the caravel's oak bottom. We had no doubt that by this means the Niña had met her fate, and that we alone remained to bear tidings of the new lands to the old. Our foremast was strained so that we could bear little sail, which was perhaps fortunate, since it might have proved our ruin.

One thing could never afterwards be doubted; that it was just as easy to sail up the side of the world out of the Sunset Sea, as to sail down the westering slope into it; for when we crept into the harbor of Bayonne, whither we had come as one blindfolded, out of the smother of that terrible winter sea, the Pinta, disabled as she was, had made the passage in little more than half the time her outward voyage had consumed.

Of course, we knew nothing of a certainty regarding the Admiral's fate; but, realizing as we did, how hardly the Pinta had come through this terrible strife with the demons of wind and wave, there was none aboard her who dreamed that the smaller and weaker craft had survived. I doubt not that the Captain, who was eager to go again untrammeled by another's power, both for trade and discovery, to that new realm whose riches and extent were alike undreamed of, and which Spain could only hold under the Admiral's claim of "all the shores washed by these unknown seas," would have been not ill-pleased to be assured of her loss, even though his cousin Vincente Yanez Pinzo had gone with her to the bottom.

He would have been better than flesh and blood often

gets to be had it been otherwise. He was a Spaniard, and well knew that if the Admiral returned alive all hope of farther venture and profit in the newly-found regions was at an end for him, so far as any voyaging under the power of Spain was concerned; and I doubt not his strong desire did something to confirm in his mind the belief that we of the Pinta were all that had returned from the antipodes.

Then we crept down the coast, not without danger, safely rounded Padre Santo and sailed up the bay, the Pinta bounding over the sparkling waves as if she knew her way to her launching berth, as many sailors do affirm a good ship does when she returns from a successful voyage. There was a fair breeze astern and the westling sun threw our shadow ahead when we rounded the point and wondered that no signal came from the watch-tower. When we were in sight of the port we wondered still more at the clamor and bustle which filled it. Boats were shooting to and fro, flags were flying, cannon firing, and, as we drew nearer, Martin Alonzo, first of all, descried the Niña decked with streamers and the standard of the Admiral flying at the fore.

It was too much. His labors in that terrible voyage had been amazing. For days and nights together, he had hardly his hands off the tiller, and for a fortnight he had scarce so much sleep as a man getteth on shore in a single night. Then came a period of delirious hope. He was a true Spaniard and liked not the thought of sailing under another flag. I doubt if he would ever have mustered courage to do as we had planned. But this sudden blighting of his hope was more than he could bear. When he turned back after recognizing the Admiral's pennon, all saw that he had in a moment aged as with years. He ordered the Master, his cousin, Francisco Pinzon, to work the ship up to her berth and let him not be disturbed until she was made fast. Then he entered his cabin and shut to the door.

When the anchor was let fall, on the shore and in the boats around us, there stood a jeering crowd, with anxious faces showing here and there, which shouted clamorously for him to show himself. He came out of the cabin and going up the ladder, stood beside his cousin on the poop, his feet bare to the knee, his gray hair tossing in the night wind. Folding his arms he looked on the scowling faces lit up by the torches' glare, like a lion at bay. The shouts and jeers grew louder, when the rabble, already drunk with the Admiral's honeyed boasts and mad with the innuendo he had set on foot against his second in command, saw the Captain of the Pinta, not arrayed in silken robes but in the common garb of a sailor beaten by many-storms.

The Spaniards, as I have said, be the most subservient to authority of any people. The report that Martin Alonzo Pinzon had disobeyed and deserted his superior officer, the Captain-General of the fleet, with all the damaging suspicions that attached to it, had been spread among the people of the little town whose chief citizen he had been, along with the marvelous tales of new lands which the Admiral had found, until the whole populace was aflame with resentment. So they taunted and hooted while he stood, with white face and blazing eyes, saying nothing, until at last some one cried out:

"And how will the traitorous mutineer pay his debts, now that he has betrayed the Admiral and is sure to lose the Queen's favor?"

Then Martin Alonzo stamped his bare foot upon the deck, held up his hand and cried in a voice of thunder:

"Be still!"

Then there was silence except for whispers and murmurs of those who had friends on board and were anxious to greet them.

"Knew ever any one when Martin Alonzo Pinzon's word proved false?" he asked.

And no one dared impeach his boast.

"Know then, that when I sailed as Captain of this ship there went, partners with me, her two other owners copartners also in her cargo and the traffic of the voyage. Now, in their names and mine, I here declare that if anything be owing to any outfitter or provisioner, he hath but to present his accompt and so soon as we shall sell our cargo, it shall be paid, though by the terms of our obligation we have yet three months' grace in which to discharge the same. And I furthermore declare that we have decided to pay to each and every of them that sailed with us, not only extra wage, as we did stipulate, but two months' full pay in addition. So well hath our voyage prospered."

Had Martin Alonzo known all that had happened in his native town that day, he could not better have touched the temper of the people. He was like most of them, a mariner, but he was also a merchant and known to be most tender of his honor as such. The Admiral and his crew had been lavish of marvelous tales of treasure yet to be unearthed, and the Indians with their scanty golden ornaments had been paraded up and down the streets, but of present wealth there had been little show, and no promise such as this, of payment on the nail, which is what creditors most like to hear. So they who listened sent up a great shout and Martin Alonzo turned and stepping part way down the ladder, called his men about him, held his hand to each and thanked him for having done his duty. There were few dry eyes as he spoke with what seemed like a farewell, for there were none who did not esteem the rugged mariner and sympathize with his humiliation. said all were at liberty to go on shore, but asked that for his sake they would be careful to avoid quarrel or controversy with the Admiral's men. He and the pilot, he said, would keep watch through the night, and if the men would return in the morning they would open the hatches

and show their friends that they came not back emptyhanded.

By that time, the deck was crowded with those who were come to greet their friends, and one spake up saying that on the morrow at nine o'clock, the Admiral and all his crew were to go, dressed as penitents to the Convent of La Rabida, to give thanks for their deliverance. Then all eyes were turned on the Pinta's captain, who only said with a smile:

"My men have no special sins of which to repent, and we shall give thanks all the better when we have showed our friends that we have somewhat to pay our debts withal."

Then he stepped down and went into his cabin, after saluting his wife and some friends who had gathered, but whom he did quickly dismiss. Presently his cousin, Francisco, came to me where I stood in the waist urging Irish Bill not to go on shore until the morrow, and said the Captain desired my presence in the cabin, adding that they might wish to see my friend also.

"All right," said Bill, "I'll jist step ashore to see how it feels to have solid ground under me fut agin. Maybe I'll take a bit run up an' down the shore to see ef I've lost the use of me legs, but I'll not go beyond hail, an' any time ye want me, ef Mr. Latches—I beg pardon, Don Sevilla,—will give a whistle on his fingers, in the auld way, ye know," bowing and winking toward me, "I'll be aboard afore he can get breath for a second note."

When I entered the cabin I found the Captain sitting at the table which was fastened against the wall between the sternlights, with Gomez Rascon, one of the owners, on the other side, and a lighted taper between them.

"Thou didst hear what I said?" inquired Martin Alonzo, abruptly.

"It was nobly spoken," I answered, heartily.

"Hout man!" he responded brusquely, "here be Gomez Rascon, who hath more sense in his little finger than most men carry in their heads, says it was a fool's boast!"

"Not so," interrupted Rascon, reproachfully. "I said they were the words of a brave man rather than a wise one."

"It matters not, Gomez; thou wert right as thou always art," with a wave of his hand toward his partner. turning to me, "what he says is this: because of these words the Admiral will set the alguazils to spy upon us, and mayhap the judges to pursue us and find out whether we have any goods that be proscribed to private traffic; and if such be found, our cargo will be libelled, so that we shall be unable to sell it in time to meet the pledge I foolishly gave. We have violated no law nor done aught not clearly within our privilege, as traders who had staked our money and our credit in the venture wherein we were The enterprise was not wholly for the Admiral's advantage, though he seems to think so now; neither was it at the instance or wholly in the pay of the sover-They did, indeed, provide that the town of Palos should pay us two months' rental for our ships and equipment, which rental was almost expired before a sail was hoist upon the voyage. The ships were refitted and provisioned at the expense of the sovereign and certain articles provided for a cargo with which to traffic with such people as we might find, for the profit of their Majesties. Of this the Admiral was to have one-third, provided he did pay one-third of the expense, but he had no money. hazardous was the venture that no usurer would furnish him funds except upon another's security. Thereupon, what did the owners of the Pinta and the Niña, the Pinzons and the Rascons, mariners and traders of the port of Palos by my advice and entreaty? On condition that we be allowed to lade our own caravels as we saw

fit, and be permitted to trade with such peoples as might be found for our own profit, in all things save gold and silver, spices and precious stones, we did become the Admiral's surety for his share of the cargo of the Santa Maria. He did arrange with others for a part, so we be not holden for the whole; and this credit it seemeth probable the usurers will extend; so we shall secure release thereof. But we be holden for our own purchases and also for the double pay we did offer our neighbors who sailed with us, in order that we might have seamen on whom we could rely. Should that happen which Gomez doth fear, it would turn us all out of doors, even if it did not lay us by the heels in jail."

"If I can in any manner serve you, it is needful only to command me." I said.

"Thou hast our thanks in advance. Gomez said thou wert to be trusted. In a word, then, while we have not transgressed or exceeded our stipulation it might seem that we had. We have not 'traded for gold or silver or precious stones,' which are within the interdict on private But while we lay upon the further side of Espahola, there did come two canoes of great strength and size. laden with ferocious Caribs, those bloody heathens of which we heard so much, who landed on the island and set out to capture prisoners to carry back for some great The cacique of that country, who was very friendly, came to ask our assistance, and sailing along the coast we found the canoes but slenderly guarded and took and Thereupon, the cannibals, betwixt our destroyed them. assault from the sea and that of the natives from the land. were wholly overcome. Upon the bodies of those slain were found a number of pearls which they did wear set in wax almost as hard as flint and strung about their necks for ornament. They are said to be found in the country whence the cannibals came, and to be neither metal nor precious stones but the tears of a shell-fish not unlike an

Seeing that we did prize them very highly, the natives gave them to us, and showed us how to remove them from the mastic wherein they were set without heat, which doth destroy the luster of the pearl. They brought also gold, which is abundant in that part of the island, and gave us freely, not in exchange for goods or in any barter, but because we had saved them from their enemies. Though we were bound not to trade for these things, there was no inhibition against the receipt of presents from such as we might succor or against exchanging hard blows for golden guerdon, as every soldier of fortune doth. gave each of our men one of the pearls and divided among them as equally as we could, one-third of the gold, because it was given in reward of their courage. There remained to us this much of the gold and these pearls." showed me two bags made of the bladders of fish such as the Indians use to fasten in their girdles, in which to carry small articles of value. "Our whole cargo we did exchange for our present lading, which, I fancy, is far more valuable than these trifles. However, if these be found in our possession, the officers might hold the lading, fancying there was more, and in the mean time we might not be able to redeem my pledge."

"It is ill-contending for one's right against a king," said Gomez.

He was one who spake few words, but those he uttered had always weight. Martin Alonzo nodded in confirmation.

"Seeing, therefore, that my folly hath endangered mine honor, it hath occurred to me, that as I have done somewhat to pleasure thee, thou wouldst perhaps be not unwilling to serve us in return."

I bowed acknowledgment, and he continued:

"Thou and thy friend stand on our register as Juan de Sevilla, a careless rollicking blade, and Rodriguez Bermejo of Molinos, a man whom the realm be none the worse that he is still beyond sea. None will suspect that we have reposed any special trust or confidence in these. It is our desire that thou shouldst take these things to a merchant in Seville who hath done some business for us, ask him to credit us with such amount as he may be willing to advance on the same, and get the money back to us with as little delay as possible."

"How much dost thou expect for them?"

"We know naught of the value of such things and will have to ask thee to use some discretion in finding out. If we had as much as a hundred thousand maravedis at our command, we should feel entirely secure, but if thou canst not obtain that amount, we must take what we can get."

"It is, indeed, a great trust thou dost repose in me, but I will show that it is not undeserved," I said.

"We will not conceal from thee," he continued, "that it is necessity that compels us to do this. Should we have commerce with any save our crew, suspicion would be aroused that we had made over to them our wares; but no one," he added with a shrug, "will ever dream that we have entrusted aught to Juan de Sevilla or to Rodriguez Bermejo of Molinos. We have prepared letters of identification for thee and thy friend, which will secure you from interruption within the realm, since the year of condonation granted to all who engaged in this voyage hath yet four months and better to run before its expiracy; and during that time no one is liable to arrest for any act, civil or criminal, done before that date. Such is the royal proclamation and decree, under which I, as Captain of the Pinta, do certify thy right."

There be very few will understand what relief these words brought to me. I had looked forward to renewing my struggle with my persecutors immediately upon landing. Indeed, I had expected to find the Familiars on the watch for me. To know that I had the king's amnesty

to oppose to the king's proclamation for my arrest, lifted me at once above all fear, and I saw myself taking passage for Bristol with Xarifa in my care; and with enough wealth to make us both welcome, when we should arrive.

"Who may be the merchant to whom thou wouldst remit these things?"

"His name is Jacobo Santo de Murillo—a converted Jew who liveth by the river-side and is the agent of many foreign merchants. Thou knowest him," he added, noting the smile which came to my lips.

"I brought a letter of credit to him which is not yet wholly exhaust, I think."

"It is well," said the Captain with a sigh of relief.
"Yet I would that thou shouldst make inquiry as to their value before thou dost lay the matter before him."

I assured them that I would use due care.

"And when wilt thou return?" asked Gomez.

"Had I but a horse," I answered, "and have not forgot the calling to which I was bred, thou shouldst have in thy hands what I can get before the sun riseth on Monday morn."

"Wilt thou indeed?" said Pinzon, with evident relief. "Let me but know this done and I ask no more. My cousin, the innkeeper, will find thee a mount an' thou mention my name; if, indeed, the Admiral hath not taken all the horses in Palos to send the news of his achievement to the court," he added bitterly. "Take thy friend," he continued, "with thee. I would not thou didst travel alone with so much in thy care; besides, I trust not the fellow's wit, especially when he gets his fill of wine, though I doubt not he hath a true heart and a stout arm. Here is money for thy charges. Luckily, we have had no chance to spend a moidore since we left the Gran Canarios. Francisco will arrange thy mounting. It may be

well thou should'st not be seen at the inn—especially with too much money."

- "Would It not be well," I said, "if I can get the sum thou needest on pledge of these, that I should send a part thereof and then one of thine own can come and conclude the matter? I will not conceal from you that I like not selling another's goods, though I make no question of bearing them safely, for that is a soldier's part, and now that we have come to land again, I find my thigh doth yearn for the chafing of the sword."
- "A Pinzon trusteth not by halves," he answered, proudly.
- "I meant not to imply a doubt," I said, "but I have not the training of a merchant and might be overreached. Besides, there may be matters which shall make it hard for me to return at once. I could send the Galway lad, who is as true as steel and brave as a lion, with, say, a fifth part, and thou couldst arrange by that time—"

There was a frown upon Pinzon's brow that abruptly ended my excuse.

- "And thou likest not to undertake the business," he began.
- "Nay, nay," I exclaimed, putting out my hand in protest. "I have it now! If I be no merchant, I will send thee one. An' be he alive the worthy Jacobo himself shall come to thee and bring his own moneys, so thou mayest make thine own bargain."
- "Thou hast it indeed," said Rascon with enthusiasm, belike he may want to buy some of the cargo, too."
 - "No doubt, no doubt," assented Pinzon.
- "But what shall be thy charge?" asked Rascon. "Martin Alonzo oft forgetteth that men serve for profit as well as friends for favor."
- "There be none," I made haste to reply. "I would count it shame to ask reward of them that served me freely in mine hour of need. If a merchant may be gen-

erous it behooveth not a gentleman to set a price on his good will. Only one thing I would ask."

"Thou hast but to speak."

- "I would like the privilege to buy such of the pearls as I may desire at what three merchants of Seville shall certify to be a fair appraisement."
 - "Art thou turning merchant, too?" asked Pinzon.
- "Not so, but before I went, I did, in jest, promise a noble lady a gift of pearls, which promise I would redeem."



"Assuredly," said Pinzon, "we do assent to that. Write it down, Rascon, that there may be no question of our willingness."

"Accept this one," said Rascon, handing me one of the largest, "which we desire to add unto the gift to your lady without charge."

He handed me the paper he had written and I bade them adieu.

"Fare-thee-well! St. Jago guide thee, and God and

His Maiden Mother keep thee till we meet again," said Pinzon as he shook my hand.

We little thought that coming Monday's sunset would witness the passing of this proud spirit. His heart broke with the thought of dishonor. He may not have been the wisest man or greatest mariner of his day, but there were none braver or of a more rugged honesty.



"I will bring hither thy horses," said Francisco Pinzon, coming out of the cabin to the place where I was collecting the few trifles that composed our kits, and bracing myself in the half-armor I had worn so little since our departure that I found it inconveniently close fitting. "An' thou wilt take my advice," he added, watching me a moment, "thou wilt wear nothing heavier than that shirt of link under thy doublet. An Andaluz cap will serve thee better than a helmet. Thou art not likely to be molested in a night ride, but if thou shouldst be, remember thou art in Spain where bare legs and a poor apparel be the best assurance of safety."

I laughed and threw away the armor I had really outgrown.

"I suppose a sword might be found for my friend?" I said.

"Aye, though it be his knife or his fist I should most fear in a fray."

He brought me a heavy hanger with a flat brass handle, which I knew, despite the gloom, to be a Moorish blade, and then leaped over the rail to the sand, for the tide had run out and the Pinta was aground.

When he had gone a little way, I put my fingers to my lips and whistled for my companion.

- "Whisht now," said a voice at my elbow. "Ye don't nade to wake the town, though there's divil an eye that's closed in it, or like to be the night. This be not Española, me lad, where the trees do muffle every sound; an' that whistle av thine will run a league over these bare hills, I venture, and be an able-bodied whistle thin."
 - "Well, suppose it should?"
- "Will ye never learn that ye're in Spain, lad,—in Spain where a man doesn't draw his breath widout lookin' round the corner to see who's listin' til't?"

He spoke almost in a whisper despite his earnestness.

- "What is it, Bill?" I asked. "Has anything happened to disturb you?"
- "Gie's your neive man, till I get aboard, an' I'll tell ve."

I reached down and drew him over the side.

- "What is it?" I asked, impatiently.
- "Be aisy, now; I've a wurrud or two fer yer private ear," he whispered.
 - "I believe you are drunk?" I said, doubtfully.
- "Dhrunk, is it? D'ye think a quart or two av swatened vinegar ud make a full-grown Galway bye dhrunk? An' is that the thanks I git fer comin' ter warn ye there's divilment afut?"
 - "What do you mean?"
- "What do I mane? I'll tell ye now. Whin I jumped ashore—the tide wasn't out thin, an' it was a tidy step from the gunnel to the sand—a lape that not every wan ud thry; but I made it, blessed be God, with a fut or two to spare. Seein' which, an' feelin' I was on terry firme wance more, set me up so that I had to turn a handspring or two, an' thin set out fer a run. Jest ter git the kinks out av me legs, ye know. So I run through the town, what there is of the little mud-coop consarn, to the hill back of it, pranced round among the vineyards for awhile an' then kem back, cold, sober an' quiet by mesilf, ye

know. Jest as I got to what they call the plaza, an' was debatin' in me mind whether I'd betther go to the posayda an' git a drap av wine to kape from catchin' cauld afther me breather, I heard a fellow at me elbow—how he got there be sure I know not—say, as softly as ye plaze: 'God be with thee, stranger.' Av coorse I knew what it was in a second, an' though I wished him at the divil. I mustered up the best grace I could in Spanish, an gave him as fair a lie as he sint. 'Thou art one of the sailors iust arrived from the new lands, I take it?' he sez. which I tould him I'd not deny. Thin he asked me name, and bedad, fer a minit I couldn't make out mesilf who I was now; so I tould him that, savin' his cloth, I'd bin known by a nickname so long I'd have ter look over the ship's book ter find who I was whin we sailed. Whereat he laughed, under his breath like, an' said it wouldn't nade any book to tell him where I wuz from. I tould him that was more than some payple knew, or who might be their forebears eyther. Thin he chuckled agin, an' sed he 'sposed I must have got pretty well acquent with me mates on so long a v'y'ge; an' I tould him fairly well, for av coorse a man can't rub up agen another six months at a time widout know'n something aboot him. axed me did I know aught of a man named Del Porro. Av coorse, I tould him I did not. Or one named Latches, I could not remember any such name. he asked. might have called hisself Arturo Lac, he said. said I, 'a smooth-faced English lad?' 'I know naught of his appearance,' he did make reply, 'but I was requested to find out if ever he set foot ashore at this port again.' 'Bedad,' sez I, 'I reckon ye'll have a long job av it; sure, we left the poor lad behint that bad wid the fever that I'd niver look fer him to be alive the day, only that an Indian princess fell in love wid him an' is a nursing him no doubt at this verra hour."

[&]quot;Why, Bill!" I said, remonstratingly.

"Nivver ye moind. Ye didn't suppose Bill Ayers was a goin' ter give away anybody's secrets, did ye?"

"Well, what did he say then?" I asked with the sick feeling of the hunted victim coming over me.

"'Faith,' he said, 'there'd many an eye be tired av watchin' for him to come back.' 'Aye, that there be. poor lad,' says I. 'Sure his fayther is an English nobleman, wid a castle that covers acres and acres—its meself that's been there mony's the time—an' I do misdoubt or King Henry'll be a askin' some wan pretty loud when he hears on't, how it was that the son av his best friend, the young Lord of Edgemont, was hunted an' harried out of Spain, till he had to ship as a common sailor wid thieves an' cutthroats to go along wid the Admiral an' die in Espanola.' 'You don't say,' said the praste—for av course ye know it was a praste—or a spy av yer old enimy listenin' to me story as ef it was pure Gospel. 'Ye don't say.' 'But now I do, I tell ye,' sez I, 'an' it won't be long afore others'll be talkin' about it, too; for the lad he writ it all out over there in the Injees an sint it signed an' sealed to King Henry hisself, at Londontown, which letter we did give over to an English trader we found in Bayonne, wid anchor a trip an' sails shook loose for Bristol. It'll not be long afore King Henry'll be a reading it an' postin' a man to Spain to look after it, too, or he's a different man from what I've always heard tell of."

"What did he say to that?" I asked, seeing that the Galway lad's quick invention had served my purpose better than any plan I could have devised.

"Nothin' in the world, but, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! What a pity! What a mistake!' Then he asked me to go wid him over to the posayda which was all a-light an' a-roar, too, fer that matter, along wid the Admiral's men a makin' merry at the Quane's expense."

"At the Oueen's expense?"

"Nothin' less. Sure the Admiral has taken possession

of the place; sint off three men post-haste wid letthers for the Quane; an' has giv'n orders that his men be served wid all they want to ate or drink, an' if the Quane doesn't pay fer it, he will, he sez, -out of the goold that's ez good ez on the way from the mines in Cibao where an ordinary man can pick up the matther av a pun a day widout gittin' the backache, ve know. An' the hale town is there, as many ez kin crowd in, that is, a-drinkin' an' a-wonderin', an' the poor Indians as naked as they was in Española, but lookin' gray and peeked-like from the v'yage, they're a-sittin' on wan side av the coort lookin' on; while the Admiral wid his red gown on is walkin' back an' forth a-talkin' to the Alcalde an' some av the foorst men av Moguer that hev come to hear the great news. An' they're a-hearin' it yer may believe! Lord! Lord! How many things the Admiral's pink eyes did see over yander that ours niver noted! What wouldn't I give to hear him tell the shtory to their Majesties! An' the byes a-listenin' an' a-noddin 'Amin' to all he says; all the same I misdoubt if a single wan of 'em ships wid him fer the next v'yage. But it's grand—grand, to see wid how high a hand the Admiral carries it off? Not a step will he stir until the Quane herself sinds fer him. Ah, but he was born to play fer big stakes wid a bad hand!"

"Well?" I said, seeing that his reflections were taking him away from his narrative.

"Weel, there was naethin more. I chaffed a bit wid some av the byes, took a measure or two av wine, an thought I'd jest slip off to tell ye what was in the wind, when who should I find waitin fer me at the door but the same black-coated chap I had been a talkin wid. He walked wid me a leettle way an said, kind of cautious-like, that it might be as well I didn't sphake av what he'd been talkin aboot. It seems the Admiral, God bless him, had already give out the list av them that stayed in Española, an yer name was amongst em cz large ez life, but this

chap suspicioned there might have been some tradin' goin' on, an' had been inquirin' round afther yees, but couldn't get arry word till he ran a-foul av me. He wanted to caution me that it was ill-talkin' about matters av public consarn. Av coorse, I thanked him and tould him I hoped he'd excuse me, but I hadn't time to confess, fer it had been so long time since I'd seen a praste before, it ud take the matter av a day or two jest to call over me sins.

"He gave another av his chuckles an' said he'd no fancy fer the job av givin' me housel, though he doubted not he had more charity than some I might meet. If I wint to Seville, as seemed likely from the Admiral's talk, he wished I would call upon a certain praste whose name he gave me, an' tell him what I knew av Arturo Lac, which, av coorse, I said I'd be glad to do; God forgive me the lie I tould!

"Then he asked if I knew the name of the unfrocked praste I had spoken av. I tould him we only called him 'the Padre,' in jest, though he was more respected among us than many who wore a gown might have been. 'Was it Pedro Corbacho, sometime Padre of Logrosa?' he asked. I tould him that was my remimbrance. He asked me some more questions about him, an' finally tould me there was a woman in Seville would be made happy could she hear what I said av him."

"Did he give her name?"

"Aye, it be the Teresa av whom we have heard the Padre speak so oft."

"Where doth she dwell?"

"That he knew not, but thought I might find her by inquiring of the Alguazil-Major for Teresa of Logrosa."

"Why of the Alguazil-Major—I do not understand!" I answered in confusion.

"Faith, I know no more than thou dost," he replied. "But what meaneth this?"

Three men with horses and a lanthorne were coming from the inn down to the river's side. I explained to him that we were to go to Seville so as to be out of the way of any inquiries that might be troublesome to either of us.

"That pleasures me, entirely," he said. "If I could spake their lingo as well as thou dost, I wouldn't give a bawbee for their spies an' alguazils; but when one has 'Irish Bill' stamped on his tongue, how on earth is he to make payple understand that he is Bermejo of Molinos? That's what I want to know? So I'm gwine to kape close to you till ye get clear av Spain an' all this Spanish flummery. I don't care whare ye go, whither it's by land or say, peaceably or forcibly, ye'll find me sharp at yer heels whin ye cross the border. After that, if ye want to part company, ye've only to tip me the wink an' it's done; but till that time comes, ye've got wan more brother than yer mither iver heard av."

I shook the honest fellow's hand, and with our little bundles we climbed over the side down upon the hard wet sand. The innkeeper had brought three horses for our accommodation and that of the sturdy lad who was to be our guide.

"The nags be all right," he said, with the habit of his calling. "Tough Andalus that always outdo their looks." I had taken the lanthorne and was examining each one separately. "As good as any venta in Andalusia can afford," continued the host. "I kept them for the Admiral, who I thought might be impatient to follow his messengers; but he hath no mind to stir until orders come from their Majesties; so the beasties may as well earn a few maravedis as be eating off their heads in the stalls."

"I suppose the Admiral pays well?" said Francisco, with a sneer.

"Nay, but he promises fair; an' I doubt not their Majesties will redeem his pledge."

- "It is ill settling with the fiscal," said Pinzon, suggestively.
- "Not so bad," rejoined the innkeeper with a shrug: "if one know how to charge. Never fear that I shall lose a farthing on my score; an' sorry I am, cousin, that Martin Alonzo is at outs with the Admiral. He hath the crest of the wave and holds the key of fortune; but he looks upon the Pinzons with an evil eye. Only this evening I did hear our kinsman, Vincente Yanez, beg his leave to charter a ship that lieth idle at Huelva, fit her out at his own expense and be ready to sail as soon as royal leave might come, to relieve those left in Española and bring back a cargo of dye woods and cotton. the Admiral would not hear to it. None should sail to the Indies, he swore, but under his command and oversight. He will be in no haste to go, and, my word for it, the Pinzons be not in his books even when he doth: nor Palos either, for that matter. I do misdoubt or when he goeth hence to Court, Palos and Huelva and them that served him at his need will have seen the last of the Admiral."
 - "Mayhap thou art right," said Francisco, moodily.
- "I have not kept an inn five and thirty years for naught," continued mine host with assurance. "The Admiral hath no more use for the port from which he started, or them that set his greatness afoot, than a chick hath for the nest where he was hatched or the shell he pipped. Aye, thou hast picked the best," he said to me, approvingly, as I settled myself in the saddle of a dark bay. "It is easy to see that thou knewest a horse before thou didst sail with the Admiral. Well, well, it was a queer flock, saving your presence; and excepting those that went from these villages, I doubt if the Admiral will keep them long together. Thou wilt find some cold meat and cakes in the alforjas, and the betas have a fair measure of wine in them. It is an uncomfortably long ride

without breaking one's fast. Thou mayest drink to the Admiral's health and at the Queen's expense, for I have charged thy refreshment to him."

"And the horses, too, I'll wager," said Francisco, with a laugh.

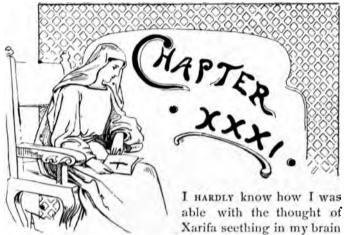
"And if it be so, cousin, art thou harmed?" asked the innkeeper, gravely. "The lad knoweth the way," he added to us, "none better; an' thou wilt find him as brave as a lion, too—an' there be naught to fear. Keep along the sands, the river on thy left, till ye reach Moguer; after that bear to the right. The moon will be up by that hour. Thou wilt see the trail of the arrieros across the plain. Before the dawn thou shouldst reach the venta, three leagues from Seville; and if thou takest my advice, wilt rest there until the day is full before entering the city. The robber loves the dusk, you know. Vay usted con Dios, caballeros!"

We cantered down the hard sands, which gave forth no sound; an hour afterward we left Moguer behind and started across the bare plain, beyond which the moon was shining in a dim purple haze. It was indeed the Old World—a dead world, from which life had fled—in comparison with that New World, full of life and growth, unworn, undevastated, unstripped of its primeval growth beyond the Ocean Sea.

There was no sound of bird or beast. The silence and the sense of desolation would have been oppressive enough but for one thought; beyond the range of notched hills over which the moon rose, ran the Guadalquivir, and beside it slept, Xarifa! Ever since our homeward course was set, my thought by night and day had been of her. No storm had been fierce enough to interrupt my dream. And now, I was so near yet she knew it not! Would she dream of me as I stole upon her in the night? Would I find her still in the house of Rabbi Ibrahen, or would she be with the Doña Guadita at the Castle de Ullana? It

was three years since I had seen her; almost a year since I had heard from her. How had she fared? What changes had time wrought with her? How would she welcome me? Would she know my face? Would she recognize my voice? How many silly questions did I not ask myself as the dull cattle jogged over the arid plain!

At midnight the guide found a spring by which we rested for an hour and ate and drank while our beasts cropped the scant herbage of the mesta. How sharp the line of the horizon seemed after the soft leafy crests of Española! Assuredly, the new lands were far more lovely than the old, and thither would I take Xarifa. At dawn we halted at the venta of which the innkeeper had spoken. I was too impatient to heed his advice and at sunrise we looked down on fair Seville. I sprang from my horse and knelt in thankful prayer, forgetting the contingencies by which my hope might still be barred. So frail is poor humanity!



and my blood aflame for even a glimpse of her sweet face, to resist the impulse to go and awake her with an impatient summons; but I did. My breath came hot and quick as we drew into the city and my hand trembled with desire to draw rein and spur away to the little house in the shadow of the old synagogue, where I hoped she still dwelt. But I bit my lip and kept on repeating that I had come on others' affairs, which demanded haste, and it would be the act of an ingrate to put my joy before their need.

So when we had put up the beasts and the guide at an inn, I took the faithful Irishman aside, and told him that as I had many things to attend to, which even if the affair of the Pinzons should make no delay, might keep me in the city for some days, I judged it would be best for us to take lodgings of an humble character, such as might befit our assumed station, and thought we would better evade suspicion by going at once before the Alguazil-Major, making ourselves known and inquiring for such lodging as we desired.

This we did, reporting ourselves as sailors just come to land at Moguer and visiting Seville for our pleasure, and upon being asked by the clerk who registered our names, how long we intended to remain in the town, I replied carelessly:

- "As long as our money lasts.".
- "And then the sea, again?" said the clerk with a knowing leer.
- "Every one to his trade," I answered. "A sailor-man earns his money at sea and spends it ashore."
- "Aye; and thou desirest to have a good time in a decent quiet way?"
- "Of a surety; for what else should we come to Seville?"
 - "Ha! Ha! Truly! I understand."

I slipped a piece of silver into his hand and said:

- "Pick us out a nice place then—such as thou thyself wouldst choose if seeking lodgings for a week or two."
- "I understand—I understand," he repeated, wrinkling up his eyes and rubbing a bald place on his head. "Ah! I have it! I knew there was some one—I will tell thee. There be a woman who came here not long since and registered as a keeper of lodgings for men. She is a widow, I take it, young, handsome, and with a sister who is—well, a beauty and no mistake. They have a quiet place near the river, but though I have often passed by it, I know not of their having had a single lodger. You might try," he added with a wink, "an' they like your looks it would be worth the while."

He gave the location and I saw it was but a little distance from the house of Jacobo Santo de Murillo, and just on the edge of the half-respectable region that lay beyond.

"What be the name?" I asked.

He turned to the book and wrote on a slip of paper which he handed me:

"Teresà de Logrosa and Maria de Logrosa, licensed entertainers."

It had not occurred to me until that instant what had been the meaning of the man's insinuation. Now the horrible thought flashed over me that the woman the poor Padre loved was unworthy of his devotion. I determined at least to find out the truth before delivering to her the message he had sent. So I arranged in my thought many severe and virtuous things that I would say to this false and evil-minded woman, as we walked towards the place that had been designated.

"Is this the Mistress. Teresa de Logrosa?" I asked of a slender girl whose great black eyes looked out of a white frightened face, as she answered our demand.

"Teresa is my sister," she replied, and a flush stole over her pale face as she spoke. "She is ill," she made haste to add.

"We desire lodgings, my mate and I, for a week,—a fortnight—who knows? And have been recommended to your care."

I bowed politely and spoke in as easy, matter-of-course tone as I could assume.

"Really—you—we—there is but one room—that is vacant, that is," she stammered.

"An' phwat the divil more should we want?" asked Bill, on whom the girl's beauty evidently made a great impression. "Wan room fer two av us, is more'n enough fer sailor-men who haven't slept in a bed fer months."

"We be sea-faring men," I explained, "but able to pay for what we want." In proof of which I showed a handful of coins. "Indeed," I continued, "we would like to pay for a week in advance before our money slips away from us."

She did not smile at my jest. Her eyes were fixed almost hungrily, I thought, upon the coin.

"But indeed, señors—" she began hesitatingly.

"We came from Palos," I answered, "where we arrived but yesterday in ships that set out nigh a year ago to find the way to Ind, which we have found and brought back stores of gold and other precious things."

"But—but—truly, señors——" the girl began again, in tones of pitiful entreaty.

Before she had time to say more, a tall woman, whose red lips, unnaturally bright eyes, and softly flushed cheeks, told the unmistakable story of the hectic, though I did not then perceive their significance, glided between us, coming I know not whence, and laying her hand on the girl's upraised wrist, she said, gently:

"We will receive you, señors. Will you enter and view your apartment?"

There was a look of strange horror in the young girl's eyes, as she heard these words, which I could not understand, and she kept them fastened on the other's face as she led us along a narrow hall and opened the door of a room at the end. It was almost bare, but wide and high, and the view over the river from the balcony was delightful. Whatever it might have been I had already determined to accept it.

"It will serve us well," I said. "My comrade will bring our things and we will return to dinner. Pardon, Señora," I continued, turning sharply upon her, "knew you ever one Pedro Corbacho, of Logrosa?"

Never shall I see again such sublime composure as rested on this queenly woman's face, while she replied with an expressive gesture:

"Pedro Corbacho? Naturally, at my age, I have had many—friends?" She smiled at the word—"And Pedro Corbacho? Methinks he was a padre—was he not? A jolly priest—somewhat too jolly—perhaps?"

"Aye, he was a priest," I said, severely. "I know not how jolly—and lost his place and frock for love of a woman."

- "Such things have happened," she rejoined, still smiling and with an almost imperceptible shrug.
 - "And the woman who was his wife—"
 - "Not that, surely," she interrupted with a start.
- "Well, the woman for whom he gave up his place and calling was named Teresa!"
- "Sayest thou so?" with a bow of acknowledgment. "How romantic!"
- "She urged him to go upon the voyage Cristofero Colon was about to make in search of a new way to Ind."
- "Was it not wise of her? What can an unfrocked priest do in Spain? She must have felt very kindly toward him or she might have advised that he turn robber."

Still smiling! Was the woman made of stone?

- "She thought he might regain his place in a new land—or pretended that she did."
- "In either case, the advice was good and kind—was it not?"

The great black eyes looked evenly into mine, with the smile still upon her lips, but somehow they burned into my consciousness with a confusing glare.

- "Teresa?" said the sister piteously, plucking at her elbow.
- "Be quiet, sister; the stranger hath not finished his tale. Thou wert speaking of Pedro Corbacho who was Padre Corbacho once; hath he returned? Belike it was he that commended you to our humble cosa?"
- "Madame," I said, completely overwhelmed with what seemed her great depravity, "I know not what to think of what I see and hear. I only know that Pedro Corbacho is the best man that ever lived; that you are his Teresa; and that his chief hope of heaven is that he may meet you there. He has remained beyond the seas because he feared his love for you might overcome his resolution, and hopes by teaching the heathen the way to heaven to win his own way back into the Church."

She clasped her thin hands in front of her heaving breast as I spoke, and her white teeth pressed back the blood in her red lips.

"He was our favorite shipmate," I continued, "or rather we were his favorites, and we honored his Teresa because he loved her. So I promised, at the last moment, that I would do two things: deliver into her hands the letter he had written, and see that want or evil should not come nigh her while I had wherewithal to prevent. Here it is, Señora," I continued, angrily, tugging at my doublet and tearing out the Padre's letter, which I had sewed in the lining. "Here it is—the Padre Corbacho's letter, stained with his tears, which I have brought over a thousand leagues of wild water to give to the woman he loved. What shall I do with it? Wilt thou take it?"

"I will take it," she said, stretching forth her hand, "and may the good God bless thee for having brought it, and for having brought it now. Another day—only one—and it might have been too late."

I looked at her in amaze. Her face was that of the glorified Madonna. She kissed the packet, folded it to her bosom and stood as if waiting my further pleasure. A thought came to me—a thought too wild to put in words.

"If thou hast need of money, Senora," I said, as gently as I could, "let me supply it, because I am his friend. So long as I have aught it is not fitting that his Teresa should want for anything."

I drew forth a handful of coins, taking note that some were gold, and put them into the palm extended for them.

"I thank you, Señor," she said, with the grave courtesy a queen might have used. "It will be timely for the preparation we have to make. If there is naught more you desire, we will ask leave to withdraw. You will find everything in order when you come to dine, señors."

She bowed and retired, her sister clinging, white and frightened, to her sleeve.

"Well, I will be dommed!" exclaimed Bill as I closed the door after them. "What does it all mean?"

"It means that there is a mystery here which we have now no time to solve."

So we went to the inn for our breakfast, and after that set out to find the merchant Jacobo Santo de Murillo and make sale of our unusual wares.



не worthy Jacobo Santo de Murillo was a merchant of repute, though of somewhat singular character. He used no sign to advertise his wares and made no display of what he had. Yet to him resorted all who had goods or

estates to sell or who desired to buy anything, great or small, that they knew not how otherwise to obtain. There was always a flavor of great transactions, of cargoes and wharves and thousands of crowns, about his conversation, but if he had any wharves or warehouses I know not where they were; and when he disbursed money, it seemed mostly to come from another hand. He was called sometimes a merchant, sometimes a usurer, and was, in fact, one of the new Christians who had discovered a way to disarm the suspicion or appease the hostility exhibited toward others of his class. the means were which he used it would be hard to sav. but there be no doubt that extreme caution as to the character of those with whom he dealt, or appeared to deal, was one, and a scrupulous avoidance of all display of wealth, another.

Apparently, but two rooms of the modest house in which he dwelt were devoted to the purposes of trade. In the

outer one of these a gray-bearded man bent over a great volume in which he was ever making entries of some sort, what I could never guess. There were shelves and drawers on three sides of the room and a smell of spices and other strange odors filled it. The door was always open. A narrow table ran down half its length, on which was a frequently-changed array of merchandise. times it was heaped up and then again nearly bare. no one carried away aught of this stock, at least, I never knew them to do so. Merchants came in, looked over what was upon the table, asked questions of the ancient scribe, sometimes went away without seeing any one else, and again were ushered through a door at the end of the shelves on the right, over which a curtain fell. was a strange assortment upon the table, sometimes bottles of wine, bags of quicksilver, bars of lead, candles and dried fish, ivory, dates, and sandalwood. things were not for sale, but kept only to show what might be sold or bought through Messer Jacobo. said he made his advantage by knowing what every one had to sell in every city of Castile and every scaport of the world, and who there were in their Majesties' dominions willing and able to buy.

I was well acquainted with these facts already, and when we entered and had saluted the ancient scribe I asked him straightway if we might have speech with Messer Jacobo.

"Can I not do as well, señors?" was his suave reply, as he got down off his stool and came forward with his head bent on one side so as to con us through the glasses he wore, which seemed like black patches over his eyes, making one think he must live in the dusk, even at noon-tide.

"Nay, Benoni," I answered, for the clerk, like his employer, had been a Jew ere he became a Christian, "we would not doubt thy sufficiency, but this be a matter for

Messer Jacobo at first hand: to recite it to thee would but make delay, which it be most needful to avoid."

- "I seem to know thy voice," said the old man, suggestingly, "but my memory is not what it was."
- "Do not blame thy memory, good Benoni," I answered with a laugh. "I am not half as old as thou and already I have forgotten my name more than once."
- "Who shall I say awaits?" he rejoined, with grave insistence.
- "Juan de Sevilla and Bermejo of Molinos, mariners just come to land."

The old man shook his head.

- "And thy errand?"
- "Such as was never heard before."

The clerk stole a startled look at us, opened the door and disappeared. After a few moments he returned and as he made his way to his desk said, without any attempt at graciousness:

"The Master will see you."

Messer Jacobo sat with his back to the one window of the room we entered. Before him was a heavy table with The room was littered with merchandise of crossed legs. various sorts heaped about in apparent confusion. At his right hung a curtain and still another across the room Two stools stood in front of the table. at the left. scanned us sharply as we entered, the strong dark lines of his face being in shadow because of the window behind Jacobo Santo was a Jew at heart, despite his vehement Christian profession. Hitherto, he had been all subservience and complaisance toward me; but there was a difference between the son of an English peer. with unlimited credit with a rich merchant, and a couple of meanly-clad sailors. The contempt which the lew hath for the Gentile, Messer Jacobo had for the poor. scarcely returned our salutation, therefore, but said in a most offensive tone:

"I am told you insist upon seeing me?"

He took up his pen as he spoke, as if to intimate that he did not care for farther converse.

- "If Messer Jacobo hath not time to attend to our business, we will go elsewhere," I answered hotly. "He is not the only man in Seville who hath ducats to invest at large profit."
- "Will you be seated?" he asked, pointing with his pen to the stools before the desk.
- "You do not remember me, Messer?" I asked, seating myself before him.
- "My clerk said you had forgotten your names," he answered coolly. "So it be hardly strange that I should have missed your faces."
 - "My name is Juan de Sevilla."
- "Truly a pretty name—and not remarkably un-common."
- "Not at all uncommon, Messer Jacobo." I knew he hated to be called "Messer," whether because it smacked of his Portuguese origin, which was not popular among the Spanish people, or because, being unusual, it seemed to imply something to his discredit. But I was not above revenging myself for the slight he had put upon us, and so used it as often as I conveniently might. "Not at all uncommon; and my companion here is Bermejo of Molinos, not an uncommon name, either. You see we be common people and have no use for uncommon names."
 - "But Benoni said your errand was an uncommon one."
- "O, our errand? That be another matter. We be seafaring men just come to land after a long voyage, and such you know have leave to do unusual things."
 - "Whence come you?"
- "Faith, it makes small difference whence we come, though it was from Moguer we slipped cable when we laid our course hither," I answered, simply. "We left there yesternight."

"By St. Estevan, you made little pause upon your journey," he replied, indifferently.

"You know a sailor hath no time to lose ashore. Having naught he needs to do he is ever anxious lest somewhat he ought not to do remain undone. So, I judge, we did travel somewhat faster than our landlord's cattle were accustomed to foot it."

Messer Jacobo nodded assent.

"But not to take your time," I continued. "I would first ask your judgment of the value of this trifle?"

I handed him the pearl which Rascon had given me as reward for the service I had undertaken. I had cautioned my companion to maintain silence lest his speech should betray us, but I could feel his start of surprise as I dropped the white lustrous orb into the outstretched hand of the merchant.

The good Jacobo manifested no surprise, however, and very little interest. He looked at the pearl, holding it carelessly on his palm and allowing it to roll back and forth so that the light fell upon it at various angles. ness was dull, he said, very dull. Yet he looked at the pearl curiously, and at us still more curiously as he spoke. It was a good pearl, he said—a fine pearl; that is, it seemed to be. He did not know much about such things. He was a merchant who dealt in other wares—fish for fast days and candles for offerings to the saints. Iewelers were the men to buy such things—jewelers and Jews—if there were any of them left in Seville, that is. less, the worthy Jacobo took out of the drawer of his table a very delicate pair of scales hung on a silken thread, and weighed the pearl very carefully. Then he hunted through the drawer and brought out a lens set in a piece of horn, which he screwed into his eye, and looked it over again.

"It seems a very nice pearl, Senor," he said at length, with an air so different from his former rudeness that I

could with difficulty restrain a laugh; "at what price dost thou hold it?"

"I but wished to ask its value," I replied. "I am the buyer, not the seller; I wish to buy it—to buy several such."

"Ah, indeed, you wish to buy a pearl, three, four, five pearls—very large pearls, white, clear—not a flaw. My friend, such pearl is worth a great deal. The Queen, God bless her, hath none better: I know not even that she hath as good. This pearl, you see, it is a very small thing; but it is very thick and heavy—for a pearl, that is;—it hath a good color, too; sound and—perfect; that is what it is—perfect. That pearl, now, might be worth ten,—twenty thousand maravedis. Some people who want it very much—you understand," giving a shrug, with outturning palms—"some people might pay more—possibly thirty,—forty thousand maravedis!"

He looked at me expecting no doubt some indication of surprise. I gave none.

"Ah, you play me a trick," he said, lowering his black brows. "You know better than I. I have no trade in such things. Ah, but I have the fine bacallos for Lent, blessed be God! A whole sloop-load from Bristol, just come to the port on yesterday. Will you look at them? Caught in the North Sea and cured in Ultima Thule, so the captain doth assure me. Ah, never were such bacallos in Seville before!"

"Do you trade much with Bristol?" I asked.

"A little—a very little," was the cautious reply; "fish and candles, for which we send them wine, azogue, and, a little later, wool; but mostly azogue. I do not know what they use it for, unless it be in wizardry,—for truly it is an awesome thing, heavy as lead, but free as water, and flees from human touch as if it knew the taint of sin. Suppose I were to cut that bag, now," pointing to a leathern sack lying on a shelf behind him, "out would

pour a stream like molten silver, every drop having a bright eye to seek an outlet, and it would run—God of Abraham—I mean the good God—only knows where it would not run. Truly is it called quicksilver, so quick is it to flee away. But no man's wit be able to bring it back—no, not the half of it. It is said—I know not how truly—that a great alchemist, or necromancer, whichever he may be, lives just without the walls of Bristol, who is passing rich and growing richer every day, for he hath found the secret of making gold, wherein he useth great quantities of this mystic metal—if that be a metal which hath neither form nor solidity. I only know that they be good gold pieces which he giveth in exchange for it."

I greatly wondered at this volubility, since the worthy Messer Jacobo, in the days when I knew him, had not been a man of many words.

The price he had set upon the pearl quite relieved me of apprehension as to the outcome of my business, since from the pearls alone, the Pinzons would be able to secure much more than the sum they desired. This assured me that I would soon be at liberty to go in search of Xarifa, whom I grew every moment more and more impatient to see again. It is strange how love dwells in familiar scenes! Every sight and sound brought her to memory, and it seemed as if I must burst out with inquiry to Jacobo as to her health and safety; but I did not doubt that she was in health, and had no fear for her safety. Had she not a host of powerful friends? Was not the Queen's closest friend her godmother? And the Queen's confessor—had he not assoiled her also? Oh, I had no fear! I only wanted to hear him speak of her.

But I determined to discharge my trust before I did aught else. So I choked back my love. Seeing now my way clear, as I thought, to a speedy conclusion of the

business, I told the merchant we would withdraw for a little time and held out my hand for the pearl.

"If thou wouldst like to sell, I think I could get thee a good price," he said with evident unwillingness to part with the jewel. "I will give thee thirty-five thousand maravedis. Come now, that be a fine price."

I shook my head.

- "I will give thee forty thousand. That's a great price! Think of it! Forty thousand maravedis!"
 - "Wait until we return."
- "But thou wilt give me the refusal? Thou wilt not sell to another?" he asked eagerly.
- "Thou shalt have the first chance if it be sold," I answered.
- "What didst thou say was thy name?" he asked, taking up his tablets.

For answer, I flung upon the counter before him Martin Alonzo's certificate, as Captain of the Pinta, saying:

"I will return in an hour."

Then I hurried my companion away to our lodging and unfolded to him the nature of the business I had in hand for the owners of the Pinta. The pearl I had shown to Messer Jacobo was the largest of the collection, but I had not thought it worth more than a thousand maravedis, and do not suppose they had any better conception of its I had decided that the best way to do would be to sell the whole, and send the money back to them. The only question was how to remit it safely. I promised Bill a liberal reward, if he would take a part of it and return in time to go with me on the English sloop which had brought Messer Jacobo's freight. Giving him what money I had left, I sent him out to get himself shaved, procure a new equipment and secure horses for the journey the next day, making him understand how necessary it was that the money should reach Palos on Monday. Then I returned to the merchant whom I found in a state of great excitement. He had, as I expected he would, connected the pearl with the return of the Admiral's expedition, and was full of questions all bearing upon the subject of gain. I answered them but briefly; coming at once to the matter in hand, I said:

- "Thou art the agent of Master Flemming, of Bristol, I believe?"
- "I do some business with him—a little—very little," he answered. "Why dost thou ask?"

I noted that he eyed me keenly as he made this inquiry.

- "I have some acquaintance with him," I replied, "and wish to make a deposit with thee to his credit."
- "A deposit?" he asked, with a startled look. "Why shouldst thou deposit to his credit?"
 - "Because I owe him," I answered, with a smile.
 - "Thou owest him? How much? In what manner?"
- "I know not the exact amount. I only want thee to certify that I have deposited with thee a certain amount of gold to be remitted to him by the sloop now lying in the river."
- "Gold!" he cricd, in a sudden frenzy. "I send gold out of the realm! Never! Not so much as a penny-weight! In-all my dealing never have I paid gold or silver for any foreign product! I understand—thou art an agent of the Holy Office! Thou thinkest because I was born a Jew I am not a true believer. Thou meanest to entrap me and seize my property; perhaps to cast me into prison or expel me from the realm. May the Mother of God confound thee and protect all true believers!"

He crossed himself repeatedly as he spoke, and at the last, turned suddenly, and thrusting aside the curtain at his right, knelt before a crucifix attached to the wall, before which a taper burned, and began to say his prayers with great earnestness and volubility. I was much astonished at this conduct on the part of the good merchant, which his words only half served to explain. I had the wit,

however, to understand that so great terror was not likely to exist without some good ground of apprehension, and his mistaking me for a Familiar of the Holy Office, which was natural enough, since they do assume all sorts of disguises, showed me the character, though I could only vaguely guess the cause of his fear.

"Messer Jacobo," I said, when there came a pause in his supplication.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he exclaimed. "Wouldst thou interrupt my devotions? Hast thou no regard for the Holy Name?"

"In faith, Messer Jacobo," I replied, "were I what thou deemest I should consider such unusual show of piety a very strong proof of guilt. But I came to trade, not to listen to thy prayers."

"What is thy pleasure?" he asked, coming



forward, while he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"I think, Messer Jacobo, that we can be of service to each other if thou wilt get thy wits together and think of profit and loss rather than the dungeon and the Quemadero stone."

"The Quemadero!" he gasped. "I pray thee be careful of thy words! It beseemeth not any man to speak lightly of the Terror which doth await unbelievers!"

"I trow not," I answered, "but one needeth not to feel the smart until he wears a sanbenito, at least." "A sanbenito!" he repeated. "I pray thee, my friend, go away and leave an honest tradesman to his business. I know thou art a spy, for none but an agent of the Holy Office would dare speak thus freely of such things."

"Messer Jacobo, did you ever know one Arturo Lac?"

"And if I did," he made answer quickly, "it was but in the way of business. How did I know that he would become obnoxious to the Holy Office? He came to me with a letter of credit and this I did cash for him almost without charge as Master Flemming, who is a worthy merchant, had requested me to do. That was all; by the blood of Christ, I swear that was all!"

"Thou mightest at least have remembered him and not taken him for a spy," I said.

"What !—Arturo Lac! Thou dost not mean—he was but a lad—though in truth a lad of thews and parts!"

"Lads do not remain lads forever in this clime, especially at such times as these. Toils and adventure ripen men more swiftly than years, Messer Jacobo."

"Why, so they do; but who would have thought it? I see the favor now," he said, extending his hand. "But to think that thou shouldst mock at the Holy Office—thou!" he added with a look of horror I could scarce understand.

"Never mind," I said, carelessly, "who I was. Who I am thou knowest from this certificate which I brought. Now, I wish to sell gold and pearls, an' if thou pleasurest mine inclination, I can put thee in the way of making much gain; if thou wilt not, another must. I do not understand why thou shouldst hesitate."

"Hist," said the merchant looking carefully around. "Come hither where we can speak freely."

Crossing the room he drew aside the curtain which revealed a door in the wall. Passing through he motioned me to follow him and entered a small room where a lamp was burning. He pointed to a stool while he sat down

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near the door, through which he could easily hear anything that occurred in the other room.

"Dost thou not know," he said in a whisper, "that it be a mortal offense to mar or deface the coin of the realm or send it beyond seas?"

I shook my head in wonder.

"Thy ignorance proves the truth of thy tale," he "One could hardly have been in Spain the last year and not have heard these things. Know then, that in enforcing the edict against the people called Jews, who are to be wholly driven from the realm, while they are permitted to sell what lands and goods they may have, they are not allowed to take any gold, silver, precious stones, or jewels with them at their departure. Neither are they allowed to lade horses or mules or ships with goods or merchandise, nor to take with them cattle or sheep or provisions, save such as each one may bear across the border, and ordinary clothing. The only things else of value which they may take are the tools each man of his particular trade and bills of exchange payable in some foreign land. Even the bond of a Spanish debtor is confiscate, not, indeed, for the debtor's advantage, but for the Oueen's enrichment.

"It is very hard for a people thus to be thrust forth from their homes, but much worse when they go stripped of all that generations of toil and thrift have brought them. So much is forced to sale that property goeth for a song. Houses, lands, vineyards, all are begging in the market, for the sellers be many and the buyers few. But even when they get the little their goods will bring, it is but rare that they can procure bills of exchange, since it hath been decreed that no man shall use his credit, but shall only make an order on a merchant in another city for what is actually due him on account. This is all the harder because for a long time Spanish merchants have not been allowed to pay for goods and wares brought from

another land in gold or silver, but only in the products of the realm, which be so scant that only rarely is there any balance in our favor. If it were not for the sudden demand for azogue, and the high price it commands in Bristol, I should never have a farthing of credit there and all this harvest at my door! You see they will pay almost any price-ten, twenty, fifty per centum-as well they may, since it is a choice of half for exchange or the whole for her Majesty's coffers. Ah! if I only dared to use the credit Master Flemming would gladly grant me. what fortunes could I not make for both of us! Christ and St. Iago, it is enough to make one forswear himself, to stand barred of such opportunity and see a woman and the monks get the profit which should come to honest merchants! But there be no help for it, and so they go out naked and hungry, only to perish in other lands, whose people cannot afford to feed them her Majesty has made beggars. God of Israel! but she must have a hard heart, to rob and slay so many! For how many souls. for how much blood and suffering, will she not have May Mary Mother pity and the Saints assoil her! No wonder she doth cry out against her fate and bewail the cruelty the priests compel her to perform! I do believe, if she could see the poor wretches stript of all and driven across the border to die. she would even yet relent. But who dare tell her the truth while Torquemada lives! Alas, poor Spain! Poor Queen! Poor People! And poor me who not only must lose mine opportunity but am myself suspect and spied upon, because, forsooth, theirs was the religion of my fathers! Why should I be punished or suspected? Am I not a Christian as well as they? Do I not believe on the Nazarene? Do I not observe the requirements of Mother Church? Ah! we be fallen on evil times when one can neither retain the creed of his fathers nor safely abjure it for another. Neither the synagogue nor the

Cross offereth any shelter! But what have I said? How have I babbled? Thou wilt not betray me?"

"You have naught to fear from me," I answered.

"Ah, truly!" he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. "I had forgot—that thou art also under the ban."

"Not now," I replied. "You remember all who sailed with the Admiral of the Ocean Sea were promised immunity for past offences."

"Thou speakest truly," he said. "I had indeed forgot; but I know not whether even this pledge will suffice in times like these. Harkye!" He put his lips close to my ear and whispered: "The King hath many ways of keeping a royal promise!"

"Thou dost not mean to say that all the Jews of Spain are thus driven forth and stript of all their possessions? There must be thousands—hundreds of thousands of them!"

"Millions—three or four millions at the least, and all must go and all is taken, to the last peseta. Every man and woman is searched at the border—the alguazils are very keen and very cruel, too—and every piece of money, every jewel-stone, and every bit of precious metal taken from them. Ah, if only Master Flemming were in my debt—if I could but see him for an hour—what fortunes we might make in these days! Now there is only left the azogue. And already I am subject to suspicion. Mother of God! My blood runs cold at the thought that thou mightest have been an alguazi!"

"But what has this to do with the price of pearls?" I asked.

"The price of pearls? Very much—very much, indeed. Dost thou not see? Pearls are the most easy of all precious things to hide. They be round and smoothe and they corrode not. They are light, too, and have no flash or gleam. They can be hid in a woman's hair or in the sandal, or if need be, buried in the flesh. The cut

soon heals and leaves scarce a scar. Howbeit the chirurgeons charge a pretty price for such work, as well they may, for it needeth no little skill to hide a jewel-stone in the flesh so that neither the eye nor the hand of an alguazil can find it. It be especially hard with them that have sharp edges; it is easier with a pearl. So pearls are in great demand. But even these, only one skilled in the use of the lancet may safely implant within the body so as to defy detection. Wherefore it has become a trade with certain of the faculty, like preparing poisons for them that have need of them."



"Thou dost not mean that men's bodies are mangled in order to take with them that which is their own—the result of their own toil and skill?" I asked in horror of his tale.

"That be the simple truth; many a man's and

many a woman's flesh, too, hath been gashed to afford hiding for the jewels they have bought at enormous prices in order that they might not starve when driven like beasts into another land. But the alguazils are growing very keen in their search. Fortunate is the Jew who manages to take with him enough to save his wife and children from want even for a month. The report comes back that they are dying by thousands, of pestilence and famine, in the lands to which they have fled."

"And all this because they will not deny their father's God!" I exclaimed, thinking of what the Padre had said of the wrongs done in the name of the dear Lord Christ.

"If only the gold had no mint-mark," said the merchant with a sigh, "there would be less difficulty in supplying their need."

"An' thou wouldst buy gold that had no mint-mark?"

"Buy it? I would give ten, twenty per centum for it. That is, I would give five Moorish maravedis for the weight of four in unstamped gold."

I drew forth the bag I had received from Pinzon and handed to him one of the transparent little packages it contained. He emptied the contents on a sheet of paper, carried it to the window and examined the particles closely with the lens he had used before. Then he drew a vial from his girdle and dropped some of its contents upon them.

"It be gold!" he said in a hoarse whisper when he returned. "Virgin gold! There be no doubt of that. That which I applied was the touchstone. Had it been any other metal it would have exhaled in smoke. Yet never saw I the like before. I have seen gold from the Ind, from the Gold Coast, from the Ural, and perchance from other regions, yet never saw I any so light in color or pepites so large. Hast thou more?"

I gave him the bag. He went and locked the door, his hand trembling and his eyes burning with excitement. Then he took out the little packets, one by one, and laid them tenderly upon the table.

- "Whence came it?" he asked.
- "Not so fast, good Messer Jacobo. That be my secret. What wilt thou give?"
 - "Weight for weight of minted metal."
 - . "But thou didst say it was worth more?"
- "Ah! thou hast turned trafficker. Well, then, ten Moorish maravedis for the weight of nine."
- "But tell me—I do not understand why thou art willing to sell stamped gold for unstamped, and pay a profit."
 - "I see thou wilt never let go of a penny-weight until

thou knowest all. An' thou must know, then, it be this way: every merchant is under espionage to see that he spoil not the coin of the realm. If a thousand ducats be traced to my hand, I must show that I did pay them over to another or I may be held to answer to the law. But not so with unstamped gold, which be a matter of merchandise. Now, should I buy of thee, I could truly say and prove that I gave thee so much coin for merchandise delivered. Then I would sell this gold to some Hebrew who was sore bested, at such price as I could get."

"But how would this exchange advantage him? How could he carry this across the border any better than the stamped pieces?"

"Ah, wilt thou never be content? Know, then," he whispered with a shrug, "that I would agree to deliver him its value in Bristol."

"But how couldst thou get it there?"

"Insatiable! But I have told thee too much to shrink from more. Knowest thou the nature of azogue?"

I shook my head.

"Well, then, if I should pour this gold into one of those sacks of azogue, it would soon be eaten up or become a mass which none could separate, unless he knew the secret which the alchemist of Bristol hath discovered. will still be azogue but dull and thick; no longer bright and clear. If the alguaris should examine it they would find only 'sick' azogue and I would bewail my ill-fortune because it sickened on my hands. Very well; I ship it to Master Flemming; he sells it to the alchemist who cures it of its sickness and giveth back the gold it hath swallowed up, in consideration of receiving the azogue to make use of as he will. And whatsoever profit there be. I divide with Master Flemming. Now thou knowest all."

"And knowing all, I am willing to make a fair bargain

with thee. How much wilt thou give for all the gold I have shown thee?"

"It will need some close calculation to answer with exactness," he answered, cautiously.

"I mean not that," I replied, "but tell me near enough so that I can know what I must put with it to make up the sum I require."

Thereupon he drew forth a pair of larger scales, and having weighed the gold and made some estimates, he said:

"It should not vary far from thirty thousand maravedis, or with the tenth added say thirty-five thousand maravedis."

I then drew forth some of the lesser pearls, one at a time, and asked him to appraise them. There were still five remaining, and these of the very largest, when he had named a sum near enough to that required by my employers to justify me in saying:

"For them and the gold thou wilt give a hundred thousand maravedis?"

He hesitated a long time and made many objections, but in the end did accede to my terms.

Thereupon I said to him:

"Thou shalt have them at thine own pricing on one condition."

"What be that?"

"Thou shalt deliver the money to whomsoever I shall name at the port of Palos at thine own risk."

To this he made demur, whereat I said:

"Know, then, that in this matter I do but act for Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his partners, with whom thou hast had deal and knowest them to be honest men."

"They have aye redeemed their bonds," said Jacobo, "but that doth not lessen the risk of my money in transport."

"Their ship," I said, not heeding his objection, "now lieth at Palos laden with a rare cargo of things never seen

in this part of the world before. Were it known that she were moored at thy wharfing to-day, thou wouldst have all Seville at thy door on the morrow, and gold would flow into thy coffers like rain. Now, he that bringeth to the owners of the Pinta the sum thou hast agreed to pay for these things, and with it my script attesting this sale, will have the handling of this cargo on a liberal commission, or perchance may buy it outright. Besides, I know where there be more gold and more pearls than thou hast yet seen, all of which thou canst have on like terms if thou dost humor my demand. In other words thou makest three profits, one on the gold thou hast seen, one on the cargo, and the other on what I alone can bring thee. If thou wilt not, I go unto another with them all."

- "And what is thy demand?"
- "An instrument of writing duly signed and sealed-"
- "With witnesses?"
- "Truly; setting forth our contract—"
- "What else?"
- "The delivery of the money to the owners of the Pinta before noontide of Monday."
 - "How shall I safely get to Palos by that time?"
 - "That be thy affair."

He stood looking out of the window a moment and then sat down and wrote.

"Will that suffice?" he asked, handing me the script.

I read it carefully, as my training with Gonsalvo de Cordova had taught me to do all papers with which I was concerned.

"I see not that anything more is needed."

He called his clerk and when Benoni entered Bermejo of Molinos was with him. While the clerk was witnessing the signature of his employer, Bill informed me that a troop of soldiers were ordered to proceed to Palos on the morrow to escort the Admiral to Seville and thence post-haste to the court at Barcelona.

"Then thou art saved the journey," I replied. "Wait thou without and I will join thee presently."

When they had withdrawn I told Jacobo of the good fortune that had given him an escort for his journey.

"St. Jacobo be praised!" he exclaimed. "I knew when thou didst come so early the morn, that if we did but make a bargain it would turn out a fortunate one. This be the Sabbath of the people whose law was once my faith, you know," he continued gravely, "on which traffic is forbidden. To show the truth of my conversion, I have been careful to avoid no business coming on that day, and God be praised, my affairs have been prospered exceedingly by the contracts entered into thereon."

He turned away and knelt again before the crucifix upon the wall beside the table where he wrote. He was a strange compound of greed and piety but I could not help honoring his profession more than that of some whose Christianity was of older date.

When he had concluded, I said:

"There is still somewhat to be done. I am in debt, as thou knowest, to Master Flemming. I care not to learn precisely how much, but I wish to transfer to him, through you, a certain amount of gold from which he will satisfy his demand and hold the balance subject to my order, reserving only such sum as I may require before the sailing of his ship on which I wish to engage passage for myself and comrade."

"God send thee a safe deliverance and a prosperous voyage," he responded with a strange fervor.

Then, pulling up my doublet, I untied the girdle of hamac-grass, and laid before his astonished eyes the bladders full of golden pepites which the Indian maid had gathered in the enchanted pool. He was sobered by the value of these, and as he weighed one after another and entered the amount on a paper by his side, he became

even more subdued. When he had totted them up he said, earnestly:

- "My son, not many men have realized such fortune in their first venture."
- "And not many men have risked so much," I answered lightly.
- "That be true, too," he said. "Goest thou to the new lands again?"
 - "That be as God wills," I replied.
- "Aye, with Him is life and the issues of life," said the merchant, bowing his head and crossing himself. "If thou dost again adventure thither I have one request to make of thee."
- "What may it be? If it be aught in reason it is granted already, good Jacobo," I answered heartily.
- "It is that I may have at least a share in thy outfitting."
- "Assuredly thou shalt," I said, extending my hand, in surprise.
- "I fear I be an ill sailor," he modestly replied, "but sure I am that thou art born to fortune and—well, a new Christian hath slender hold on safety or prosperity in this realm, and I would rather trust my money in a craft under thy command than in the ventures by which I gain profit here."
- "I pledge thee, good Jacobo, that if ever I engage in such venture thou shalt have timely notice and opportunity to embark therein."

He gave me an acknowledgment of my deposit with him on his principal's account, and a small sum for present use, and then asked, smiling at the lankness of the girdle in which I placed them:

- "Is there naught more?"
- "Aye, good Jacobo," I answered, as I knotted my girdle and sat down upon one of the stools, "there is more. Now, that I have done all with which I was

charged, and finished mine own business also, tell me what I have waited most impatiently to ask, what news hast thou for me of Xarifa?"

"Xarifa!" he exclaimed, his face blanching and an indescribable horror in his tone. "Dost thou not know! Hast thou not heard! Mother of God—how can I tell thee!"

"What is it? Speak! I know nothing!" I cried, leaning across the table and clutching him by the shoulder.

God! how hard my breath came! It seemed as if a dead hand clutched my throat! I saw the fatal truth in his eyes, and shouted the while I shook him as if he had been a child:

"Do not tell me she is dead! She is alive—well—waiting for me, I tell you! Where is she? Where shall I find her?"

He shook his head slowly. His sallow cheek grew fairly green with fear.

- "I did not know it," he said. "No one told me—I—I would have rescued her—The Holy Office——"
 - "The Holy Office! What had they to do with Xarifa?"
- "They—she was reported—a Jewess—obdurate—contumacious and—and——"
 - "Quick! tell me-the end!"
 - "Contumacious—sanbenito—the Quemadero!"

yellow figure with appealing eyes that shone darkly out of a mass of flames, swept before my sight and then all was darkness—night—despair!



It was a long night of horror which followed, full of vague images, of fearful sights and sounds. Consciousness returned but slowly, for the fever which the tropic so often begets in the blood, seized upon me and made mock of my strength. I have heard that the virulence of disease is in proportion to the strength of the victim. which I can well believe when I consider the fierceness of this attack. Certain it is that no one of less strength could have resisted such an access of malignity. For fourteen days the fever raged within me and I knew not face or voice, nor tasted food, nor had reasonable speech with And all the time my brain was full of horrors. saw Xarifa swathed in the yellow folds of the sanbenito. the red flames kissing her fair limbs, her face pale with agony but steadfast and unyielding, while the black-robed agents of the Holy Office-God forgive me if I thought them fiends and cursed them incessantly-heaped the crackling fagots about her and mocked her torment with ieers! And all the time I blamed myself for her woe. doubting not that she had suffered because she would not betray me or reveal whither I had fled. And yet I lived!

Anon, I was in Española, beneath the tottering rock of the sacred pool and Xarifa had become the brown-skinned Abaya, who reproached me for my abandonment, and bewailed the resentment of the goblins whom she had angered for her love of me. Then I was on the slippery deck, amid the storms and despair of the homeward voyage, when hope of dry land or favoring winds was clean gone. And then again I was fleeing from secret and unappeasable foes, the stern-browed Torquemada and the smiling Gonsalvo de Cordova seeming equally malign. All the direful things of life were lived over again in those days of darkness, with many another agony which only a fevered brain could make real. But in it all, as afterward appeared, there was no hint of happy things or of my early days and the sweet English home in the bight of the Coteswolds. Indeed, I was told that in all my wanderings, I uttered not a single English word or French, but used only that grim and stately tongue in which all woful happenings had come to me.

On the fifteenth day, as I was after told, the fever left me, but so weak that the lecches gave small hope that I would ever rise. A priest was called to perform the last offices of the Church. I looked up into his face and knew the Fray Antonio Montesino, yet he recognized not the tenement of the soul that he did housel, so greatly wasted was it by the stress of my malady. I was too weak to know that the face I saw was real, but thought I dreamed, and so closed my eyes and fancied I was still a boy in the old home at Edgemont. It was many days ere I knew or cared whether I were dead or alive. During this time memory ceased to trouble, or I make sure that I had died. In the shadowy light of the darkened room forms came and went. I knew them not nor cared who they might be. Soft hands pressed my brow; strong arms lifted me up and arranged my couch; gentle tones implored me to taste delicate and appetizing possets. I seemed in the shadow of a great woe, but could not remember what it was. Gradually, I gained a little strength, but I could not yet recall the past. Who was I? Such a jumble of names! It seemed as if every one I had known in all my life came

trooping into mind, like garments at a clothier's waiting to be tried and fitted to a living form. Day after day I essayed to find myself—to fit myself with a name. Was I Charles the Bold, the Earl of Richmond, Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Admiral of the Ocean Seas, Bartolomeo Colon-I know not how many names I tried to fit to my personality before any of those I had worn came to mind, and then it was the very last, the one I had hardly spoken or heard a score of times,-Juan de Sevilla! Even then, I was like a lost spirit in inferno, seeking a past. I had no doubt that was my name, but where was the life to which it belonged? Where was Juan de Sevilla born? Where had he lived? Who were his parents, his familiars? What had he done? Where had he been? It troubled me greatly that I could not answer these questions. by little, I recalled certain things in my own life, especially my boyhood and the fierce campaigns when I had fought against the Moors; but it was all the time as parts of another's life, not mine. I did not even recall the name of the Adjutant of Infantry, though my mind was full of his duties and experiences. I was making out reports, issuing orders, drilling the legion, and sometimes fighting with it.

During these days I was attended by two women and a man. It seemed as if I ought to know them, but do the best I might I could find no trace of them in my memory. The women spake the Castilian tongue in soft, low tones. It did not seem at all strange that they should. The man spoke in Spanish also, but in a curious, stammering way. Sometimes he used another language. I seemed to know what his words meant, but I could not imagine what tongue it was. They were always talking of some one with regard to whom they were anxious. I came to share their anxiety, to a certain extent, not once imagining that it referred to me. All this time, I did not speak, not that I was unable but it did not occur to

me to do so. I did not seem to be of their world, but looked at them and listened as if I were of another, remote from or apart from them. When they offered me food or drink I took it. When they asked me how I felt I wondered of whom they spoke and never thought of answering. Thus I lay a long time trying to get hold again of the life that had so nearly slipped away.

One day the man, he was a sturdy, red-haired fellow, who moved about the room awkwardly enough on tiptoe, drew up the jalousies, so that the light shone full upon the couch where I lay, gazed at me a long time, the tears gathering in his eyes, then hid them with his hand and sobbed bitterly. After a while he reached out and taking my hand that lay upon the coverlet, pressed it to his lips and moaned:

"Ah, me bye! me bye! We two will nivver make the v'y'ge from Bristol I'm afeard. Sure they say your moind's all gone—clane gone! Ye'll nivver know yer friends from yer inimies agin, which afther all maybe is a blessin', considerin' how many more inimies ye've got than friends. Och hone! if it had been mesilf now! Oirish Bill wud av been proud to change places wid ye, lad, an' him there'd have been none to miss. Ah, lad, ef ye'd jist curse me wance, instead av lookin' at me wid yer great big eyes ez ef ye was wonderin' all the toime who the devil I moight be, sure it's happy ye'd make the heart of yer old comrade, who if he is nothin' but a poor Oirish lad, wud give half his life to have ye knuckle up this big white fist and hit him square atwane the eyes. Aye, that he wud, even if ye knocked him clane throo the dirty mud-brick wall of this dommed old Moor houseling, which is not a whit betther than a turf shieling, fer all the big name they give it. been a braw shelter to you, me lad, an' I'll not say a word agin it nor them as dwell in it, God bless 'em! Whether they be saints or angels I hardly know, but Bill Ayers 'll maintain agen the warld they're fittin' to be ayther. That

he will, by all the saints! An' ef anybody has a moind to spake ill av 'em, just let him open his dhirty mouth in front of Bill Ayers—Bill Ayers, av Galway an' Bristowe an' Española an' the divil knows whare else—ef he wants—Hist now! What the divil d'ye mane?"

I had drawn my hand from his, raised myself on my elbow and was scanning his face with a look which may well have seemed grewsome enough to the honest fellow. I was trying to get hold of him—to know him—to name him to myself—the self I could not find. At length I seemed to get it—not so much the name, for that I had



heard quite plainly, but the person it represented, and said, weakly and hesitatingly:

"Bill—Bill Ayers?"

"Hooray!" he shouted, springing from his chair.

"Be jabers, he's c o m e to hisself! Blessed be God!

Howly Mother be praised! Teresa! Maria! Leddies! Señoritas! Come!"

He rushed out of the door and I sank back upon the couch while the dark wave of insensibility rolled over me again.

Thus slowly, I came back into the world to find myself in the rooms we had engaged near a month before, watched over and attended by the Madonna-like Teresa of Logrosa, her fair young sister and my Irish shipmate. Fray Antonio Montesino came, now and then, to inquire after me, and Messer Jacobo Santo never allowed a day to pass without visiting my bedside. Yet neither he nor

Bill had revealed my identity, nor did the Fray once suspect it.

When a knowledge of the woe that had overpowered my consciousness returned, I was like to have lapsed again into the sea of darkness, but though the agony was thenceforward to be ever-present with me, the thought seemed to have lost something of its intensity. I wished indeed, that I might die; but as that was not a thing to be willed. I came gradually to think of the fate which had befallen Xarifa as an incentive to farther existence. would live to honor her name and revenge her sufferings, if such a thing were possible, upon those who had caused But who were they? The Church? Could I rebel against her decrees? But was the Holy Office an essential part of the Church or only an incident of local rule? I trembled as I thought how it prevailed in other countries, even in Italy under the Holy Father's eve. But then, Italy has ever been accounted the very wickedest part of the Perhaps, it might be necessary there. But it could not be just or necessary anywhere to pursue one of such sweet faith and pure life as my Xarifa to the death. Heaven! the hated system did not obtain in England! Why had I not taken her there before she was drawn into the maelstrom of my danger? No doubt it was Torquemada's vengeance for the affront I had visited upon him in my folly. I wondered if I could not avenge her, and at the same time rid the world of a heartless bigot? Yet I shrank from the thought of assassination. Somehow, it doth not comport with English manhood to murder in cold Besides, he was a priest, and I could not but shudder at the thought of making an attack on one forbidden by his calling to defend himself. And what was he after all? Only the tool by which their Majesties gathered revenue to promote their designs! Had not the King himself taken part in the hunt for me? Could I be revenged on him, it would indeed be a blow worth striking. But how?

I did not know, but as I thought it over, day after day, the notion came to possess my weak brain almost to the exclusion of everything else.

It was at this time that I was told of the triumphal progress the Admiral had made through the city on his way to the Court of Barcelona. Indians and gold and paroquets and hamacs—and the Admiral in his red cloak, with his yellow banner carried before him, mounted on a horse which he rode but ill, yet bowing right and left like a sovereign or a conqueror. Few of his sailors went with him. But there was an escort of soldiers, and though the display was not remarkably rich, there was an air of marvel about it which set every one to wondering and left the city in a ferment after he had gone.

At this time the shrewd Jacobo had brought the Pinta to the city and the cargo which Pinzon and his thrifty partners had collected sold at wondrous prices. was too late to be of any benefit for the sturdy navigator. who, stung by the coldness of his friends and neighbors. humiliated by the outcome of his imprudent dispatch to their Majesties, and weakened by the unprecedented labors of the voyage, was ill prepared to resist the assault of that insidious disease which had kept me so long quaking and burning by turns. We have learned since that the luxuriance of the new lands is subtly charged with this strange fatality. The tropic fever may either kill at once or keep the victim shivering and scorching at the very gates of death, until the vital forces are out-worn and the sufferer is grateful when the end finally comes. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was spared this prolonged misery. When he had taken in his hand the money which Jacobo brought, had learned the value of the pearls, and affirmed the bargain which Gomez Rascon made for the sale of the cargo, whereby he knew not only that his honor was safe. but that his family would henceforward be above the apprehension of want, I was told that he put his head

down upon his folded arms on the table before him and his form was shaken with sobs. After a time, when those present raised it up, not knowing what to make of such a seizure, his face was of an ashy whiteness, his lips blue and drawn, and his eyes turned upward, while his teeth chattered and his whole body shook as if the chill of the midwinter storms had not loosed its hold upon him. Thus he died before the sun went down; and with him perished our pretty scheme of a voyage to the new lands under his guidance. But what need of his guidance? All at once, the thought came to me that his death opened the way for me to revenge myself on their Majesties of Castile and Aragon, who were the real authors of all the wrongs done to me and mine, more effectually than in any other way, by thus interfering with their enjoyment of the wealth of the new lands and diverting its trade, perhaps, to other countries.

It was a silly notion for a friendless lad to indulge; yet it pleased me all the more, perhaps, because of its very unlikelihood. While, the sense of wrong done and a desire to punish my persecutors no doubt inspired the thought, I now think it must have been an undercurrent of ambition, or, at least, an inherent love of adventure which induced me to brood over it day and night, until, by the time I was able to leave my bed, I had fixed upon my course of action and had communicated its chief features to Jacobo. Fortunately, Martin Alonzo had informed me of the name by which the natives designated the region where the pearls grow, the island of Cubagua, which they said lay to the south-southwest of Española. This, he assured me, he had imparted to none other.

"The first thing be thine own health," said the cautious Jacobo, when he had listened to my scheme, which must have seemed to him the wildest of yagaries. "The leeches do assure me that, even if all goes well, it will require a year or two in a cooler clime than Spain, to expel

the noxious vapor from which this distemper arose, from all the nooks and crevices of thy body. When this be once effected, if please God it shall be, they say thou wilt be stronger and more enduring than ever, and assured of a good old age, unless indeed violence or mishap shall shorten thy life. And they foretell that if thy hair and brows do wholly drop away while yet thy beard remains, it is a certain sign that thy bodily forces have conquered the disease and that only time and care are needful for complete restoration. Which may God and the saints grant! After that, there will be time enough to think of such things as thou hast conceived."

He spake so solemnly that I knew he had little hope. What he said as to my hair and beard came true, that is, the hair came off but the beard did not. Whether this was a veritable sign of recovery or the leeches said so knowing it would be an encouragement, I know not, but certain it is, the fact that it so happened afforded me great cheer.

One day when I had gained somewhat of strength, looking at my bare poll and eyebrows so greatly lessened that they hardly showed, while my beard was longer than ever and seemed if possible darker also, good Jacobo, sitting before me in great good-humor, for I was then able to sit up a portion of the day, said:

"It doth seem to me that we ought soon to be planning a way for thee to get out of this realm of Spain; for surely thou wilt never be better able to circumvent thine enemies than now, when thy best friend of a month agone would not know thee an' he met thee in the way at noontide. Both for thy health and safety thou shouldst get back to England without delay."

"That be my design, good Jacobo," I answered, "as soon as I have attended to some little matters here. But how shall I go?"

"I have detained the ship of Master Flemming, both Le-

cause her cargo was not complete and because I knew he would approve did he know she waited for thee, for whom he hath often manifested great concern. Now, if thou canst arrange to get aboard of her, I see no reason why all our designs should not prosper. But that I fear may be exceeding difficult, for though their Majesties are so anxious to get rid of their most faithful subjects, they are even more fearful that those who go may carry with them somewhat of the wealth of the realm; so every ship that leaves a Spanish port must needs be searched from poop to keel by the alguazils, to see that she carries none who came not in her, unless they have written leave from the authorities. And this, I must warn thee, is very hard to get, especially, I fear, for such as may have knowledge it might be thought not well to allow to go beyond the border."

- "As what?" I asked, not fully comprehending him.
- "Well, a knowledge of the way to the new lands, mayhap."
- "I see; and there be two of us," I said, more to myself than to him.
- "Thou dost insist on taking the Galway lad with thee?"
- "Rather would I have him go and I remain, than leave him here. He hath my pledge that I will see him safe out of the country. When I go he goes, or if only one can go it shall be he, and I will wait another chance."
- "That is what I feared; one of the sailors has died since the sloop came to the wharf, and—it might be possible— I do not know——"
- "I see; you think one of us might ship in his place. A good notion, too. Let Bill take his place, without delay. I shall make shift in some way for myself, but might not be able to find a way for him."
 - "But you?"
 - "Never mind about me. When does she sail?"

- "She be ready to slip her cable at an hour's notice."
- "That pleases me; I may not be able to give much more than that, but within a week you may look for me aboard."
 - "But the alguazils?"
- "If I come the alguazils will make no question about me."
- "Thou knowest it might be a serious matter both for me and the owner of the sloop to be detected in any attempt to evade the law?"
- "I understand, good Jacobo. Thou saidst well—to be detected! Thou shalt not be detected; never fear."

After this conversation I began to consider what things most needed to be done before my departure, and how they had best be undertaken. There were three things I greatly desired to do: first, to send a token of remembrance and gratitude to the Doña Guadita, whom I could not bear to see; second, to get Xarifa's casket from the Sacristan of San Marco, and thirdly, to deliver the Padre's letter to the Queen's Confessor and see if by some means I could not, through him, compass leave to depart the realm. These I determined to undertake in the order named, both because that seemed easiest and most natural, and because I had already determined on the manner of the first.

I could not literally comply with the Doña Guadita's command to bring her even one small handful of pearls; but I was well assured that I could give her one pearl which was both larger and more valuable than any other in the realm of Castile. I had thought much about the form in which I would convey it, which, it seemed to me, ought to express at the same time the darkness of my woe, the brightness of my gratitude and the richness of her grace. For this purpose, I had Jacobo secure a skilled worker to make me a cross of about a finger's length of one of those black gagates of Oviedo, hollowing

out a place in which the pearl might rest where the two arms of the cross spring outward, and on this to impose a narrower cross of gold—the bright yellow gold of Española—with little claws reaching up and clutching the great white pearl so as to hold it securely in place; this gold cross to be firmly fastened to the wider gagate one beneath, the whole to be worn suspended by a slender golden chain about the neck. Thus the white pearl, the black cross and the gold of Española would make a fitting acknowledgment, I thought, to one whose kindness had saved a life which must hereafter be clouded with grief.

I sent with it a fitting message, hoping, though I could not fill her hands with pearls, that when this memento rested on her bosom her soul might be filled with divine pity for one whose heart could never again know the joy of earthly love. This trinket I had placed in a fitting case, and Messer Jacobo promised that he would deliver it with his own hands after my departure and send her acknowledgment to me through Master Flemming. I did not doubt that the Doña Guadita had done her best to save Xarifa, but knew I could not command myself to listen to the tale from her lips; besides I was not sure that my presence might not prove dangerous to her.

In the mean time, I learned with ever-increasing wonder, partly from the Fray Antonio Montesino and partly from Teresa herself, the story of the noble woman in whose house I was lodged. If ever there were a saint fit to stand beside the Mother of God at the last glorification it was surely Teresa, the mistress of the erring Padre of Logrosa. Never woman had such love before! Knowing as she did the quality of the man, she had no doubt that he would repent his sin and win his way back to the place he had held or even a much higher one in the service of the Church, if only once relieved of the weight of obligation to her. She had, therefore, urged him to sail with the Admiral, and determined during his absence

to make it impossible that he should ever again be tempted to return to her. Soon after he sailed their one child died, and then-how shall I tell it! This simplehearted child of the people determined to sacrifice herself, if need there should be, to prevent the man for whose fall she felt herself to be responsible, from ever seeking to renew his association with her. She was im plored to seek seclusion in a convent, but she was poor, her purpose was distrusted, and finally this refuge of the broken-hearted was formally denied her by the ironhearted recluse, who had become not only the guardian of the Queen's conscience but the inflexible purifier of all the religious houses in the see of Toledo. Thercupon, she did not hesitate to join herself to that unfortunate class whom all the world denounces for the vileness of the traffic which they publicly pursue.

"I knew he would never seek me in an abode of vice, and if he gave me up I was sure his superiors would restore him to his function," she said, simply. So she was enrolled as one of the outcasts of the gay city, yet with a soul as white as any in Paradise.

Already the hectic had marked her for its victim, and the soft glow upon her cheek enhanced her queenly beauty, while it emphasized the warning which her hollow cough and wasted figure gave.

When she had formed this terrible resolution, she was destined to encounter another love as inflexible as her own. Her younger sister had said to her: "Whither thou goest, I will go!" and no power had sufficed to turn her from her purpose. The priest at Moguer, to whom they had confessed, because he was a friend of the Padre who had often shared his hospitality before their sin had found them out, seeing he could not dissuade them, had commended them to the Fray Antonio Montesino, in Seville, who had with difficulty persuaded her to defer the consummation of her terrible scheme until they should

know of a surety the Padre's fate. Our coming made the final sacrifice unnecessary. I shudder, even now after so many years, at what might have happened, had we not come in advance of the public report of the Admiral's return. The two devoted women merely thanked the Holy Virgin for their deliverance, seeming to count the name of evil which was indelibly fastened upon them by public registration, as nothing, so long as they escaped without sin. I confess, I pitied them while I marveled at their fortitude, and could not think of taking my departure until I had provided for their future.



"For me there need not be a thought," said the elder sister, as calmly as if it were but the commonest matter of daily happening. "It is but a few days at most and I shall be at rest."

The direful cough that interrupted her words

avouched their truth.

"Only let me know the interdict removed and I shall wait for nothing more. As for Maria, I know not what she will do; but the good God will find a way to save her from want as He hath already saved us from sin."

"But the stain, Teresa?" said the Fray Antonio Montesino. "Thou knowest one who has been registered as a courtesan can never marry or engage in service without risk of disclosure and punishment by the law."

"Perhaps she might go away after—after I am gone—or before, if a chance should offer."

She looked at me appealingly. I felt myself grow hot from crown to toe with a flush of shame. Yet why should I flinch from doing good in the face of such an example!

It was their friend the good Fray who saw a way out of the difficulty.

- "Why not take her as a nurse?" he asked, turning toward me a look of eager inquiry. "Thou wilt surely need one for many months, and there could be no objection to her departure in thy service."
- "What would become of Bill's occupation?" I asked, smiling up into the face of the good-natured fellow who entered at that moment.
- "An' how should I be losin' me job!" he asked, coming to take my hand, for since he had shipped as one of the crew of the "Alfreda," as Master Flemming's ship was named, he came but once a day to see me.

The Fray then told him what was proposed, and I saw a light come into his face which went far to reconcile me to the plan, as he answered quickly:

"An' why not? Sure, if she was in Merrie England now, we'd soon get the scared look out av her bright eyes; an' if she wasn't happy, it ud not be fer lack av wan friend at least, that ud give his life fer her widout askin' to be shrived afore he wint."



It is scarce to be wondered at that the story of the Padre of Logrosa and his self-formulated mission to the Indians of Española should have stirred to fervent aspiration the heart of the devoted young Fray Antonio Montesino. The spirit of romantic devotion which hath prevailed among the Spanish priests in these later years is altogether wonderful. It is said to be the fruit of two men's teaching and example. I know not how that may be, but it would be strange if two such men as Tomas de Torquemada and Francisco Ximenes should not have left their impress on the spiritual nature of a priesthood wholly subject to their power and conversant of their true charac-Terrible as the Inquisitor-General was in the persecution of unbelief, and unscrupulous as he was in the means he employed to condemn the heretic and effect the robbery of those who doubted or denied, he was an ascetic with a heart of fire, who knew not any form of self-indulgence and profited not himself a single penny's worth of all the treasures he wrested from the hands of unbelievers. To him, belief was the supremest merit and unbelief the greatest crime a human soul could perpetrate; but he did

not countenance, conceal, or practice crime for his own pleasure, and he tortured his own flesh hardly less persistently than that of his victims.

Not less potent than he in shaping the religious natures beneath his sway, was the Franciscan, the Vicar General of his order in the Province of Toledo, and the Queen's Confessor, Francisco Ximenes, who dwelt barefooted in a palace, and when the symbols of authority were forced upon him, wore beneath them always the haircloth shirt and hempen girdle of the recluse. Purging first his own life, then the conventual life of his order, he came to the first place among the subjects of Castile, the direction of the Queen's conscience, and rose eventually to be Primate of Spain, Lord High Chancellor, Cardinal, and Regent of Castile. Wondrous exaltation for a poor priest to win by sanctity of life alone!

I do mistrust that it be largely from the influence of these two men that the Society of Jesus sprung, which was founded by one Loyola, and hath of late, by its subtle emissaries, done much, as I am told, to stir up resistance to King Henry among the discontented in Ireland. while by the valor and fortitude of her soldiers Spain has conquered the treasure of the New World, by the ambition and devotion of her priests she has also become the foremost power of Christendom, so that the grandson of the great Queen ruleth now over the better part of Europe. hath beaten back the Turk, conquered the King of France. made the Holy Father the Sovereign Pontiff his captive. and by overthrowing the corsair Barbarossa, hath set free more than twenty thousand Christian slaves in Algeria. Truly, the forces which shape as I of late have heard. the destiny of nations are wonderful and mysterious, and not least among them must be counted the priests, who, if sincere and of earnest purpose, make the tonsure hardly second in potency to the sword.

But little thought I what marvels would come to pass

when, on that Spring morning, I sallied forth from our humble lodging, almost for the first time, leaning on the arm of Fray Antonio and a stout staff, to seek the presence of the Queen's Confessor. The day before I had gone with the Fray to the church of San Marco and presenting the key, the piece of parchment which had been given me as a receipt, and a proper order for the same, had demanded the casket deposited by Del Porro, declaring my ability to vouch my right thereto, according to the terms of the script within the same. To my surprise, that official denied all knowledge of such casket, and stoutly averred that he had nothing of the kind in his possession. It was a sultry afternoon and I had little strength for contention, else I must have betrayed myself by my anger at his duplicity. As it was, I felt greatly encouraged, despite my ill-success, for it was evident that even a thief, whose eyes are ever sharpened by his conscience, had failed to trace in the pale, bald-headed, bearded man, just able to drag himself about on a priest's arm, clad in over-worn sailor's clothes, any resemblance to the smart soldier who had made the deposit. He counted me a mere emissary of the owner, as I did represent myself, who might be put off with a priest's denial.

"Thy friend's wits must have been wandering when he sent thee hither with that necromancer's scroll upon such an errand," was his confident remark.

I could scarce restrain a smile even in my weak and saddened condition, as I replied:

- "Perhaps he was, poor fellow; he had enough to craze him."
- "I know not but I ought to keep the scroll," said the cunning hypocrite, "to prevent farther mistake." He stretched forth his hand for the key and parchment, as he spoke.
- "I could not think of yielding it to another," I replied, "until I have seen the Queen's Confessor, who, I am

told, was privy to the deposit when it was made or was told of it soon after."

I could see that the rascal flinched when I named the man whom all the rogues of Spain feared even more than they hated.

- "It is not worth while to trouble the Father Ximenes with so small a matter," was the reply.
- "But him that sent me counted it not a trivial thing," was my response.
- "But Del Perro was proclaimed and a reward offered for him," continued the sacristan, with a great show of aversion. "If we had aught of his, it would be our duty to turn it over to the authorities by whom he was proscribed."
- "Yet he went to Española with the Queen's express leave," I said, "and when he returns will no doubt find a way to quicken thy memory. It is ill forgetting a trust devoted, as I am told this is, to holy purposes. Thou seest I have brought witnesses with me who can testify of this demand."

So with Bill upon one side and the Fray Antonio upon the other, I walked out of the great church, looking, as they both declared, fitter for a coffin than the company of men.

Upon the streets all shunned me, putting their hands to their faces, hurrying by on the other side and looking at each other with unmistakable apprehension. I could not understand it until the Fray pushed down my cap which had fallen on the back of my head, being by much too large now that there was no hair for it to rest on, and showed my bare poll, which, taken with my pallor and weakness, made them fear the plague had come again and that I was only just recovered from it. This knowledge gave me some fear that the authorities might restrain my liberty, but I judged that even the Holy Office would not care to hinder the departure of one whose features seemed

to bear the impress of the much dreaded pest. What I would do, however, I felt must be done quickly. Very early on the morrow, therefore, we set out for the palace where the Vicar General of the order of St. Francis lodged.

Early as it was, the saint who swaved the fortunes of Castile had already finished his orisons and was abroad on those errands of mercy for which he was not less noted than for sanctity. As we approached the palace, there came a clatter of hoofs behind us, and looking about we saw the Oueen's Confessor mounted on the Son of Achmet. The hood of the monk's habit which he wore was thrown back, leaving his tonsured head bare. There were only sandals on the feet that rested easily in the stirrups, and the trappings of the matchless horse were as plain as those of the mule he had ridden before he had been burthened with the possession of a steed which stirred the envy of every cavalier in the kingdom. The horse showed that he had enjoyed the morning gallop, and the flush on the rider's pale cheek revealed that he had shared the pleasure of the beast he bestrode. He sprang from the saddle at the foot of the steps that led up to the palace, with a lightness which told that his austerities had not impaired his activity, and gave the horse a caress before delivering him to the groom.

We had halted on the lower step, and I was devouring with my eyes the noble beast for which I felt an affection such as only the soldier can entertain for a steed of merit which has shared his service. Many a time had I divided the contents of my alforjas with him, and well I knew that if I should whistle ever so softly even now, he would follow me up the marble steps and into the palace of the prelate. I could not refrain from trembling, and but for the supporting arm of the Fray Antonio, would have sunk down where I stood. I heard but vaguely the "pax vobiscum" of the prelate as he stretched forth his hands in blessing toward us, and did not bow my head nor recog-

nize the apostolic salutation. I could only gaze with trembling eagerness upon the horse Xarifa loved!

Seeing which the Father Confessor stopped and said in a tone of gentle rebuke:

- "Thou seemest much absorbed in what thou seest, my son?"
- "Your Excellency rides a fine horse," I answered, bowing my head. I dared not look up lest he should discover my agitation.
- "Aye," he responded, bitterly, "there be hardly his equal in Castile."
 - "I can well believe that," was my reply.
- "Thou wert thinking he was too good for a barefoot priest to bestride, I doubt not?"
- "Not so, your Excellency; why may not a prince of the Church ride a good horse as well as a prince of the blood?"
- "Because his Master rode an ass," he answered, severely, "and it is not meet that the servant should be greater than his Lord."

I knew that he crossed himself as he spoke, and I instinctively did the same.

"Let not my sin—for it be my sin—imperil thy soul, my son. The steed is not mine, though I will not deny that I never feel the touch of his mane or note the easy strength with which he bears my weight, that I do not envy him to whom he doth belong. Aye, many stripes have I borne because of fear least I might covet him for mine own even in defiance of my vow. What Uriah's wife was to David, such is the Son of Achmet to Francisco the Monk, whom I pray God he hath not lifted up but to cast down. Only in this; I did not send the owner forth to perish, much less did I compass his death. Yet if he comes not back from Española, who will believe my protest? Envy me not, my son, but rather pity me that I am compelled to bear this cross. I know that

all Spain points to this as the special sin of Francisco Ximenes, who professes poverty, yet is lodged in a palace and rides a horse worth a king's ransom. Yet what can I do? One who is beyond my reach, knowing how I loved the noble animal, sent him to me with the word, 'Keep the Son of Achmet until thou hast a chance to deliver him again to me or mine; but let none back him but thyself—not even royalty.'

"And I did accept him with this condition-or rather there was no opportunity to refuse. And now what can I do? If I leave him in his stall I do wrong to him that trusted me; for what saith the proverb: 'An unused horse soon groweth stale as uncorked wine.' If I ride him, even at the dawn or dusk, the unbelieving wag their heads and say: 'Behold his pride!' Even those that believe are tempted because of my weakness. O Lord! how long how long wilt thou have thy servant bear this burden? Yet not my will, O Lord, be done, but thine! What is my cross to that which Thou didst bear? Wouldst thou have speech with me, my son, on any matter of thine own?" he asked in kindly tones, as the groom disappeared. trow thou didst not come hither ere the sun arose, with the mark of the pest upon thy brow for naught, nor even to see a priest ride the best barb in Spain."

"In truth, your Reverence, I came upon a weighty matter," I replied humbly; "too weighty, I fear, for my strength." For my weakness was fast growing more than the good Fray could well bear.

"Let me also aid thee," said the prelate, stepping down beside me, "so mayhap may I undo in part the evil which my pride hath wrought. Saith not the Master, 'As ye do unto the least of these, my brethren, so shall it be done to thee?'"

His lips moved in prayer, but he took hold of me on the other side with a strength that amazed me, considering the slightness of his build, and between them they lifted me up the steps and bore me to the audience chamber, where they sat me down upon a chair, and his Excellency ordered wine to be brought, which was very grateful; for indeed my strength was nigh spent.

"Thou hast but lately come to the city?" he asked, when, somewhat recovered, I sat leaning upon my staff while the good Fray Antonio stood beside me, fanning my face and showing great concern; for it was evident that I had overtaxed my strength.



"I came across a thousand leagues of stormy water to bring a message to your Excellency," I answered.

"Indeed, my son! then, thou must be one of them that sailed with the Italian Colon to the Ind, an' thy wits be not wandering," said the prelate.

He evidently

thought they were. I looked up at this, for I had not thought that one might question whether I were in my right mind, and took note of my surroundings. The Father Confessor was seated in a carved oaken chair at a broad table covered with papers. Two men in clerical attire with other papers in their hands stood near awaiting his commands. I took a packet from my doublet, and selecting the certificate the Captain of the Pinta had given me, extended it toward him. One of the clerks came

forward, without waiting for directions, and handed it to him. There were other clerks waiting in a corner of the great room, which was furnished with exceeding plainness, and was as silent as the cloisters of a convent. A flush crept over the pale face of the famed ascetic as he perused the paper and gave it back to the clerk to be returned to me.

"Thou hast been permitted to behold wondrous things," he said, solemnly. "I am glad to have speech with one who can testify of these new marvels of God's hand."

He made the sign of the cross as he spoke, and the ecclesiastics in attendance bowed their heads and their hands sought their rosaries.

"Didst say thou hadst brought a message for me?" he asked, sharply. "Who was there in that far land who had thought of the unworthy Francisco, whom God assoil of his sins!"

"One who knew your Excellency well," I answered, and had reason to remember your displeasure."

"I do remind me now that there was one akin to me in the flesh and bearing my name. If I mistake not he sailed in the same ship with thee? A graceless youth, yet I would not that harm befell him. If I be not misinformed he is one of them that were left in Española!"

"Of his own free choice he did remain," I answered.

"That I doubt not; there be much charm for youth in doing what another hath not done before. I had hardly looked for him to send a message to me, however. What doth he wish? My influence to advance his interests, I doubt not. He that hath the King's favor is ever counted a beast of burden for the convenience of his kin," he said with biting composure.

"Truly, I think your nephew even less inclined to ask favor than your Excellency to grant it," I replied.

"Is that thy report? I do assure thee it gives me pleasure to hear it. I fear I have little charity for them

that expect others to bear them over the rough places in life's journey. I take it, then, thy message is not from him?"

"He did send his duty through another, as I do believe; but he who charged me with a message was related to your Excellency only in function."

"A priest?"

"One who once filled that holy office. Dost thou remember Pedro Corbacho, aforetime Padre of Logrosa?"

"Name him not in my presence!" exclaimed the prelate with cold severity. "A foul recreant who chose to riot with Jezebel rather than serve his Lord! A contumacious wretch whom even the terrors of the Church could not drive from the arms of his Delilah! It was one thing in which her Majesty did not well to interfere; when the shepherd betrays his trust he should find no mercy. How many weak souls may not be lost through his recreancy?"

"Thinkst thou not, Holy Father, that the Church is sometimes too severe with her children?"

How I dared to utter such speech in presence of one whose lack of charity for human weakness was not less widely known than his hate of sin, I know not. words of the poor Padre beyond seas were yet echoing in mine ears, and the cruel fate of Xarifa had given me a hate for the instruments of tyranny who use the garb of the Church to sanctify oppression, which even a present sense of danger could not altogether repress. I felt the Fray Antonio's hand tremble on my shoulder as he realized the folly of my words. But whether it was my evident weakness, or humiliation at the thought that his own conduct might be misconstrued, I know not; but the Father Confessor took no note of my indiscretion. On the contrary. his tone was especially kind and considerate as he made answer to my reckless speech:

"It may well be, my son, that the servants of the Church

sometimes err in dealing over-harshly, with the weak and doubting, that is; never with the incorrigible and defiant. This was long a stumbling-block and a cause of sin and rebellion to me; but with prayer and mortification I came with much pain to know the truth. Had it been mine to decide, neither lew nor Paynim who professed and complied, however weakly, should have been despoiled or driven without the realm. The willing spirit may be won from error, but the obdurate and contumacious, the Church does well to destroy. Remember, my son, the Church is answerable to God for the souls of all. They that will not yield must perforce be destroyed; first, because it is not well that the wicked should be left to do harm to the righteous; second, because by the punishment of a few, many may be reformed; and, thirdly, it is a mercy to obstinate unbelievers to remove them from this life, since the longer they live the more errors they invent, the more persons they mislead and the greater damnation do they treasure up for themselves."

As he uttered the concluding words, it was evident that the training of the bigot had gotten the better of the saint. The voice of the gentle prelate became harsh, his eyes flashed, and his cheeks flushed, so that it was easy to see how cruel theological disquisition may make the tenderest-hearted man.

- "But may not the most obdurate repent, Holy Father?" asked the Fray Antonio, with deep humility.
- "Aye, and that maketh doubly difficult the task of him that holds the scourge of the Church. But this man whose name I will not utter——"
- "Pardon, Holy Father," interrupted Fray Antonio, speaking more boldly than I had thought it possible that he should, "but if I understand aright, this sick man to whom speech is a sore distress, brings to thee from the priest whom thou didst chasten, a message of repentance and submission, praying only for leave to serve the Church

in the new lands where he hath chosen to abide in such way as thou shalt direct."

"Is this true?" asked the Confessor, sharply.

"Aye," I answered, "it be true. An' I had the strength to utter but a single word, I would use it to crave pardon and compassion for this man and woman, who, however much they may have erred, have not spared themselves in penitence or fallen below the saints in self-sacrifice."

Then I went on and told as well as my strength would permit the story of the Padre and his Teresa, as it had been made known to me. I was compelled often to pause both by sobs and weakness, for the fever doth unman and enervate beyond all other distempers, as I do think. When I had ended, by giving him the letter of the Padre and the little book he had prepared, there were tears in the eyes of the holy man, and he said in a very low, soft voice:

"God and the Saints be praised that we live to see such miracles of grace!"

Then all the ecclesiastics who were present fell to considering the work the Padre had done, which was much blurred by reason of having been often wet with salt water during the stormy homeward voyage, as I did not fail to explain. They all showed great interest in what was indeed a very wonderful thing, considering under what circumstances it was done, and especially the Fray Antonio, who fell upon his knees and besought the Father Confessor that the book might be committed to his care. in order that by its aid he might be fitted to bear the Gospel to them that sat in darkness in the new lands, to which work he desired to be wholly consecrated. the holy Father, with much show of emotion, blessed him and promised that after he had dwelt in retreat for forty days, if his inclination was still toward this work, his desire should be granted. Then the Fray Antonio rose up and kissed the grimy leaves and folded them to his breast with a look upon his face that minded me of naught so much as the light upon the Padre's brow when he waved me farewell upon the shore of Española. Of this consecration great things afterward came, with light and mercy to many souls of pitiful estate in the new lands.

"I will examine with care the letter thou hast brought," said the prelate, "and if it be with Pedro Corbacho as thou hast reported, which I doubt not, the interdict shall be removed. This much thou hast leave to say to the woman Teresa, whom may the Virgin Mother comfort and the saints reward for her faithfulness."

With this saying he gathered up the papers as if the audience were at an end, but seeming suddenly to recall somewhat he had like to have forgot, he turned to me and said:

"But for thyself,—didst thou not say thou hadst something of importance to ask of me?"

It chanced that when I was not sure I would compass a return on one of the Admiral's ships, I had written a letter to my father which I had thought to send by one of my shipmates. This I had not destroyed, and now producing it, all soiled and worn as it was, I laid it and the receipt of the sacristan of San Marco before the keeper of the royal conscience and said:

"Before we did sail from Española, one who had been a soldier in the war against the Moors, gave these things into my hand and besought me, should I ever be able, to deliver his letter and the casket for which the other doth stand, to his father, to whom the same be addressed. Moreover he directed me, should aught intervene to prevent the performance of my pledge, to apply to your Excellency who, he did declare, was not only well-disposed toward him, but under such obligation as might incline your Eminence to aid such purpose in any manner that might be within thy power and comport with thy duty."

The Queen's Confessor glanced down at the superscription of the letter which he held, with a frown upon his brow, and read aloud:

"The Baron Trude, Edgemont, County Gloster,

England."

"The Baron Trude," he repeated. "I seem to have heard the name but cannot now recall aught connected with it."

"If it please your Excellency," said the Fray Antonio, "to let me examine the handwriting, I doubt not I can refresh your memory. Aye," he continued, when he "It is as I feared. had given it a single glance. well acquaint with the Baron Trude, having spent several months a guest at his house at Edgemont and afterwards being his debtor for many kindnesses at the Court of King Henry VII., where he is a man of mark. being a member of the Privy Council and a peer of the This letter be from his son, Arturo Lac, who came hither during the war with the Moors, 'gainst whom he served, I doubt not, with credit, but of that I know naught, nor have I been able to learn aught concerning him, save that he fell into disfavor, was proclaimed, and disappeared. I know his handwrite, and make sure this is his inscription."

I was thankful, when I heard the Fray's speech, that I had been of late unable to write and that in my raving I had not betrayed myself.

"Arturo Lac, Arturo Lac," repeated the Confessor, absently.

"If your Excellency permit," I said, in a low, weak voice, "he did assure me that the casket was deposited with the sacristan in the name of Artis del Porro, though he was borne on the ship's books as Tallerte de Lajes, all of which names, he says, be the same in effect."

"Aye," said the Confessor, quickly, "I now remember him. How should I ever forget one who has caused me so much sorrow? It was he who, when he went away, sent to me the Son of Achmet, and I have kept strict watch of the port of Palos that whenever Tallerte de Lajes should set foot upon dry land again, I might return to him this gift which hath been the source of so much humiliation to me. I even importuned the Admiral about him when he did pass through the city on his way to the Court, but he would say naught save that he I sought had remained in Española and had surrendered to the charms of an Indian princess; which latter is not what I would have looked for on the part of Del Porro, who besides being a good soldier, had no need to solace himself with a blackamoor."

It seemed as if the top of my bare head must have flushed with shame as my eyes fell upon the floor when I heard these words. But no one took any note of my confusion because of my weakness.

"And this casket," continued the Confessor, "I have heard of that, too. The Sacristan of San Marco must have a bad memory." He smiled scornfully, as he spoke. "And now what dost thou desire?" he asked, turning to me.

- "Leave to depart the realm," I answered.
- "How wouldst thou go?"
- "A ship lieth in the river with anchor atrip, bound for the port of Bristol, and the leeches do aver that a colder clime be needful to heal the malignancy of my distemper."
- "And a nurse—thou forgettest it be also needful thou shouldst have a nurse?" said the Fray Antonio.

There was something in his tone that made the Confessor look at him suspiciously, whereat the young priest's face did flush and his eyes fell.

"And hath a nurse been selected?" he asked.

- "It hath been thought that the sister of this Teresa of whom we have spoken might serve," I said.
 - "A licensed courtesan!" said the prelate, severely.
- "Licensed, if it please your Excellency," interposed the Fray Antonio, submissively but firmly, "but I can avouch no courtesan."
- "Thou seemest to have a very high opinion of her, my brother."
- "Why should I not? I be her confessor and know whereof I speak!"
 - "But her sister—this Teresa?"
 - "She hath but few days to live."
- "The more need the other should remain and comfort her."
 - "Teresa especially desireth that she should go."
- "But why? I like not the thought of asking leave for a youngster and his leman to depart together, even if she be one of those whom Spain can best spare."
- "If you please, good father," I said, "I think it is not only to escape the shame attaching to her position that she is willing to go as such attendant, but because a young man, one of the sailors on the ship, hath made her proffer of an honorable love. To me, she is as a sister, both because of the love and honor I bear the Padre Corbacho, and the fact that I owe what chance there be of life for me, to the care which she and her sister did bestow upon a stranger."
- "Thou wouldst take her then, not so much to minister to thy need, as to secure her welfare?"
 - "Thou hast said it, holy father."
 - "And thou wilt swear that this be true?"
 - "As I hope for salvation."
- "Suppose I should ask thee to take the barb thou hast seen and deliver him to the father of this Del Porro, from whom I did receive him?"

- "I shall be most happy to oblige your Excellency," I said, striving to repress my pleasure at the proposal.
- "Thou wouldst care for him tenderly and deliver him faithfully?"
- "There should be naught lacking that my care could secure," was my reply.
 - "Thinkst thou he would be well provided aboard?"
- "I am told that the ship's owner is very kindly disposed to him from whom thou didst receive the beast," said the Fray Antonio, "as indeed, is every one who dwelleth at the port of Bristol; so I make no doubt his agent would take special pains to please thee."
 - "What be the agent's name?"

The Fray gave the address of the merchant Jacobo Santo, which one of the clerks writ down.

"And where is the dwelling of this Teresa, with whom you lodge?"

Of this also direction was given.

- "Knew she of this visit?"
- "The moments will be ages until she learns thy decision."
- "Bid her wait in patience. It will not be long—perhaps upon the morrow. Is there aught more thou wouldst ask?"

We bowed our heads, received his blessing and withdrew. Many were by this time entering the audienceroom. Upon the stairs we met others.

- "By the Virgin, De Cordova," I heard a voice say, as we went down the steps, "were it not for his bald head and plague-struck face, know you whom I had taken you dotard for?"
- "I cannot guess, unless some Paynim corpse that haunts thy fancy."
- "Paynim! God's mercy! it be the very figure of our Adjutant of Infantry you ordered me to arrest!"
 - "Upon my soul, Ojeda, thou shouldst have been a

poet, thy fancy is so warm! I would God it were he! but well I know it is only the fact that I am come to tempt Francisco Ximenes to part with the barb the Adjutant rode, that brings him to my mind. Heavens! What need hath a priest who scorns rings and croziers and will not even look at a cardinal's hat, of such a horse! If he were a soldier now, like his Grace of Toledo, or a thief like thy precious uncle, Fonseca, there might be some sense in his having such a mount; but a steed of such quality suits not the humility of an ascetic like Francisco Ximenes; though by my faith the Father Confessor hath a light hand on the rein and an easy seat in the saddle, if he hath a bare foot in the stirrup. he will not sell me the Son of Achmet, I swear by St. Jago, I will have him, even if I be compelled to send thee with a company of my Asturians to steal him. Heavens! Look at him you would mistake for the Adjutant, now!"

I had taken off my red cap and eraned my neck around as if to observe the arch of the doorway through which we were passing.

"I knew little of his face," said the stubborn captain, "but put a basinet on that head and a shirt of mail on those shoulders and he would be uncommon like as good a soldier as ever drew blade against the Moors!"

"That he was! That he was!" said De Cordova, with an earnestness that compelled me to put on my cap lest my flushed face should attract attention.

It was on the afternoon of the next day that the Father Confessor entered our lodging with the greeting:

"Peace be within these walls!"

He handed me the keys of the casket I had deposited at San Mario, saying with a smile:

"The Sacristan is growing old, my son, and age thou knowest doth induce forgetfulness. When I reminded him of the circumstances attending the deposit, he remembered it at once and placed the casket with the key he

held in my hands. Thou wilt find my secretary on board the Alfreda with it in his possession. He will remain with thee until thou reachest the river's mouth. Here be thy permit to embark. The Son of Achmet is already aboard. I would counsel that thy departure be not delayed. None knoweth what an hour may bring forth. God bless thee, my son, and send thee a prosperous voyage, deliverance from danger and healing of thy malady."

I fell upon my knees before the good man, but could not utter the thanks that filled my heart; for I was very weak and the unexpected good fortune he had brought was too much for me. I could only kiss his hand with tears.

"I know what thou wouldst say, my son, but thy matters demand despatch. Here is a letter to the Baron Trude I must beg thee to deliver as soon as occasion serves. Where is she who is to go with thee?"

"With her sister, who since our return on yesterday hath not left her bed. Indeed, I think she lyeth at the point of death and the Fray Antonio hath already prepared her soul."

"I trust I am not too late," he said, anxiously. "I have brought her a copy of the rescript of His Grace of Toledo, resolving the interdict."

I led him through the hall to the apartment of Teresa. Maria knelt on the farther side of the couch holding her sister's hand. The Fray Antonio knelt before the dying woman whispering the prayers of the Church. Her noble face was calm, but a thin red line stole now and then between her lips, only to be wiped away by the watchful Sister of Mercy who stood beside the pillow. At the foot of the bed, his honest face clouded with grief, was Irish Bill. As soon as Teresa saw us enter she made a sign for us to draw near. The Father Confessor, remembering first that he was a priest, raised his hands in blessing.

"Peace be with thee, my daughter! Though thou hast

sinned even as Magdalen, thy faith hath made thee whole! I bring thee the desire of thy heart with the blessing of the Archbishop who represents within this See, the Sovereign Pontiff, and is pleased in his name to revoke and rescind the interdict aforetime pronounced against Pedro Corbacho, once pastor of the church at Logrosa, thereby restoring him, wherever he may be, to the office and function of a priest of the One Holy Catholic Church."

A smile of sweet content spread over the dying woman's face. Clasping her hands above her breast, with an upward glance of gratitude and a single sigh, Teresa of Logrosa passed away from earth. At the same moment, the countenance of an alguazil showed itself at the door.

"Teresa of Logrosa and Maria of Logrosa!" he exclaimed in a loud, harsh voice, reading from a paper which he held.

"Silence, thou carrion!" said the Confessor, turning fiercely upon him. "Seest thou not the presence of death and the servants of the Church performing their functions? Tell me thy name, and if thou wouldst escape the doom of him that profanes such holy rites, repair at once to the Church of San Marco and with the sacristan who sent thee hither and did incite this sacrilege, see that thou dost prostrate thyself before the altar and repeat upon thy bended knees, before thy lips speak to mortal save to deliver this command to him, an hundred Aves each. When the day dawns come you together to my audience-room and I will consider what farther penance ye shall do to save your guilty souls!"

The man shrunk back in terror before the wrath of the fierce ascetic, and when dismissed by a wave of his white hand, fled as if pursued by a direful fate.

"Maria de Logrosa," said the Confessor, turning toward the couch.

The sorrowing girl came forth and threw herself in a passion of tears at his feet. "Weep not, my daughter,"

he said as his hand rested on her head. "I have learned of thy faithfulness and have taken steps to remove thy shame. Her Majesty, the Queen, shall know of thy truth, and I doubt not she will by public edict commend the same and cause thy registration to be annulled. In the mean time, him thou hast nursed hath need of thy care and will be to thee a brother. Thy safety and his admit of no delay. Leave thy dead in my care; I promise she shall have such honor in death as she knew not in life. Tarry not a moment and take with thee my blessing. Brother Antonio, and thou, my son, go with them to the house of the merchant Jacobo Santo whence they may the more readily embark."

All night long the soft east wind bore us down the Guadalquivir, swollen with the spring rains. Before the morrow's sunset, blue water swelled under our keel and Spain with its horror and peril, adventure and glory, was sinking from view. The excitement was too much for me, and for the time the need of a nurse was no matter of pretence. It seemed as if the treacherous tropic fever were about to get me again in its clutch, but the lapping of the waves and the gentle motion of the ship lulled me to sleep, while the smell of the salt sea winds brought medicament.

So I was able to sit upon the deck and watch the familiar shore-lines as we sailed up the Severn; to note each remembered landmark as we lay by for the rising tide to cover the Ledges at the mouth of Avon: to breathe a prayer to good St. Vincent as we passed his frowning cliffs and feel the wonted thrill of narrowly-escaped disaster as the Alfreda, with her sunny-faced young captain at the helm, just grazed the side of grim Breakfaucet, and then, with only her light foresail set, sped swiftly on through scenes that filled my heart with a yearning sense of home-coming, along the devious stretches that led to

Master Flemming's dock. Yet, as I stood by the bulwark while the tidy craft was warped into her berth, heard the shouts with which the apprentices greeted their returning friends, and saw Master Flemming wave his hand in salutation to the Captain at my side, I could but laugh at the difference between the hairless, heavy-bearded man, his face yet sallow with the fever's touch, and the sturdy fresh-checked lad who, little better than four years agone, had thenceforth sailed away with brave Sir Thomas Darcy and his gallant company. The boy's eyes were full of the brave light of high expectancy; the man stood on unburied ashes which erstwhile stung his heart to hate.



THE Son of Achmet made the voyage as befitted a steed of royal blood. The Father Confessor's liberality had secured him a stall amidships on the Alfreda, which, in consideration of his being consigned to Baron Trude, had been ingeniously lined with Spanish fleeces, so that if, at any time, his footing should fail by reason of the motion of the vessel, there would be little danger of bruises. But the intelligent animal scarcely needed these kindly precautions. The voyage was uncommonly quick and smooth, and whenever the sea grew rough he manifested an unexpected wisdom by lying down upon the barley-straw which was heaped abundantly about him.

"Don't moind it no more than a kitten," was Bill's report of his charge's condition when first we felt rough water under our keel.

A hint from Jacobo had led to the concealment of our identity from the Captain and crew. Bill was known only as an Irishman who desired to get out of Spain and return to his own country, and had accordingly shipped in place of the sailor who had died; I was Señor Juan de Sevilla, a Spanish gentleman, going to England for my health, and incidentally charged to deliver the horse to Baron Trude.

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for me clothing to suit my assumed character. Maria, albeit she was represented to be a nurse, was from the first regarded as of quite a different rank. The deference shown her by the Confessor's secretary and myself, no doubt strengthened this idea. By asking that Bill should be especially charged with the Son of Achmet, I easily provided for such intercourse between us as comported with our assumed relations. This precaution proved needless. but there seemed no good reason why it should be abandoned, and as it might be of service in case we should be boarded by a Spanish ship even at the last moment, it was thought best that our identity should not be disclosed until we were safe on British soil. That the Captain suspected a closer relation between Maria and myself, it was easy to perceive, and it was not long before I learned he was in doubt whether she were my sister or my sweet-That I was either a grandee or a Jew escaping from the Inquisition through the connivance of the Queen's Confessor, he had surmised, and this impression was confirmed by the largess paid for the transportation of the Son of Achmet.

If, however, there was a question as to my identity, there was none as to that of the horse. His story had been as carefully published as mine had been studiously concealed. It was known to all the crew that the matchless barb had once belonged to the youngest son of the Baron Trude, who after various adventures in the war with the Moors, had mysteriously disappeared. That he had risen to distinction as a soldier was inferred from the equipment of the horse, which was brought on board caparisoned in all the gay trappings worn when he was the special pride of the Adjutant of Infantry.

"It must have been a sad thing for the Baron to lose his youngest son, after all his other misfortunes," said the Captain, with evident compassion, one day as he sat beside my cot. "Though it be said the two were stoutly

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at odds by reason of his desire that the lad should pursue a religious life, for which he had no vocation, I doubt not he will be main glad to see the beast his son rode. He was a great fighter in his young days, himself; they tell me King Henry had small chance of getting his own but for the help of the Baron's sword and the following he brought to the King's banner through the favor he had with them that upheld the right of Lancaster. However, that be all over now, and we have peace and prosperity since the King's rule was established, which hath been of special advantage to the good town of Bristol."

Fearing to betray myself, I manifested no further interest in the matter than to ask how far it was from the landing at Bristol to the Baron's demesne of Edgemont.

"A short hour's ride," he answered, "upon such a steed as that we have aboard, should he land in good condition, and you be well enough to sit the saddle. I will myself go with thee, for every one that sails from the port of Bristol is aye enjoined by the old lord to make inquiry for the son he hath lost. Even now I have a letter which I am commissioned by Jacobo Santo to place in his hands without delay; in case, that is—"

He paused in some embarrassment, and then in answer to my look of inquiry:

"In case you should not arrive safely or be unable to proceed," he added apologetically. "Mayhap, the dispatches you carry may render mine unnecessary. Nevertheless, I will go with thee, though I doubt not there will be bitter greeting when we bring home the horse and no word of him that once bestrode him."

"Is the son then wholly lost?" I asked, curtailing my speech as best I might.

"I think from somewhat Master Flemming let fall, that my Lord Baron did surmise the lad might be with them that sailed with the Admiral Colon. I did hope when I learned of his return that the young lord might be with him. But Jacobo Santo, who went post to Moguer instant on his arrival, and did return to Seville in the Admiral's train learned naught of him. It will be a sore message to bring them that wait for the lad. Belike if he had come he might have stirred up King Henry's caution to adventure something of his treasure in seeking new traffic for our ships, which be now greatly restrained by the rivalry of other fleets. The Basque fishers have already taken bacallos off Thule and claim to have found even better feeding-grounds beyond, where they be so many that a ship can hardly make its way through the shoals."

"Be there navigators in Bristol who would embark in such adventure?"

"Navigators!" he answered, with impatience. "Aye, and merchants! Thou knowest little of English merchants and sailors, Señor, to ask that. Ever since my remembrance there have been at the port of Bristol, they who chafed like dogs in leash, to attempt the unknown sea. And our merchants clamor ever for new marts. In spite of the corsairs of Algeria and the rivalry of the Italians, our ships go now even to Egeria, on whose coast but the last year, one of my father's ships was cast. I do but sail this for Master Flemming while another is being built for me."

"Thy name is Blanquet, I think!"

"Aye," he answered with a smile, "a name which liketh to be known as wide as that of him who found the way to Ind, because of the wares my father makes, which be called after him; Matthew Blanquet, at your service, Señor."

He touched his cap with the abrupt courtesy of a British mariner. He was a young man of about my own age, as I judged.

"The English seek always traffic rather than adventure," I said, musingly.

"An unprofitable voyage maketh a dull home-coming, Señor," he replied, "however full of hard knocks it may be: but I never heard of British mariner or merchant that shrunk from any venture because of blows or danger. own it doth fret me that the King's parsimony should have left it for Spanish prows to show us the way to a new market. For myself, though I believe not all the Admiral and his men tell of the new lands they have found, I would like nothing better than a voyage thither, even if we brought back nothing better than the gay nettings with which the Pinta was loaded. It was a good lading, too, for the hamac exactly befits the climate of Spain and the habits of her people; so that the wonder be they waited so long for the heathen to find out their need. Perhaps an English eye as keen as Alonzo Pinzon's might find something there to meet English wants as well."

I smiled wearily, and my watchful nurse declared that I must talk no more. So I turned over in my narrow cot and dreamed, not of the past, which I had left behind in Spain, but of the future when I should sail in a British craft for the island of Cubagua where the pearls do grow. Such is the inconsistency of youth! It was scarce two months since the knowledge of Xarifa's untimely fate had almost deprived me of life. Now, though it hung like a dark cloud over me, shutting out all hope of happiness, yet it had already become a spur to new adventure. felt that love had cut my life in twain. Xarifa was not only of the past, but of that land of which I hated all, save her memory. Not one thought of her was associated with the home to which I was returning, save her urgent longing to behold its loveliness. Child of the Moor as she was, the love of verdure was part of her English inheritance. I have often wondered that I was not consumed with raging, murderous hate for those who had taken her sweet young life; but in truth, the Padre's teaching had given me great tenderness for human weak-

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in Spain. We had some passengers whom I made to pay roundly for their accommodation, or rather Jacobo for them. He did not object, but said thou wouldst surely give me a rating when thou shouldst know what I had done. But in truth, good Master, I thought the risk I took justified a long charge."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Master Flemming, anxiously. "Who are thy passengers? Thou knowest I did caution thee to take no Jew aboard on any terms."

"An' Jacobo did swear that not one of these was of the People who are proscribed. Truly, I could not trace their ancestry back to the beginning—save that of the horse; his pedigree reacheth nearly there, as I judge. At least it goeth back to the stud of the Prophet. But here be one of them who can speak for himself."

Turning to me he said:

"Thou wilt pardon me, Señor, for failing to introduce thee before. Master Flemming, this be Señor Juan de Sevilla, whom Jacobo Santo commended to my special care until I should deliver him to thy hands, when, he said, there would be no need of further avouchment."

"Your servant, sir," said Master Flemming, extending his hand with that nod which is the nearest approach to a bow the English burgher makes, save in the presence of royalty. "You be right welcome because of him that sent you, concerning whose affairs I trust I have not spoken too plainly." His tone showed his anxiety.

"Have no fear, Master Flemming," I responded with a low bow, the better to keep up the rôle which I had assumed, as also from habit, for now that I met mine own people again, I wondered if I were not more Spanish than English. "Have no fear; Messer Jacobo hath no better friend than I, excepting not even yourself. That I am worthy to be trusted the possession of this will testify."

I handed him the order of Messer Jacobo, payable to myself or my father, for the balance in his hands from which was to be deducted Master Flemming's advances to me.

"This I was to deliver in duplicate, the one to thee and the other to Baron Trude, to whom I bear also a letter from his son."

"Thank God! The young man, then, is still alive?" said Master Flemming, with such show of earnest feeling that my heart misgave me for the deception I was practicing; but I had determined not to reveal myself until I stood in my father's presence.

"That be not so sure," I answered, pulling out the letter. "It hath been writ, it seems, a long time, and only himself knoweth what adventure he hath met with since that time."

"Aye," he said looking first at the letter I held toward him and then at the order in his own hand, "it hath little appearance of being lately writ. Though," he added, after a moment, "wherever the lad may be, fortune hath evidently gone with him, and we may trust she will remain. He hath no need to ask credit of Heinrich Flemming now—unless, indeed, this be a shrewd device of Messer Jacobo."

He eyed me keenly as he spoke.

"But I do forget," he continued; "wilt thou not rest with me and tell me how I may serve thee? To him who cometh with Jacobo's commendation I am proud to use the Spanish phrase, 'All that I have is thine.'" He bowed, a little lower than before, and waved his hand toward the counting-room.

"Many thanks, good Master Flemming. My affairs demand that I should presently set forth. But there be one on board the ship, a young Spanish girl to whom I am under obligation, whom it would pleasure me greatly if thou wouldst receive under thy roof until she can be otherwise provided for. She be an honest wench who hath suffered grievously of late and is much cast down."

"She shall be welcome; an' it will go hard if Mistress Flemming do not soon dry her eyes if mothering will do't. An' my own lass were at home she would soon hearten her. There be nothing like one maid to cheer another."

"And is Mistress Elsie not within?" asked the captain.

"Hoots toots, man," said Master Flemming, with a humorous assumption of severity. "Thou likest to have forgotten thy duty to the lass, who hath been fretting herself all but into a decline, because the Alfreda came not to port, while the young dog, her captain, was disporting himself with the Doñas of Seville."

"I do assure thee, Master-"

"Nay, we have enough of thy assurance already. Thou needest not look so glum. The lass have but gone to a friend's without the wall some little distance, that the hawthorne blooms might shame the roses back into her cheeks. An' thou hast a fair accompt to give, she shall return ere thy next charter be signed."

He shook his head in mock displeasure at the young man, and continued: "Business before pleasure, Matthew; thy passengers before thy sweetheart. Bring forth the Señorita and commend her to the Mistress' care."

Then, turning to me, he added:

"The youngster hath been sweethearting with my Elsie for nigh a year. He is a honest lad, though he be a sailor, an' I tell her though she may not always have the softest bed, she will be aye sure of a good Blanquet!"

He laughed heartily at his jest, which was evidently a favorite with him.

"But what is the pressure of thy affair that taketh thee abroad so soon?" he asked.

"I must to Edgemont without delay. I have messages of import for the baron, and also must deliver to him the

barb which was his son's war-horse. Thou hearest how even a moment's delay irks him?"

The Son of Achmet was neighing for his master and making the fire fly from the rough paving with impatient hoof-strokes.

"And that was young Master Arthur's war-horse? With your leave I will have a look at him for his master's sake," said the merchant, leading the way along the dark passage to the street.

It was a picture of faithfulness and fury that greeted our eyes as we reached the studded door which swung open on the street. Unused to restraint the fiery stallion, with flaming eyes and distended nostrils, within which the red membranes showed like coals of fire, was trying to shake off the faithful Irishman, who clung to the bit as if life and death depended on his grip.

- "Unhand him!" I shouted, as the horse reared aloft, swinging his persecutor clear of the ground.
- "Sure there'd be nothin' left av him but a black streak if I did," said the plucky fellow as his feet struck the earth once more.
- "And there will be not even a streak left of thee, if thou dost not. Unhand him, I say!"
- "As the Señor likes," said Bill, doggedly, releasing his hold and shrinking back to the other side of the narrow street, now thickly lined with lookers-on.

The Son of Achmet reared again to his full height, pawing the air fiercely and neighing angrily, in resentment of the indignity which had been offered him. As his feet again touched the ground, his tense limbs quivered and he was about to dash madly off, when I gave a soft low whistle. I think he had scarcely recognized his old master in the few times I had seen him on shipboard. While the horse's sense of smell is no doubt very keen and is chiefly relied on by him for avouching impressions which he hath, I think it is by the ear that his

memory is most readily awakened. No sooner did he hear the familiar call than his limbs lost the rigid strain of expectancy: he threw up his head, his ears quivering and his eyes taking in every figure within his range, in search of the one who had uttered the call. Had I been clad in basinet and mail, I doubt not he would have prostrated himself at my feet. I repeated the call and held out my hand. Eyeing me keenly, he approached and snuffed suspiciously at the open palm. In an instant his demeanor was changed. With a glad neigh he bent his head to my caress and then stepped forward to present the stirrup to my foot. I patted him, whispered in his ear and throwing the rein over the saddle-bow, said to Bill:

"Bring him now a stoup of water and a brown loaf and he will forget that thou hast angered him. Such a horse may be guided by a thread but would die before he would suffer compulsion."

"The young Master Arthur knew a good horse, but it needeth something more than desire to compass such a steed as that. What think you might be his worth?" asked Master Flemming curiously.

"I did hear the noblest cavalier in Spain say but the other day that his equal was not in all Castile. He was a gift, as I have heard, from a grandee whose life was saved by the sword of your young countryman."

"I seem to have heard somewhat of that before. He is surely a wondrous beast, though for my part, commend me to a Flemish cob, when a burgher of substance hath need of a horse, especially if he have to carry a lusty lass on the croup. Which minds me that, if it please thee, I will have my own nag saddled, and bear thee company to Edgemont. I would like to see the old Knight when he first gets sight of that piece of Moorish silk and ebony. I will wager something that, old as he is, he will insist on being lifted into the saddle ere another put a leg over him."

- "The Son of Achmet will bear him as gently as a mother carries her babe."
- "Sayest thou so? I can well believe it; but, in faith, I wish it were the young lord himself rather than his horse, that was going to Edgemont," he added, regretfully.
- "I shall be most pleased to have your company," I said.
- "Ho, there!" he cried to one of his 'prentices. "Saddle me Old Tom, against the Señor shall taste a bottle of wine or a pot of ale, as he pleases, and a bite of bread and cheese with me. I trow the Mistress hath it ready. Mind thou put on the pillion, an' find a beast for the man, too. Come," he said, turning back into the house and through the counting-room into the great hall where I had dined and supped so oft. The Captain stood by the long oaken table, swallowing a mug of ale.
- "Aye, lad, I see thou hast the true art of the sailor," said the burgher, heartily, "eat when thou hast a chance, an' sleep when off watch. Wilt thou not tarry and have another cup with us?"
- "My duty, sir," emptying the flagon as he spoke, "but I am under bonds to show the Señor the way to Edgemont, straightway on our arrival, and I go to seek a mount so as to make no delay."
- "Bid them saddle Young Tom for thee. He is overlively for one of my years; if he breaks thy neck it will, perchance, save thee from being drowned anon."
- "The Mistress desireth thou wouldst make excuse for her," said the maid courtesying to her master as the Captain went out. "She be with the young lass who is sore bested at the thought of being left alone with strangers."
- "Poor girl—if I might take her to Edgemont," I said, thoughtfully.
- "She is most welcome to a place upon the pillion," answered my host.
 - "Couldst thou not lend my man the pillion?" I asked.

- "He speaketh Spanish after a fashion, and if I mistake not, she would sooner ride with him than another, if he spake not at all."
- "Say'st thou so? Then he shall have it, and, indeed, that serves my purpose well, as I care not that this rascal Captain should suspect my daughter be at Edgemont. It will be a rare treat to witness his surprise."
- "You seem to make much of him that is to be your son-in-law," I said.
- "An' why should not I? A braver lad or a truer sails not out of Bristol port. An' the young Master—I mean young Lord Arthur—were here to dance at the spousals, I would have naught more to ask."
- "From somewhat that Jacobo Santo said I had guessed that Mistress Elsie and Master Arthur—"
- "Jacobo is a fool!" exclaimed the merchant, angrily. Then he drained his mug of home-brewed and munched great lumps of barley bread in silence, until suddenly he broke out in laughter.
- "Nay, Señor de Sevilla," he said, finally, "it is I that be the fool. Why should I care if it be known that my Elsie and the young master were fond of each other once? He was a good lad and they were as brother and sister, as I pray God they may be again. But things were different then. The lad was untried and knew not his own That he gave it to another was no shame to him. though I misdoubt if he would ever have asked release of his plight. But my Elsie was not one to wear a weed. I doubt if she had really any serious expectation, and when she knew herself no longer bound to one in another station, though she be good enow for any, I think it was a great relief, and she had no heartier wish than that he might be happy with his Moorish cousin, as was most right and proper as it appeared to all, though Heaven it seems did not will it so to be."

The reader may judge of my surprise at the revelation

these words conveyed. So the love for my sweet cousin and her terrible fate were no secret even here in Bristol! I could scarce choke down the food or hold back my tears, and should unwittingly have betrayed myself, had not the door at this instant burst open and in rushed the Signor Caboto, exclaiming:

"What be this I hear, Master Flemming, that thou hast word of our old friend, the Master Arthur Lake that was, and a stranger come from Spain with news that Cristofero

Colon hath returned from a voyage to Ind by the Western Sea. An not a word of such great news to thy friends? Is there room in thy pot only for thine own nose?"

"Faith, my good Capitano, I know naught of the news you mention: but this is Señor Juan de Sevilla, as doth ap-



pear from the manifest of the Alfreda, on which he arrived from Spain almost within the hour, and I have seen in his possession a letter to the Baron which hath unquestionably the young Lord's superscription. He hath also in charge a war-horse which the Queen's Confessor, that Francisco Ximenes of whom we have heard, doth send to the Lord Baron, because it did once belong to his son. A thing which, to my mind, looketh not so well. As for the rest, he can doubtless give account himself. If you will permit me, Señor de Sevilla, this is the Captain Johan Ca-

boto, a navigator whose name is known in many seas, but nowhere more honorably than in Bristol, where he hath long dwelt."

- "And is it true, Señor, that Colon hath returned from Ind by the western passage?" exclaimed Caboto excitedly, as we shook hands.
- "He hath, indeed, returned from his westward voyage," I made answer, "in which he discovered many new lands and peoples before unknown, whereof he hath brought certain back to Spain with him as a testimony."
- "And hast thou seen him? Hadst thou speech with any of them that went with him? How far sailed they, and on what course? What didst thou learn?"

I smiled at the simple-minded navigator's eagerness, which made him even forget to acknowledge the refreshment the merchant urged upon him.

- "Assuredly, Signor Caboto," I replied, "I learned more than I could tell, or you could ask in a long time; since I not only saw the Admiral after his return and had speech with many who sailed with him, but am in truth one of them myself."
- "What! thou hast been to Ind!" both men exclaimed at once.

I took off the velvet cap Jacobo had provided and bowed low before them.

- "What I say, gentlemen, I be well able to avouch," I said as I stood uncovered before them. I drew forth the certament of Alonzo Pinzon, and gave it to Caboto.
 - "And this Pinzon?" he asked after he had read it.
 - "He was one of the Admiral's Captains."
 - "The Admiral?"
 - "That is Colon-Cristofero Colon."
 - "And he is Admiral now?"
 - "Of all the Western Seas."
- "Certes, it be well deserved! And you sailed with him?"

I bowed again.

"I thank God, that I do live to see this day and take the hand of one who hath seen such wonders," exclaimed the hearty navigator as he wrung my hand again

"But why," said the merchant, "told you none of these things to me before?"

"Faith, Master Flemming," I answered with a laugh, "I did speak of those things thou didst ask about. Is it not so?"

"Indeed, thou speakest truly; but I be only a dunderhead merchant and not a nimble-wit like the Signor Caboto. Your health, Señor de Sevilla!"

He raised the mug to his lips, while Caboto exclaimed:

"Aye! thou hast overreached me and disproved thine own words. It was I should have proposed that; but I drink it not less heartily. And thou, Señor, thou dost not keep silence longer for lack of questioning!"

"I go without delay to the home of the Lord Baron at Edgemont," I answered with a smile. "Is it not so, Master Flemming?"

"Indeed, the horses do await," he replied with evident reluctance.

"Then," said Caboto with a low bow, "I shall crave permission with a few good friends to go along with thee, that we may hear more of these wonders, on the way."

"I shall be most happy of such escort," I replied, "if Master Flemming can abide the delay."

"A half hour more or less maketh no moment," said the merchant, "and even a night at Edgemont would be no sore vexation. What sayest thou, Capitano?"

"If only the young lord were there," responded the navigator, sadly.

"True, true; the Señor will have to take his place. But make haste, Capitano, and waste not the moments in staring when thou art so greedy to hear. Remember there be lovers of our party as well as graybeards like ourselves; besides, I misdoubt if the Señor's health would permit exposure to the evening chill. Here be my Mistress," he continued, as Caboto departed, "come to make her duty to one who hath seen such wonders. This be Señor de Sevilla, Mistress Flemming, who hath but now arrived from Ind and bringeth news from Master Arthur as well as letters from Jacobo Santo."

"Thou art welcome," said the mistress, quietly dropping me a courtesy which was a condescension. "I grieve to learn thy health is not good and trust that it will soon be bettered."

"The air of Britain is said to have a potent enmity for tropic fever."

"God grant it bring thee strength, Señor."

"Well, well, we must to horse if we expect to get clear of the crowd in the street," said the merchant, returning from the front door in great excitement. "Buss me, mistress, and bid the Señor adieu. I shall bring back the lass in gallant company, if not the night, then early the morrow."

It was indeed a "gallant company" that rode through the crowd gathered on Old Market Street and cantered out on the Stapleton road, which was the most direct to Edgemont.

Ah, what a ride it was through the June lanes in pleasant converse with such friends! "If but Xarifa were by my side!" my heart cried out at every step, and I could scarce keep back my tears with all the gayety I assumed. While I spake of the wonders of the new lands my heart was bursting with the love and woe of the old.



As we drew near to Edgemont my strength began to Its towers and arches grew dim and confused when I tried to trace their outlines. I think I must have swayed in the saddle, though the Son of Achmet seemed to have known my infirmity and made the way almost as easy as if I swung in one of the New World hamacs, rather than rode in the saddle mounted with shining silver, which the Duke of Medina-Sidonia had given to his rescuer; for I have a dim remembrance of the fair-faced Captain on one side and the gray-bearded navigator on the other giving me support, while Bill, who had been cautioned on no account to betray my identity, rode now before and now behind me in the narrow, hawthorn-bordered lane, his face full of woe and quite unmindful of the wondering girl upon the pillion, who clung to him halfaffrighted by the strange surroundings. I do not know when we passed the gates, but it was evident that our cortège had been observed as it wound down the hillside. for the courtyard seemed filled with domestics and How their faces blurred and intermingled as they gazed at our strange array! I knew that Master Flemming spurred forward on his lumbering roan and spoke to a gray-bearded man who stood leaning on a staff at the top of the steps that led to the main entrance. How well I remembered every check and graining of

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them! I knew this was my father, and like a silly child waked out of a dreaming slumber, thought one of the ladies by his side was my mother.

The fancy soothed me. I thought I would soon be at rest in her arms. There were shouts and exclamations, and I heard Master Flemming speak of "Ind" and "Arthur" without thought that either referred to me or my experience. Then a voice still resonant and commanding, exclaimed:

"One that bringeth news of my son? Let him approach—quickly!"

There was a strange eagerness and yearning about the voice that filled me with a dull surprise. I knew the Son of Achmet was brought near the upping-stone which, because of my father's lameness, stood near the door, in order that I might be the easier lifted down from the saddle. My cap fell off and I leaned weakly toward the Captain's arms, which I knew were outspread to receive me, when there came a cry that sent the blood back to my heart and stung my nerves into renewed life. I sat upright in the saddle and gazed wonderingly around. Whence came that voice? Did the dead speak to me in reproachful tones? There was a rush of woman's garments, a light footstep on the upping-stone, and then came again that cry, sorrowful yet full of gladness:

"Tallerte! Tallerte!"

· Soft arms were about my neck; soft lips showered kisses on mine. There were sobs and murmurs, and finally, it seemed, a shout burst forth from them that stood about:

"Lord Arthur! Long live Lord Arthur!"

Whereat I laughed, for I knew then that my mind had given way again, and that what I thought I heard and saw was only a dream—a phantasy! Yet it would not vanish, and when they had pulled me from the saddle, borne me into the house and given me wine to drink, I still saw

the same face lined with dripping tears; felt the same soft hand in mine; heard the same wondering clamor; while all around were anxious faces—some that I knew and many that I knew not. The hand answered to the pressure of mine own; the tender orbs rained tears; the bosom shook with sobs; the lips murmured ceaselessly in the musical Castilian:

"Tallerte! Tallerte! Know you not Xarifa? Your Xarifa!"

To which appeal I answered at length, dazed, wondering, and unbelieving:

"Xarifa?"

Then again a shout arose and slowly the truth dawned upon me; I was alive and what I saw was no phantasm.

Yet even when I knew that what I saw was real and not fantastical, I was as one living in a world of miracles. How came it that Xarifa was alive and in my father's house? Why was I hailed "Lord Arthur?" Why was my father so overwhelmed by my return?

"Art thou risen from the dead?" I asked, opening my arms to Xarifa who cast herself sobbing upon my breast. All around were smiles and tears, only Bill Ayers and Maria looking on dry-eyed and wondering.

"Didst thou truly think me dead?"

"Did not Jacobo tell me thou hadst been condemned to the sanbenito?"

"Ah, Jacobo? In good faith I might have been, for any aid from him! But I will not blame him. He was in mortal terror of his own life, as one hath need to be, in that land where the shadow of the Holy Office resteth over all."

Then, with many interruptions, of questions and exclamations, with my arm around her and surrounded by the wondering friends, Xarifa told her story—old to them but new to me.

"I was, indeed, seized by the Familiars and thrown

into prison. They thought me a Jewess, and mocked at my claim to be the daughter of Zenete. I was afraid to mention thy name lest it should enhance thy danger. seems there had been something irregular about the sale of the house of the Rabbi Ibrahen, or its lease—by which they thought there was an attempt to cover up the lew's possession. I think it was the servant gave information—or it may have been that companion whom we so greatly trusted. They had seen my jewels and methinks they stole the bodice in which they were hidden. At least they disappeared, and the officials denied all knowledge of them. The parchment and the key which hung about my neck awakened suspicion, too. I did not wish to tell the truth about them, and they counted the figures thou didst draw upon it to be some religious So they accused me of being a Jewess and of necromancy and heresy as well.

"I was afraid to answer questions, but appealed always to the Queen, demanded speech of my godmother, the Doña Juana de la Torre, who was the Aya of the royal infant, and the Monk Francisco Ximenes of San Juan de los Reves, my confessor. These demands I repeated whenever any questions was asked me, because-well, because I knew of naught else to do. It would have been of little avail but for the Doña Guadita de Ulana, however. coming to find me as she had promised thee, learned my sore straits and gave no rest to her little feet—may all the saints bless her for her goodness!—till she had the Doña Juana de la Torre, the Father Francisco, the Chevalier de Cordova, and I know not who else, tugging at the Queen's skirts for an order for my release. The which, God and His Son be blessed, they did get without delay, and the Doña Guadita herself came with no less an officer than the Captain of one of the Companies of the Legion, Alonzo de Ojeda, and showed an order to the Council of the Holy Office, the Inquisitor-General and all his subordinates,

commanding them without delay or question to hand me over to the civil authorities, and in case of refusal or evasion the officer was directed to take me by force wherever found. With them came also the Father Francisco Ximenes, but lately appointed Confessor to the Queen, who, when they did deny that I was confined within the prison of the Inquisition, vowed he would search every cell with his own eyes if they brought me not forth.

"Thereupon, I was brought, sore distraught with fright, but the good God be praised, not having been put to torture: which I deem was more from my continued appeal to the Queen than from any mercy on their part. Father Francisco, the Holy Mother bless him, would not let me go forth in the garb they had put on me, but caused them to bring my own garments and all the money and jewels I had when seized, and required them to give possession also of the house and make order for all my belongings to be restored. When these things had been done they hurried me away, but instead of bringing me again to our house as I had expected them to do, they took me on board a ship lying in the river, whereon Sir Thomas Darcy was embarked, and when the Doña Guadita and the Chevalier de Cordova had spoken with him, and I had told also my own story, he swore roundly at the Inquisitor-General and at their Majestics themselves, like a gallant gentleman as he is, for having so mistreated a brave soldier and his troth-plight. He vowed it was of a piece with the King's ingratitude that sent his own following back without reward enough for their toils to buy bread to keep off the sea-qualms on their way home. He told the Sieur Cordova to his face, thou wast the son of a peer of England high in the counsels of King Henry, who if he did not take a Spanish head for every hair of thine that fell through action of their cursed spies and priestly blood-hounds, was not fit to sit upon the throne he held; whereof he would himself advertise him so soon as wind and tide might take him into London Town. Whereon the Sieur de Cordova spake him fair and begged that he would make no harsh report of their Majesties, who were in special anxious to be on good terms with their cousin of England. He promised to find out all that was known of thee as did also the Father Confessor.

"The next day, in good sooth, there were brought on board great stores of food and money and largess for the men, and a suit of armor and a horse with gallant trappings for Sir Thomas Darcy and other marks of favor for the knights who had served with him. The Doña Guadita came also with rich presents for me from her Majesty, and the Sieur Cordova, shamefacedly and with much constraint. said naught could be found of thee; but it was surmised from a letter the Queen's Confessor had received, that thou hadst sailed with that Colon who sought a passage to Ind. The Doña Guadita whispered me that it was not well to trust all he said, for while De Cordova was not one to speak what was untrue, he never stammered at telling less than the whole truth. Then she gave me your letter and said that when thou didst return she would send thee straight home to Bristol—if she were not able to keep thee herself, that is."

And this Xarifa said with such archness that all the company did laugh and I could not refrain from kissing her again before them all.

- "It would fare ill with Spain," I said, touching my bare poll, "an' she lost a head for every hair that I have shed with sorrowing for thee alone, Carita."
- "But why asked thou not the Doña Guadita of me, or the good Confessor Francisco Ximenes?"
- "Aye, indeed, him I did see, and have a letter from him for my Lord."

I drew forth the letter and examined the superscription, which I had not before noted.

"Nay," I said, "now I do perceive it be directed to me in the first instance. I trust your Lordship will permit me, therefore, to break the seal."

My father bowed assent, and opening the letter I read:

"My son: Grace, mercy, and blessing be with thee!

"Think not I did not know thee. He that liveth long in a cloister and spendeth much time in prayer learneth to see things that be hidden from others. I knew thou wert the Son of Achmet's master instantly when I saw thine eyes fixed upon him and heard the words stick in thy throat as I did question thee. I thank God thou hast come to relieve me of a great cross and a sore temptation.

"I trust I am not doing wrong to favor thy deception. I know not why the King be so hot against thee nor why thou art pursued by those whose zeal sometimes outruns discretion; but I believe thou art a good and worthy soldier and a true believer. So I have done what I might to favor thy design, trusting to thine honor to be faithful to my weakness, should aught occur whereby I shall be blamed. It doth not seem my duty to know thee other than as thou art avouched, and I have no mind to pry into what is hid.

"Wishing thee a fair voyage, and praying to be remembered to the daughter of Zenete who awaits thy coming, with greeting to his Lordship, thy father, whose praise is in the mouths of all, I pray to be remembered alway as the humble servant of Christ Jesus.

"Francisco."

"It seems Lord Arthur had the antidote for his woe with him this many a day, but would not take it until how?" said Signor Caboto, jauntily.

"That be true, in part," I answered, greatly disturbed

by what I had heard, "but who can tell me why I was so pursued and persecuted by a King I had well served, as is confest, and why am I given a title that is forbidden me?"

For even my joy was not sufficient to drown the memory of wrong which the years had quickened with a growing sense of injustice.

"I fear, my son," said my father, with great show of grief, "that I am the unwitting cause of all thy suffering."

I take shame to myself that I did not at once express my confidence that he could not have done so other than unwittingly. But the remembrance of his harshness had steeled my heart against him, and though I saw Xarifa place her hand in his and look up into his face with a daughter's love shining in her eyes, I could not bring myself to utter any courteous profession. I had not even craved his blessing and knew not that I ever should. If I had not won the honors I had hoped to secure, I had no less pride than he; had approved myself a soldier who needed no man's indorsement, and believed that I held the key of fortune in my hand. So I waited for him to resume, hardly looking up from the settle on which they had placed me.

"I have first to confess, my son," he went on, after a moment, "that I did treat thee harshly and unjustly. I thought I was wise, but God has shown all the world my folly."

Thereon all my harshness melted, and stretching forth my hand, I said:

"I pray thee, my lord, let it be clean forgot."

"I thank God," he said, clasping my hand, "thou livest to forgive; forget thou canst not. Know, then, that when I sent thee into Spain, I did rely upon the harsher enginery of the Church there prevalent, to reconcile thee to a religious life. Hardly hadst thou sailed,

however, when that false Warwick, the bastard hind, Lambert Sinnel, came into Lancashire with a sturdy following of York renegades, against whom was sent that flower of chivalry, thy brother Edward, whom all did love. Moving with such dispatch as he had learned was more important in such an affair than numbers, he fell unexpectedly on the pretender, at Stoke in Staffordshire, put his following to rout and took him prisoner, but was himself so sorely wounded that he died a short month there-In the meanwhile, Clarence, thy elder brother, going, as in duty bound, to succor him in his besetment, was himself smitten with the pokkes, which the rascal Yorkists had brought with them out of France, so that he, too, met his death, and that most horribly. happened not before the King, graciously mindful of the service of our family, had granted a title to the eldest son, though he had not yet come into the baronage. whom I had cut off from the succession, became within the year my eldest and only son; and to thee comes now the title, since both thy brothers died without issue."

I had put my hands over my eyes, but heard many sobs in the circle of listeners. My father's pride in his two elder sons was known to all, and, though I had suffered because of it, I both loved and honored as well as envied them.

"Thus was I shown how I had sinned," continued my father after a moment's silence; "and this I will say, if I was harsh before I was truly desirous to make quick amend, and did implore the King to cause his ambassador at the Court of their Catholic Majesties to make inquiry for thee, and impart to thee my earnest wish for thy return. Also I did myself lay the matter before Ferdinand of Aragon, with whom I made acquaintance what time I visited his father's court upon the service of my royal mistress, then in sore distress, and did ask him to inform thee of my desire, and speed thy departure from the

Moorish war in such manner as he might deem best. In very truth, lad, I did fear my harshness had turned thy heart and that thou mightst refuse to come without the strong compulsion of the royal will. Moved by my importunity, no doubt, His Majesty caused search and proclamation to be made after the Spanish fashion. How these failed, thou knowest. I had better have gone to our friend Flemming, who had no doubt been able somehow to contrive a message to thee; but one who hath been a courtier all his life, rarely thinks of the straight way to an end. He would go a league through a court rather than a furlong through a warehousing; while a merchant would make the same mistake contrariwise. Is it not so, Master Flemming?"

"I misdoubt it may be," said the merchant, gravely, "but now that all hath ended well, it doth seem to me, with due respect to your Lordship, we ought rather to give thanks for what is than blame the means by which it came."

To this there was no response, and I knew that all were-waiting for me to speak. Wherefore, I presently sat up on the edge of the settle, being now greatly revived, and said:

"Your Lordship needeth not be told that I blame thee not for aught that hath been, or that I would rather far have missed this fortune and favor than have come by them by the death of the brothers whom I loved. All the more, I may say this, because as Master Flemming's accompt doth attest, I come not back empty-handed. Nevertheless, I will say that I owe their Spanish Majesties small thanks. Proclamation and reward be an ill way to herald favor, and the sanbenito no fit robe for a faithful soldier's bride. Wherefore, it shall go hard, if, having once sailed to the Ind against my will, I go not again on my own accompt."

At this there went up from the little company in the great hall, something like a cheer, and Sanctus Caboto,

who had just arrived, having followed us post-haste from Bristol and guessed what he had not heard, pushing through them that stood before him, thrust out his hand and exclaimed:

"Faith, my Lord Arthur, I beg to shake your hand for that as well as for old times. My father says I be but a poor sailor, but whenever thou hast need of a ship for such a venture, our house stands ready to furnish as tidy a craft as ever sailed down Severn and the junior partner will go as one of her company."

"And I," said Captain Blanquet, "I must sail with thee also, even if I have to go down from the quarter-deck to the forecastle."

"Nay, nay," I said, "we will be a free company, wherein all shall serve and none command, save by the choice of his fellows."

"And share the profits like a hake-fisher's hotchet," interposed Signor Caboto; "that be the true way of adventuring by sea."

"Afore ye get yer company all bespoke," exclaimed Bill Ayers, coming forward, "let me remind ye that an auld messmate 'll be ready to bring his kit aboord whinever ye sphake the word!"

"Never fear I shall forget," I said, and thereupon I introduced him to my father and the company, telling them how we had stood by each other, the only Englishmen in all the crews, and how we had escaped being left in Española as the Admiral did desire we should.

"I, also, did once have a stout comrade named Ayers, who did hail from Galway, and met his death at Bosworth," said my father as he shook the faithful fellow's hand. "But that he died, I do misdoubt if Henry had been king the nonce. The blow he gat was meant for Richmond's crest, and sped by an arm that seldom missed its aim, that Richard who fell upon my point the instant after."

- "By the same token," answered Bill, carelessly, "the like happened to me fayther on that same day."
- "An' thou wert the son of Makewell Ayers, thou hast a king for thy debtor."
- "Which is the very reason I am so little like to get my due," was the stout response.
- "Thou shouldst have inherited the estate of which thy father was dispossessed."
- "And I have not a shieling to cover the head of one that loves me."
- "Never mind," my father responded, heartily, "I pledge the King's name that when thy father's son findeth a bride, she shall not lack dower or settlement."
- "I stand upon thy word, my Lord, and with my hand give heart and troth," said the Galway lad, extending his hand to Maria de Logrosa, who clasped it with a trusting smile.
- "You will not go away, now?" she asked entreatingly, looking up into his flushed face.
- "Be sure he will not go far, Señorita," said Signor Caboto, gayly. "There be aye short voyages when Dan Cupid mans the helm. Here be one deserter already, and by the blush on Mistress Elsie's cheek I trow the Captain Blanquet will drift on the same rock. It augureth ill for thy venture, Sir Arthur."
- "Nay," I said, falling into his mood, "that cannot be, for Mistress Elsie hath my troth-plight on her lips and cannot hold the Captain till she give it back."
- "If it please you, my Lord Arthur," responded Mistress Elsie, with a glance at Xarifa, "I did put thy pledge in pawn long since where thou hadst already given thy heart; yet, if thou dost insist on taking it thyself, I will not grudge thee a kiss for old times."

Therewith, she made a pretty courtesy. I stretched out my hand and taking hers would have risen to salute her, but she prevented, saying. "Nay, my Lord, it is not fitting that thou shouldstrise to pay devoir to one who hath kept her plight no better than thou, and is aye glad to give it back, as she was honored to receive it."

Thereupon she stooped and kissed Xarifa and then offered her lips to me; the which when I had saluted, I did place her hand in Captain Blanquet's and taking Xarifa's in mine, said:

"He that hath taken a wife goeth not out to fight for a year and a day. With your leave, my Lord, I do invite this company to a triple wedding at such time as my lady shall name, and, until that time be expired, we will give no more heed to voyagings to new lands. What sayest thou to that, Xarifa?"

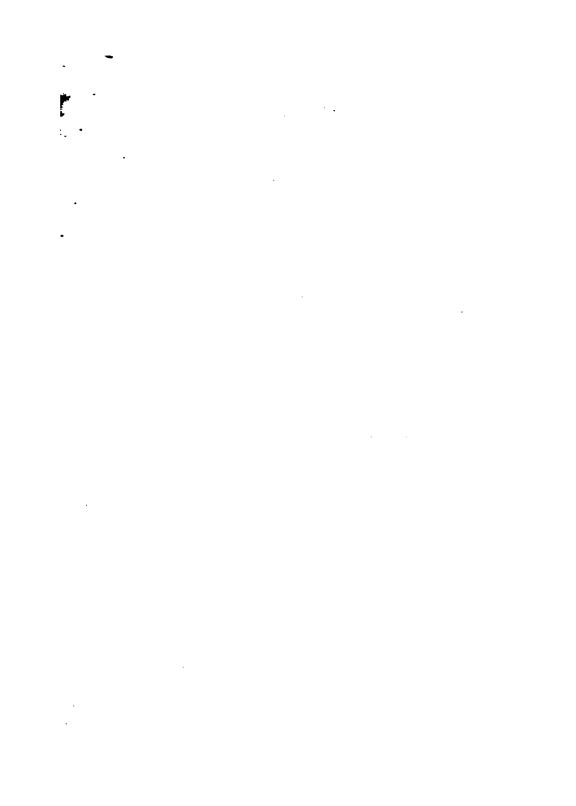
"Thou knowest," she answered, "it is not the custom with my people for the woman to name the day of espousal. But, indeed, it seemeth to me as if we were wed already—belike it be because I have faced death for thy sake—and that thou hast come back to me as a husband to his wife for nursing, after many labors. So I would, if it please you, my lord, that the church might bless our vows without delay, and both pleasuring and adventure be left until such time as thou shalt be stronger,—which, if God will to bless my ministration, shall not be long."

"By God's faith, thou speakest wisely," said my father, with great tenderness. "Know thou, my son, that so great is my love for her who hath been to me a daughter in my loneliness, that I did petition his Majesty that in case thou shouldst not return, she and her heirs should inherit our title and estate. Which prayer was granted, and she whom thou knewest as the daughter of Zenete, is now, by right, the Lady Xarifa Lake. An' thou wouldst pleasure thy father, a priest that bides by chance within the walls, shall in the hour bless thy nuptials and thou wilt give over all thought of foreign parts while thy father doth abide on the earth."

It was not as I would have had it. I longed for carousal and good cheer-the triumph of one who returneth victorious whence he had set out in dishonor. But I was too weak to insist, even if one could have brought himself to demur to such persuasion. So we were wed in presence of a silent company in the old hall, I leaning on Xarifa's arm rather than she on mine, and the wedding feast was deferred until Michaelmas-tide, when there were three brides sat down at the table as I had wished, and though there was much rejoicing, the bridegrooms could not forego discoursing upon the new lands to which word had come that the Admiral had again set sail with a gallant fleet, despite the fact that the king had shown his favor by changing my uniform and making me one of the Captains of the Royal fleet, thereby binding me to other service than the search of adventure in a New Nevertheless this discourse was not in vain, in that it ripened, after due time, into notable result.

THE END.





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